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THE ARTIST



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"MY LADY NICOTINE" (page 17).

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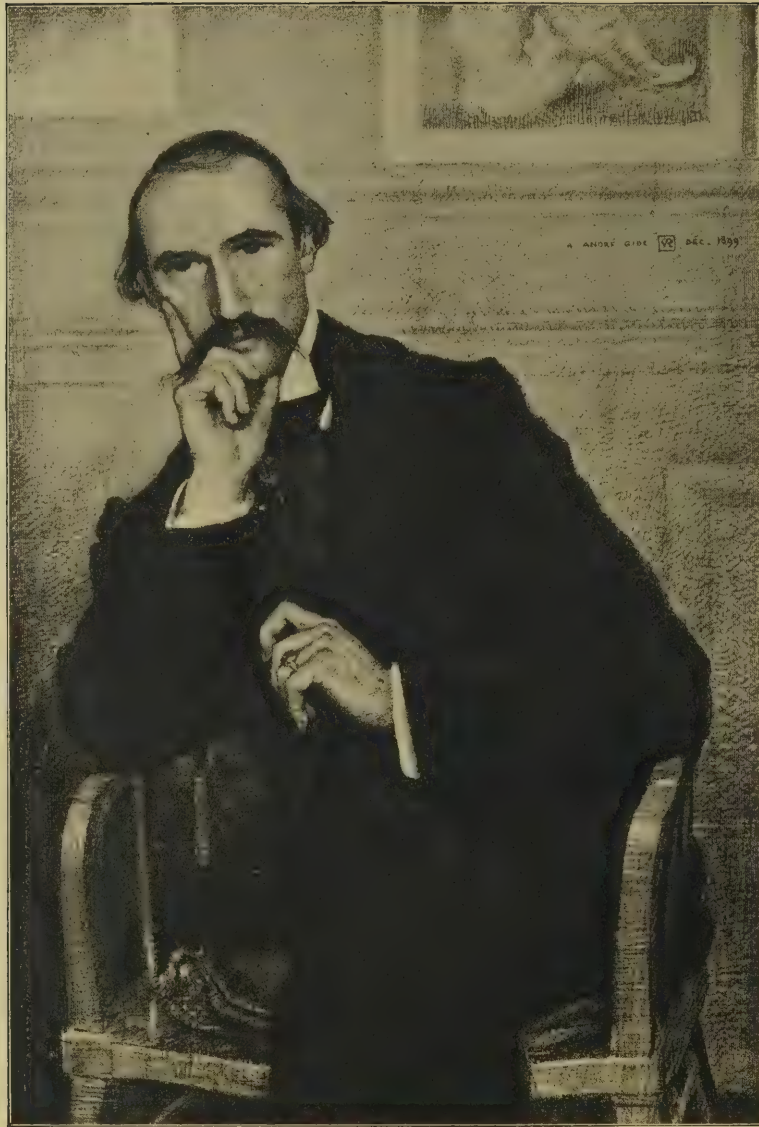
MAY

Drawn for "The Artist"
by F. Newton Shepard



THE WHITE
RABBITS
BY
G. D'ESPAGNAT

The Artist



ANDRÉ GIDE
BY T. VAN RYSSELBERGHE

will also forego the use of all colours invented to give the impression of shadow, stodgy mixtures with a basis of bitumen and siena. He will only paint with the seven prismatic colours.

But how can he apply this action of light to the shadows themselves? By ceasing to mix tones, since the mixing of various tones produces a dull, muddy result; and by the juxtaposition of pure colours in little parallel touches, just as the solar spectrum does itself. The painter must imitate the work of Nature, which never mixes the vibrations of yellow and blue, but applies them in

parallel fashion to objects, of which we have a simple illustration in watching a ray of sunlight fall through a lens. The eye acts in the same way as the lens. It is therefore logical and natural to form a picture, *i.e.*, a visual impression, in the same way that light itself forms it. But, you will say, the shadows and the lights yet appear to us as large masses uniform in tone, and not like a multitude of variegated stripes. To this Claude Monet answers: 'That is because we re-compose at a distance these dissociated harmonies by a kind of simplifying process of our

ODILON REDON VUILLARD GUILLOUX VOLLARD DENIS SÉRUSIER RANSON ROUSSEL BONNARD MME. DENIS



HOMMAGE À CÉZANNE BY MAURICE DENIS



A PORTRAIT SKETCH
BY T. VAN RYSELBERGHE

The Neo-Impressionists

intelligence, which requires us rapidly to classify that which our senses perceive. In a landscape, for instance, we call *shadow* a certain part where light operates quite as much as in the part which we call *light* and of which we could not even have a conception if light had not penetrated it. What, then, must the painter do? He must shew that these masses of shadow are not dead, opaque, devoid of

performing the same operation as if confronted with Nature herself. What, then, is the result? Assuredly, a luminosity far more brilliant than in other pictures, for, instead of having recourse to artificial chemical mixtures, the artist will have followed the process of Nature.'

This is the theory of the *division of tone*. It has already been foreshadowed by certain painters



YOUNG WOMAN AND HER CHILD
BY T. VAN RYSSELBERGHE

the shiver of life; and, to do this, he must reconstruct on his canvas the components of the solar colours in their due proportions. A shadow is a part of the atmosphere where, for instance, the vibrations of blue and of green are far more numerous than those of yellow and orange. If on a canvas this estimate is given by a multitude of little touches juxtaposed as are the tones of the spectrum, at a distance, the eye of the spectator acts in the same way as the lens, his intelligence

of genius—by Claude Lorrain; by Watteau, whose *Embarquement pour Cythère* is in absolute conformity with these ideas; by Turner, by Monticelli, and finally by Delacroix. But it had never been so strictly systematised as by Claude Monet. Very great are its advantages, especially in landscape, and one should not forget that Monet, who was exclusively a landscapist, applied this theory first of all to obey his personal vision. An eloquent demonstration of it we have in his splendid work.

The Artist

It is bathed in sparkling light. The shadows seem actually vibrating; they are no longer represented by dark blotches serving as a facile contrast to the light. One can see in them an entire atomic life, limpid and transparent; a veritable symphony of *ruances*. Black being omitted, and the extreme basis being blue, the whole scale of colours is heightened by one degree. In studying the shadow portions in a Monet landscape, one can perceive all the colours which go to form the luminous portions. The proportions are different, that is all. From this results an intense impression of iridescence, and Monet has wrought inimitable masterpieces when painting, for instance, mornings in spring, summer noontide; in such studies of hours, when light rises into one universal song, he soars to the supreme heights of poetry. Forms dwindle and become idealised by the dazzling light. So thoroughly, indeed, did he devote his life to the study of pure light, that he painted the same motive a score of times at different hours of the day, from dawn to night, making a note of the most delicate transformations in the light. Famous in this respect are his 'Peupliers,' 'Les Meules,' 'L'Etang,' and the study of 'Rouen Cathedral'—all of them veritable lyric poems. It was enough for the artist to introduce, say, a little more purple between the hours of five and six, in order to produce an absolutely new picture, and, with a mastery of the secrets of alchemy little short of miraculous, he can lightly handle the most subtle variations, while with his puissant, searching gaze he can see in the same day an old wall in twenty different ways.

One notices the same brilliance of tone in the other impressionists. By accumulating a quantity of little spots of pure colour (being careful not to mix colours on the palette), and by letting them operate at a distance from the retina, these painters escape the faded effect which always results from the mixing of colours, and each colour is endowed with its proper lustre. Their pictures give the impression of the twinkling of luminous atoms themselves; thus their landscapes are delightfully fresh and vivid. Nothing is opaque; light, air, heat are vibrating everywhere, and the technique of the division of tones seems of infinite value in expressing masses of foliage, meadows, and the movement of water.

Such a theory as this was bound to have a fascination for minds of delicate fibre, as being in their opinion the starting-point for a yet more vigorous study of light and the laws of its vibration. Monet's ideas came to him more by his instinct than by his reason, and he never attempted to formulate all that we have just stated in any other way than by his works themselves. He merely sought to give the utmost expression possible to light, and consequently to exclude from his palette black and other sombre mixtures then in general use, which, owing to chemical reaction, grew blurred with time. It chanced that his methods precisely served to support the scientific theories at that moment expounded by Helmholtz and by Chevreul, who were studying the laws of harmony of tone and colour, while analysing the solar spectrum. A scholar of eminence, a pupil of Chevreul, M. Charles Henry pursued his spectroscopic researches still further, and with scientific precision established tables of colour harmonies analogous to the tables of musical harmonies. He was on intimate terms with some of the young impressionists, and, as the result of their conversations, an attempt was made to create a new style of painting and systematically to apply all that Claude Monet's artistic instinct had formulated. The Neo-Impressionists relied, in the first place, on the principle of the mutual reaction of colours; the colours do not reach the retina either with equal force, or in parallel vibrations. They are influenced by each other. It is a scientific fact that the light of two candles is not quite equal to double the light of one candle, if both candles be placed close beside one another. Refraction and partial weakening of the one light-centre is produced by the other. This is also the case as regards the colour vibrations of blue and yellow, if juxtaposed; they do not strike our eye like two shafts at once parallel and equal. One has to take into account this amount of refraction.

This theory is known, in painting, as the theory of complementary colours. The Neo-Impressionists notably have insisted upon the important influence exercised by orange and blue upon adjacent colours. In a picture they modify all other tones. Another law of these innovators was to isolate the picture from its surroundings and to let its harmonies make a direct appeal to the eye, quite uninfluenced

The Neo-Impressionists



PORTRAIT SKETCH
BY T. VAN RYSELBERGHE

The Artist



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
FROM A PASTEL BY T. VAN RYSSELBERGHE

by any colours near it. Very logically, therefore, they did away with the usual gilt frame in which pictures were customarily placed, substituting for this a white frame, as a sort of harmonic basis, allowing one exactly to appreciate the tones of the canvas. Some even placed between the picture and the white frame a band of colour that in tone corresponded to the strongest colour-note in the picture; others preferred to paint the frame in a graduated scale of harmonies that should act as an intermediary between the picture and the colour of the wall on which the former was to hang.

Finally their third aim was to substitute for Monet's irregular spots of colour, others that were regular and round, so as to avoid any shock as regards the scale of tones. The style of painting was called '*pointillisme*,' the process observed being to accumulate little round touches. It should be added that, in giving this form to touches of colour, painters hoped to avoid the surface-inequalities of thick dabs of paint which would hold the dust that eventually would make the colours fade, but which could not settle on a round surface. Finally, certain painters, imitating the Japanese, sought to

The Neo-Impressionists

reduce the luminosity to one sole tone, as if the landscape were viewed through a coloured glass. These different attempts were made about the year 1885 by several artists whose work created interest. Of these, the most noteworthy was Georges Seurat, who died at the age of thirty-three, and bid fair to be the leader of a school. He vigorously applied this method of *pointillisme* not only to painting, but also to pastel-work, crayon, and drawing; it served him not only in his study of landscape, but also in that of portraiture and of drawing from the nude. He had real talent, and his death was a veritable loss to Art. Round him were grouped Dubois-Pillet, Angrand, Paul Signac, and the Belgian, Théo Van Rysselberghe. Of this group, Signac was the most exact theorist, and kept closest to the ideas of Charles Henry after the death of Seurat.

But *pointillisme*, after all, did not serve to fuse homogeneous talents sufficiently to form a school, and very soon its supporters separated. To-day we can only point to Signac, Luce, Angrand, and Van Rysselberghe who rigidly employ this process; the others are governed by temperaments of various kinds.

One of the most curious is certainly Louis Anquetin, who began by painting extremely subtle works that shewed Japanese influence; these were followed by others in the *pointillist* style; and the artist then reverted to the early Manet manner, painting admirable portraits, low-toned and full of power. Finally, for the last four years, stirred by the spirit of the Renaissance, he has devoted himself to the decorative style of painting, haunted by memories of Veronese and of Tiepolo. Anquetin is one of the best of modern French artists, and in his evolutions have baffled criticism, nevertheless each phase in his artistic development has supplied proofs of a talent of the first order.

Another *pointillist* who has disappeared, finding in suicide an escape from poverty, was Vincent van Gogh, of Dutch origin; he has left some very fine paintings, strangely violent and robust. Within the group of *pointillists* a new group was formed of painters, whose ideals were by no means identical. The most important of these is Maurice Denis, who, in a curious way, has applied the principles of *pointillisme* to a style of painting largely influenced by the Gothic in its mystic sentiment and extreme

simplification of line, and by the Japanese in its bias for the decorative.

It seems difficult at first to believe in the fusion of such influences, yet it is none the less true that they are to be found united in the works of M. Denis, which for that very reason have a special significance. He being profoundly religious, his vision is at once subtle and simple. He has undeniable feeling for mediæval mysticism, and is at the same time constantly pre-occupied with ornamental forms. To this he adds the gift of most harmonious colouring and a fine sense for values. Moreover, for some years past he has abandoned *pointillist* methods. His pictures may be thought strange, but one cannot deny their very interesting, painter-like qualities. The most notable of his fellow-artists is E. Vuillard, who has been deeply influenced by the Japanese, and who paints interiors replete with feeling and remarkable for their delicate harmony. M. Vuillard never exhibits, and is only known to a small circle of connoisseurs, who justly admire his work. P. Bonnard, too, commenced as a *pointilliste*, and submits to Japanese influence. His screens, his engravings, his drawings have a gaiety, a grace, a freshness of harmony all their own. To these artists we may add MM. Ranson, Roussel and Sérusier. The first-named devotes himself at present to the designing of tapestry and stuffs; the second, to landscapes; and the third, to Breton scenes of an archaic kind; and M. Sérusier leads us to mention M. P. Gauguin, whose work is full of interest and vigour. He began by painting, in the style of Claude Monet, Breton landscapes with an extremely personal note, and he then set out for Tahiti, returning thence with several bizarre compositions, most curious as regards their decorative sentiment, but in which an affectation of symbolism has often caused him to lose his sense for Nature and for logic. Forsaking his former method, he painted in whole tones, after the style of tapestry, outlining each surface of colour.

Before dismissing this group of artists, we must not forget that Camille Pissarro, the great landscape painter and the friend and contemporary of Monet, had adopted from 1885 to 1898 the *pointillist* method invented by his youthful successors. To-day he has abandoned this. We may say as much for Guillaumin, the landscape painter,

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and Vallotton, the lithographer, who in part has devoted himself to illustration. As regards the landscapist Lebourg, who has produced some works of marvellous delicacy, he still continues to paint in the Monet manner. Finally, the two surviving sons of Pissarro have devoted their talent to illustration, notably Lucien Pissarro, who has adopted the William Morris methods of wood-engraving with charming results. Among the very young artists belonging to this school we ought, above all, to mention Georges d'Espagnat, a fascinating colourist, and an artist of high promise, who sustains the traditions of impressionism with a fine regard for the broad, free style of composition adopted by Manet; and also Maurice Delcourt, painter and lithographer, who seems, in his work, to unite the dual tendencies of impressionism, its realism and its novelty of technique. Delcourt is mainly concerned in depicting street types and scenes of suburban life. He has remarkable talent as a wood-engraver, being possessed of striking originality and mature knowledge. He is the most brilliant pupil of Auguste Lepère who ranks as the most notable engraver of whom France can boast to-day, and who, as an artist, has produced works full of life and beauty.

H. de Toulouse-Lautrec has died but recently. He was an artist of exceptional gifts. He painted girls, refreshment bars and *café-concerts*, with the fixed intention of only expressing ugliness. He was a humorist of the pessimistic type. Whatever opinion we may hold as to his talent, we are bound to see in this artist a direct descendant of Degas, and recognise his bold skill as a draughtsman, and his individuality as a colourist, whose outlook upon modern life, extremely keen and puissant as it was, enabled him to produce some remarkable work. He is certainly the man who has been the most successful in blending all the various tendencies of Neo-Impressionism; decorative sentiment, Japanese influence, realism, strange wealth of colour, all these are to be found in his numerous works, of which a portion will live.

By reason of certain characteristics of his work, we may connect with the Impressionist school Georges de Feure, who is one of the leading innovators of the 'art nouveau' in France. His work comprises water-colours, and numerous designs for tapestry and ornaments. In these we

detect an exquisite sense for colour, and a fancy at once symbolical, true, and most original. Georges de Feure has amazing talent for decoration. We may take him as the type of a group of painters who, without being direct successors of impressionism, have, thanks to him, forecast an entire set of new ideas and new sentiments. Neo-Impressionism, if we except the small *pointilliste* group, is a blend of the most diverse tendencies, since one finds in it mystics such as M. Denis, decorative artists like De Feure, and realists like Lautrec. But all are at one as regards their conception of colour, a conception absolutely transmitted to them by Monet, and in part due to the influence of Japan, which so clearly counts as a factor in the evolution of impressionism. The art of Utamaro and of Hokusai has deeply impressed this generation, and it is to this that we must ascribe the constant anxiety to unite decorative art with a modern view of life.

Even painters of talents so dissimilar as Le Sidaner (the fascinating landscape painter, who derives from Corot, Monet and Whistler) and Henri Martin, symbolist and allegorist, have felt the influence of *pointillisme*. It is just this particular method which has provoked the antipathy of the hanging committee of the *Salon*, where Henri Martin's pictures have been exhibited, to receive general praise as masterly examples of the art of composition. In conclusion, we have to mention two foreigners, who by virtue of their talent may count as Frenchmen, no less than on account of their being zealous exhibitors in Paris art galleries. They are the Belgian artists, Emile Claus and Théo Van Rysselberghe, both men of great talent. Emile Claus has painted quite a number of landscapes in the Monet manner, works wherein all the gifts of an artist are triumphantly combined—colour that is admirable in its brilliance and its delicacy, solid qualities of draughtsmanship, perfect mastery of composition, blithe grace, intimate charm, character, observation—all these things place the work of Claus in the very first rank, as poems both strong and subtle, veritable Anthems to the Light of Day.

At times M. Claus has adopted the *pointilliste* method in painting large pictures with brilliant success. As a painter of animals and of figures he has merit, for he has definitely expressed the land-

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SUNSHINE
IN THE
WOODS

By Emile Claus

The Neo-Impressionists



A SKETCH BY EMILE CLAUS

scapes and the life of Flanders and Holland, notably providing most original aspects of the Isle of Walcheren, where, though but a few leagues removed from civilization, a weird archaism yet prevails. As regards M. Théo Van Rysselberghe, he is a great artist in every sense of the word. Allured by the theories of M. Signac, he has remained true to *pointilliste* methods, but this style—really too fastidious and too harsh a one—has not been able to injure his splendid qualities as a draughtsman, nor dull his sumptuous sense for colour. As a painter of sea-scapes, landscapes, portraits, flower-pieces, as a designer of posters, as a draughtsman, and a *pastelliste*, M. Van Rysselberghe has revealed fascinating talent. A proud artist, he stands aloof from exhibitions, heeding only the voice of Inspiration. He has never seemed anxious to obtain success. Yet, by the chosen few of Brussels and Paris amateurs, he is held in high esteem. One is amazed when confronted with the wealth and the variety of his

numerous works, that such an artist should not have achieved fame. Perhaps no-one more than he to-day has a larger share of the gifts that go to the making of a great painter, being intensely original, with a subtle, intimate charm of sentiment and admirable psychological intuition, as his portraits attest, notably those of his friend, Emile Verhaeren, the poet, which reveal his personality in all its spiritual and intellectual completeness.

Neo-Impressionism is a curious movement whose efforts have lacked cohesion; it has become dispersed in little private art exhibitions, notably those of the *Indépendants*. But such shows fail, owing to the dearth of artists who are genuinely interesting.

One has also been able to note sundry eccentric attempts to employ the symbolism of colours, but in these we have but the insignificant results of an idea that is all too literary and ill-suited to art. Of *pointillisme* there will only remain the memory of an original group of artists, of an isolated effort. And the influence of the great impressionist movement

The Artist



A SKETCH BY EMILE CLAUS

has extended to the entire field of contemporary art in a less direct manner, maybe, yet very clearly, very definitely. Not only does contemporary illustration depend wholly upon it, but, from a technical point of view, all the painters of to-day feel its influence. Besnard, who in the *Salon* receives most attention, who counts, in fact, as the leader of a school, is himself a successor of impressionism; and, speaking generally, it is only just to affirm

that, in the face of academic tradition, once tyrannical and triumphant, the revolution organised by Manet, Monet, Renoir and Degas, has for thirty-five years proved triumphant; and it is safe to prophesy that for as many years more it will govern the destinies of French national art, because its liberal principles, instead of trammelling temperaments with the fetters of dogma, allow them the fullest scope for their development.

The Artist

THE ARTIST—AN ESSAY BY WALTER EMANUEL

ONCE upon a time all artists wore velvet coats and long hair. But now-a-days the mass of them look more like gentlemen than artists, and the velvet coats are only affected by those persons whom you would not guess from their work to be artists.

It is very hard to make a living at the game. 'Art is for the few,' and the painters, determined that this shall remain so, price their pictures very high. Many artists, therefore, do black and white drawings, and then go and annoy editors with them. These drawings have to be done very badly to be accepted. An increasing number of artists every year give up Art, and go in for illustrating periodicals belonging to limited companies.

A feature of the artist of to-day is his versatility. Many will do a poor drawing for a poor price, and a good drawing for a good price. And, as regards subject, an Art Bible illustrated by Raven Hill, and Phil May, and Dudley Hardy, would scarcely excite surprise. It has almost been done.

The Royal Academy looks after Art in England. Every Spring this institution holds an exhibition of modern pictures to show how Art has progressed since the time when the Old Masters (who were mostly dirty foreigners) were



'ONCE UPON A TIME . . .'

making their efforts as shown in the National Gallery, and a shilling more is charged for the entrance to the Royal Academy than for the entrance to the National Gallery. Misanthropes have proposed that there should be two of these exhibitions of modern art at the Royal Academy each year instead of one.

Art is said to refine, and some of the poorer quarters of London now have their art galleries, and it is hoped that Hooliganism will soon give way to picture-stealing. Indeed, so enthusiastic is the missionary spirit, that even the submerged City man has not been forgotten, and to-day there are frescoes by modern masters and



' . . . GO AND ANNOY EDITORS'

The Artist



'DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE'
A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW PANEL AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE
BY DUDLEY HARDY (SEE PAGE 17)

THE ARTIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

— ADAM'S VISION —
— ADAM'S VISION —
— ADAM'S VISION —
— ADAM'S VISION —

The Artist




Twice a Queen against her Will

mistresses in the Royal Exchange. Since these have been up, and the Company laws have been mended, there has been a marked improvement in city morality. These paintings are to immortalise the most notable events in the history of the City of London, from the Founding by the Romans to the Examination in Bankruptcy of Mr. Hooley. Wealthy burgesses present one every now and then to prove that they have no taste in art. Several more are threatened, and those who care about such things are getting alarmed at the rumour that the frescoes are executed in a material that will never perish. Still, the one by Miss Maude Goodman should be popular; it is, I hear, to represent the County Council saying to the City Corporation, 'I'se as big as you.' Another that can scarcely fail to amuse

will depict the Lord Mayor's Coachman, and a former Lord Mayor, the genial Sir George Faudel Phillips, and is to be entitled, 'Dignity and Impudence.'

Much, indeed, is being done to-day to foster Art in England. The Royal Drawing Society, for instance, actually has pupils of the tender age of four, many of whom are said to have produced work worthy of some of the Royal Academicians.

And the result of all our efforts is in the highest degree satisfactory. Recently a thrill of pride passed over the whole of England. And this is why. An English publisher produced a volume entitled 'The Hundred Best Pictures,' and it was then found that over fifty per cent. of these were by the publisher's own countrymen.

TWICE A QUEEN AGAINST HER WILL

A CURIOUS fate has befallen Cosway's stippled engraving of the Hon. Diana Macdonald, wife of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, M.P. When Princess Caroline of Brunswick came over to marry George Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), there was no engraving of her to be had. An enterprising art-publisher took Cosway's picture of Miss Macdonald (then Lady Sinclair), added a coronet with three Prince of Wales's feathers, and sold it as the portrait of Princess Caroline. A few years ago Miss Sarah Tytler published a book, called 'Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover,' when the pirated engraving of the beautiful Lady Sinclair appeared, not as Caroline of Brunswick, but as Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II., who died half-a-century before the picture was painted. Last year Mr. W. H. Wilkins published his biography of that Queen, with the title of 'Caroline the Illustrious,'



THE HON. DIANA MACDONALD, LADY SINCLAIR OF ULBSTER,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF ALEXANDER LORD MACDONALD (OF THE ISLES)
FROM COSWAY'S ORIGINAL STIPPLED ENGRAVING

The Artist

where the picture of Lady Sinclair, quite anachronous in costume to the supposed period, and with the spurious Prince of Wales's feathers, appears once more as Caroline of Anspach (Vol. I, p. 70). The original painting by Cosway, as well as the stippled engraving, is in the possession of Lady Sinclair's grandson, the present Sir Tollemache Sinclair; and the Archdeacon of London has one of the original pirated engravings, sold as Caroline of Brunswick at the time of her marriage with George, Prince of Wales, which has been in the family ever since. It is to be hoped that Lady Sinclair will henceforth be entitled to preserve her own identity.



THE TINTED ENGRAVING OF THE HON. DIANA MACDONALD, LADY SINCLAIR OF ULBSTER, WITH PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS AND CORONET ADDED, TO REPRESENT CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, PRINCESS OF WALES, AFTERWARDS QUEEN CAROLINE

SARDINIA BY LOUISE M. RICHTER

IN her etchings of Sardinian types and costumes, Miss Charlotte Popert* has well succeeded in bringing before us typical representations of a race, known to have been intermingled with Phœnicians, Romans, Saracens, and Spaniards. The island of Sardinia has, not without reason, been called the 'isola trascurata' of Italy. Her hills and dales are left solitary and forlorn. In spite of her rocky tombs and gigantic graves—historical monuments which have given rise to a most interesting literature—very few travellers ever care to cross over, even when as near as Elba or Corsica. Is it malaria or the brigand who there abounds that makes the Sardinian shores so deserted?

To brave such difficulties it wanted, indeed, the enthusiasm of an artist to visit and revisit Sardinia,

in Autumn and Spring, as Miss Popert has done, for the sake of her artistic studies.

In glancing over her interesting etchings, we must give her credit for having well individualized the Sardinian men and women she brings before us. In the powerful features of Giov. Anton. Sanna di Orgosolo, for instance, we seem to detect something of that Saracen race, which, originally coming from Mecca to Europe, has now entirely been swept away.

Again, the Contadina Bonese, as she goes to the well in deep mourning attire, personifies, with her sad look, the gloom which must hang over an island where the mortality is great, and the dead are mourned for years. The Signora Conca, on the other hand—an old matron with wistful eyes—impresses us as having at last, after a long life, succeeded to look more placidly on its vicissitudes. The village belle, Maddalena, in a gorgeous

* 'Ten Original Etchings,' by Charlotte Popert. London: Henry Sothorn. Rome: Spithoener.

Sardinia



CONTADINA BONESE
IN
COSTUME DI LUTTO
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLOTTE POPERT

The Artist



SIGNORA CONCA
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLOTTE POPERT



GIOV. ANTONIO SANNA
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLOTTE POPERT

headgear, and the pretty bride in her richly-embroidered gown, give us an idea of the picturesque costumes worn by young Sardinian women.

But nothing can better characterise these etchings of Sardinian types than the opinion which the well-known poet and novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio has expressed on them, and which we herewith quote:—'The etchings of Carlotta Popert have reawakened in me old memories of days gone by. The soul of this people, so rich in mystic heritage, is here expressed in contrasts



A PENCIL SKETCH
BY CHARLOTTE POPERT

of light and shade by strokes as bold as they are delicate. These types of men and women in their apparent taciturn restlessness reveal to us the blended origin of the various antagonistic races they are derived from. They recall in their melancholy gaze something of their lost greatness and their dead religion. We must praise Carlotta Popert for so unexpected a revelation, and also for her having chosen as a medium the most noble and the most difficult of graphic arts—etching.'

ART CENTRES LONDON

THE closing of the doors of the Royal Society of British Artists to the work of outsiders has made no appreciable difference to the general appearance of the Spring Exhibition, although this new protectionist policy may have induced some few artists to join the ranks of the members and thus secure the advantage of the facilities of exhibiting afforded by the Society. The feature of the present exhibition is the work of Wynford Dewhurst, one of the younger members who, accomplished artist as he was when we hailed his first appearance some few years back, now bids fair to rival and surpass the efforts of the school his art is based upon—the French and Belgian impressionists. He is the most brilliant British exponent of the theories advanced by Claude Monet and his

followers, which are fully explained in Mr. Camille Mauclair's article in the present issue of *THE ARTIST*. But far from being a slavish imitator of the French *pointillistes*, Wynford Dewhurst has worked out his own salvation, his interesting experiments culminating in the masterly canvas 'La Creuse: Sunrise,' which we do not hesitate to pronounce the finest picture at the present R.B.A. Exhibition. To find a work of this description sandwiched between the nauseating prettiness of a Val Davies and Sydney Muschamp does not speak well for the discrimination of the Hanging Committee, and is detrimental to the effect produced by a picture which should absorb the individual attention of the beholder.

The technical difference between this picture of



PERUGIA, BY KATHARINE KIMBALL

The Artist



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
FROM A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING BY V. GREEN
AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(By kind permission of Messrs, P. & D. Colnaghi)

Art Centres—London

Wynford Dewhurst's and the work of Monet and his school is, that the British artists do not juxtapose touches of red, yellow and blue, but use the two latter colours on a red ground, allowing as much of the red colour to sparkle through the superimposed paint, as each particular passage of the picture requires. The blending is perfect, even at a comparatively small distance from the canvas, and though the picture is kept in an extremely light key throughout, it has great depth of distance, and suggests admirably the gentle swelling of the grass-clad ground on the summit of the cliff.

A large landscape by Giffard Lenfestey and a number of studies of animal life by Carton Moore Park, keenly observed and painted with dash, vigour and freshness, deserve to hold the attention of the visitor to this gallery. We cannot, however, reconcile ourselves to the very superficial attempt at brilliancy by Mr. Hal Hurst, whose full-length portrait of a lady embodies a coarse exaggeration of whatever might be considered the weak points of Sargent's works. It is quite soothing to turn from this picture to the sober and dignified portrait by Gutzon Borglum, facing Mr. Hurst's ambitious attempt.

A most interesting little exhibition was that in Mr. J. D. Batten's studio of his illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*, or, rather, the engraver's proofs of these illustrations. The originals were seen some time ago by a few personal friends in the same studio, and, later, at Leighton House; but now the translator claims them, and one must cross the Atlantic to see them. There are few who think Doré, notwithstanding his power, to have had much of the spirit of Dante in his composition. Possibly, no entirely modern man has; but there is room for other illustrators, and Mr. Batten's work has created a very profound impression. To me it appears that he has found his opportunity where others (with little of his architectural sense) have missed it almost entirely

—in the masonry, if so we may call it, of the seven circles of Hell: seven circles set amphi-theatre-wise, narrowing gradually toward the centre, and that centre the bottomless pit. There are gutters of boiling pitch dividing the courses, the intervals spanned by stone planks on the chamfer plane forming a perilous gangway for Dante and his companion. This, imperfectly described, is the Stage; and never, to my thinking, has Hell been made to appear so much a matter of fact, and yet so much in accord with



DORDRECHT, BY
KATHARINE KIMBALL

what the wicked are led to expect. It would not do to say this without adding that both conception and realisation are due in this case to one of the most powerful men of our day, and that man an artist or nothing.

One of the surprises of the little galleries has been the exhibition at Clifford's of Miss Kimball's pen-and-ink drawings. We are told she has not

The Artist



MRS. VALENTINE GREEN
AND SON
FROM A MEZZOTINT
BY V. GREEN
AFTER PETER FALCONET
*(By kind permission of
Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi)*

had a great deal of regular schooling; but in place of that there are undeniable influences affecting her manner of drawing—the most obvious is Mr. Pennell's, behind whom we detect Mr. Whistler. Mr. Pennell's best work is claimed by the American magazine editors, and Miss Kimball, herself an American, seems to have studied it to some purpose. Her fondness for broken lines, for unmistakable indications rather than elaborated delineations, has given us what we have here—a series of convincingly truthful drawings, and not only that, but of drawings invariably well composed. The doors may be closed before this note goes to press, but not on the memory of the ex-

hibitor's work. Miss Kimball is young, we are told, and desirous of making her drawings pay the expense of her travels, at least. It is not very often that hopes such as hers are realised, but these almost certainly will be. We may add to what has been said of her talent, that her drawings are admirably suited for reproduction, so she has all the publisher wants, and should not part with her best too cheaply.

A beautiful collection of mezzotints by Valentine Green (1739—1813) has been gathered by Messrs. Colnaghi, and is now on view at their gallery.

The last few years have witnessed an extraordinary rise in the prices of mezzotints of the

MRS. MARIA COSWAY
BY HERSELF
FROM A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING
BY VALENTINE GREEN
*(By kind permission of
Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi)*



period indicated, and our notes on the values of prints have to be corrected to date as often as records are broken. In 1897 the highest price realised for any one of his prints seems to have been £294 for the portrait after Reynolds of Lady Elizabeth Compton, but wonders have happened since then, and possibly others fetch more. Seeing who his confederates were, it might not be fair to award the palm for a single achievement to Valentine Green; but the standard he raised he maintained as long as he practised the art, and there are 400 prints or more to his credit.

An artist who might be forgotten but for his friendship with this engraver was L. F. Abbott, the

portrait painter, and a brilliant print in its first state is his portrait of Valentine Green. The face of him seems, in his absolute honesty, to be offering a silent rebuke to the conceit of the age. Another, which may be listed with sporting prints, but is admirable as an engraving, and has marks of this painter's talent upon it, is the portrait of William Innes, of the 'Society of goffers,' and his tee-caddy—a kilted and aged Scotchman who accompanies him with the clubs.

Somewhat pale, to our thinking, lacking the velvety depths and the colour that we feel we must have in a mezzotint, is his famous 'Three Ladies Waldegrave.' It may be that the first state of the

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plate was not, artistically speaking, the best, but others must speak for us here. It is, at any rate, true that this, for some reason or other, has never been priced as highly as some of the others. Possessed of a keener, kindlier look, and of more of pure womanly feeling than the majority of Reynolds's ladies, is Lady Henrietta Herbert, whose portrait is new to me. She appears as Lady

Harriet in Hamilton's catalogue; and what is here described as the first, must, I think, be the third state of the plate. The last to be noticed is an exceedingly beautiful print, one prized by collectors of portraits because the lady won fame in her day—the engraving of Mrs. Maria Cosway from her own painting.

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PARIS BY LAURENCE JERROLD

It would be very superficial criticism to find fault with the sameness of Sisley's work. Undoubtedly the collection now on view in M. Durand Ruel's galleries contains—even apart from the canvases which, as a matter of fact, have been seen in previous exhibitions—much that other works by the late artist had shown us before. But there can be no real monotony in the work of so earnest and sincere a student of Nature as was Sisley, and its sameness is not the sameness of a persistent mannerism. Sisley always looked at Nature and strove to render what he saw. He had an obvious right to watch persistently the sunshine and to labour obstinately at reproducing its effects. There is, indeed, more variety in the haystacks of Claude Monet, about which amateurs used to joke, who now admire and buy what they ridiculed a few years ago and would not have at any price. Sisley always painted the sunshine. At least the Sisleys one knows and loves are the bits of fresh, sparkling sun. These no appreciative observer will ever tire of studying. The present collection is full of delightful patches of light. In 'Cardiff Bay,' the cherry tree and the bushes in the foreground shine with metallic brilliancy in the sun against the sands and the sea, which, in the hard light, are pale almost to whiteness. On the curtain of poplars in 'Autumn,' the sun plays with exquisite delicacy, and the shimmering leaves tremble before a silvery stream. The 'Orchard on a Spring Afternoon,' 'Morning on the skirt of the wood,' are violently luminous, the entire effect in both being one of intense brilliance, such as is rendered in the foreground of the Cardiff sketch. On the other hand, Sisley's grey effects are generally far less interesting. One of the few exceptions is the

'Avenue of poplars at Moret,' already shown at previous exhibitions, which is beautifully delicate. But there is, for example, a 'Snow scene at Louveciennes,' which is curiously inadequate, being dull and without atmosphere.

M. Jules Adler, by whom I chiefly remember having seen Brittany studies excellent for harmony of tones and for richness of colouring, is showing a set of sketches in oils and of drawings representing the 'Land of the mine,' that is to say (as the catalogue informs us), Charleroi. In the oils, which are far more interesting than the drawings, the painter has depicted actual life in the mines as well as views of a mining country, but not with equal success. The sketches of blast furnaces, pits, pitbrows, galleries, convey no strong or striking impression. Surely the real mine must be a scene of greater depth of tone, and of more trenchant vigour of line, and altogether fiercer and more tragic than M. Adler makes it. His colour, in particular, is dull and not deep, in a scale of opaque and unreal greys and blacks. But there are five sketches of country around the mines which are of more value than all the rest of the collection put together. In these the artist has caught the peculiar character of the landscape of the Sambre mining district to perfection—the crude green fields flourishing bright and fresh around black factory chimneys, the grey smoke rising in a curiously clear air, and the broad, shining river meandering among the fields and the factories. Three of these sketches represent the same view of the Sambre valley in the afternoon, in the approaching dusk, and at nightfall. In all three the colour and the effect of atmosphere are admirable. The two others both represent a village of red houses reflected in a

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stream, at dusk and at night, and are also delightfully luminous and true in tone.

M. B. Biegos, a young Polish sculptor, is a self-made artist, the story of whose life is remarkable. He was born of the poorest peasant class of his people—and the Polish peasantry is perhaps the poorest and least enlightened of Europe—and during boyhood and early manhood was employed as a shepherd. He seems to have had the artistic instinct from an early age, and he succeeded in making his way to Warsaw, and being admitted to the Academy of drawing there. But his masters soon came to the conclusion that his case was one of mistaken aims and absurd ambition, and he was dismissed from the school 'for hopeless incapacity.' He managed, somehow, to travel after this to Munich, and subsequently to Vienna, studied in both cities, and succeeded in getting some of his work accepted by the 'Secession' of Munich, and, I think, that of Vienna also. He has now come to Paris, and will try for this year's *Salon*, with three works, 'Adam and Eve,' 'The last ray of Sunshine,' and 'Chopin.'

One obvious criticism occurs to the mind of the visitor to the sculptor's modest studio beyond the Latin Quarter in a quaint old corner, which has

been so far spared by the immense boulevards opened up all around it. The criticism is so obvious that it appears, at first sight, almost an unfair one, to make owing to the circumstances of the artist's life. But it is a necessary one, much

less in the general interest than for the artist's own sake. It is a question whether the purely intellectual side of any artist's work, when the work allows, or professes to allow, of consideration under such an aspect, is of any great consequence to anybody except to the artist himself. Obviously, at any rate, the philosophy of an untutored intellect is no more interesting when embodied in art than it would be, except from a psychological or sociological point of view, if set forth in any other form of expression. But the fact that M. Biegos is going on a wrong track in this respect is so evident that it cannot be passed by.

Four of the artist's works show, apart from their artistic value, his intellectual mistakes in striking, though different, ways. I must acknowledge that I

have only seen three of the works in question, and am judging the fourth, namely, 'God tearing the Book of Life,' only from the photograph. It is easy, however, to see that the latter work is very similar in character to the 'Adam and Eve.' Both



'AUTUMN' BY B. BIEGOS

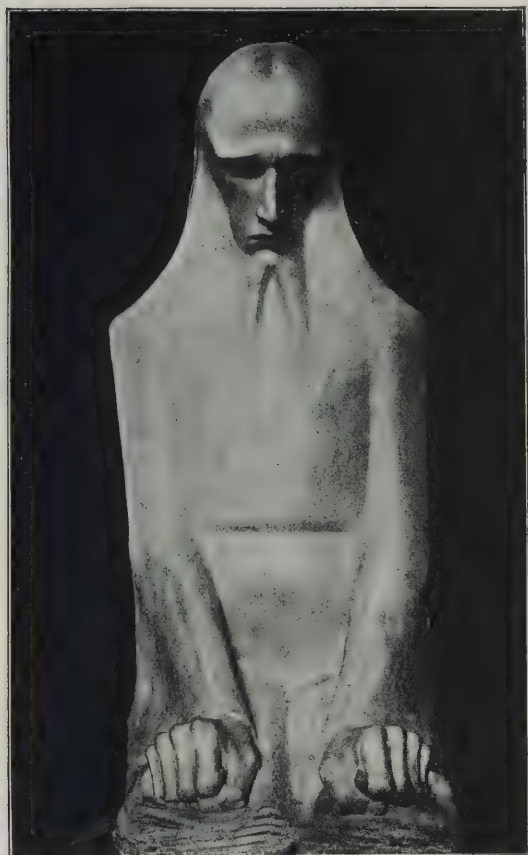
The Artist



CHOPIN
BY B. BIEGÓS

these, and the 'Chopin,' demonstrate one kind of error committed by the sculptor; another is shown in the work representing 'The Love of Death.' In the first three just mentioned, it is quite plain that the artist has been led away by some sort of philosophical purpose. What the latter consists of is not very material, and the worst of it is that one feels little curiosity to find out what it does consist of. This is particularly the case with the 'Adam and Eve.' Why 'Adam and Eve?' One does not know

and one does not much care. Nor is the 'Book of Life' itself particularly essential to the interest of the work in which it figures. In the 'Chopin,' a peculiarly naïve mistake is made. I was told that the Etude which suggested it is that called the 'Goutte d'eau.' Everyone will acknowledge that a less appropriate choice could hardly have been made,—for I assume that the supposed connection between the Etude in question and the sculptor's work was thought of after he had thought out his

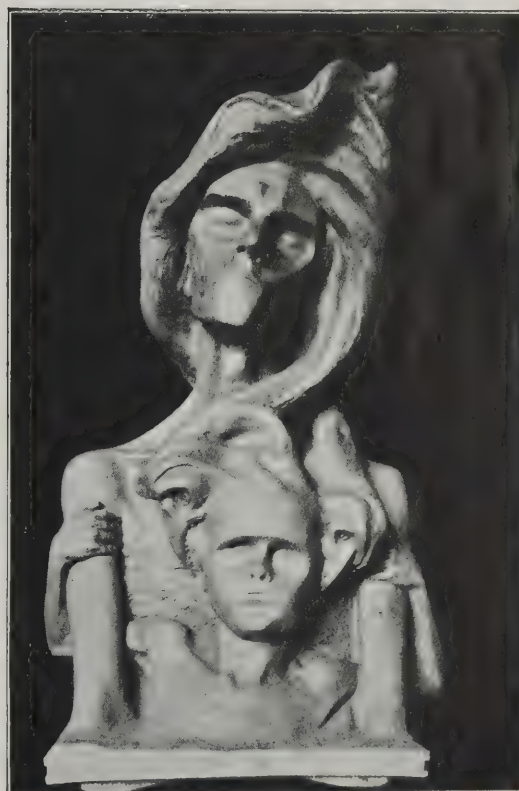


'THE BOOK OF LIFE' BY B. BIEGOS

own work. The quiet, gentle, and rather superficial 'Goutte d'eau' Etude certainly could not have inspired M. Biegos's bas-relief. The work entitled 'The Love of Death,' on the other hand, shows another kind of intellectual mistake made by the artist. It is a very naïve, moralising purpose which governed the inspiration of the work, and M. Biegos's representation of the corruption of death, which is as ingenuously realistic as that in the famous Pisan frescoes attributed to Orcagna, can be called curious, and may be considered horrible, but can hardly be found impressive.

In short, the young Polish artist must be warned against his tendency to preach sermons in sculpture. He has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by doing so. His philosophy is not particularly interesting, but his art is. There is intense power in all the works of his which I saw. In the 'Love of Death,' while the figure of Death itself is ineffectual, some of the faces starting out of the stone, gathered, as it were, to Death's bosom, are wonderful. Some, indeed, are as in-

effectual as the Death, and in the same way. But one, in particular—that which sinks back in an ecstasy of agony, with the mouth drawn open and the eyes half-closed in swooning pain and pleasure—is a vision that remains to haunt the mind. The head of the figure, described as that of 'God tearing the Book of Life,' is a tragedy in itself, represented by admirably simple means. The face of the Christ is, I think, less spontaneous in feeling. But the three faces, almost identical in treatment, in the so-called 'Adam and Eve,' are strangely impressive, considering the almost childish simplicity of delineation. It is fortunate, by the way, that in this as well as in other works, a meaningless device for which the artist has a peculiar fondness—that of representing two eyeballs in one eye—may very well escape unnoticed, unless attention is drawn to it. The rather confused composition called 'Autumn,' but especially the two works 'Night' and 'The last ray of Sun,' are in a different manner, which is, on the whole, more promising than that of the works just described. There may be more weird horror in that face lying



'NIGHT' BY B. BIEGOS

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in the bosom of Death, but in these three different works there is plastic beauty. In the 'Autumn,' the shrinking figure of the old man is remarkably expressive, and the crouching faun beautifully modelled. In the 'Night,' the lower figure is

Sun,' motion is expressed almost with the vigour of Rodin. The photograph, by the way, does not reproduce adequately the fine modelling of the slight figure, which I imagine to be, standing in the warmth of late autumn sunshine, but shrinking



'THE LAST RAY OF SUN' BY B. BIEGOS

intensely living, and the face, the expression of which is directly taken from reality, the neck, shoulders, arms and hands are of flesh and bone, vividly rendered by the simplest means. Undoubtedly, M. Biegos would do well to confine himself to the study of life. In the 'Last ray of

at the same time under the chill wind. The thin hands clasping the dress around the throat, the sweep of the draperies, and the bold movement of the loose hair blown about by the breeze, are most powerfully rendered. I find that I have omitted to notice one of the chief characteristics which

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BAUDELAIRE
MONUMENT
BY JOSÉ DE CHARMOY



distinguish all M. Biegos's works, his sermons in sculpture no less, if not still more, than his pure studies of life. This is his peculiar genius for rendering the expressiveness of the human hand. The hands in 'God tearing the Book of Life,' in the Death, in the Christ, in 'Adam and Eve,' are even more intensely expressive than those in the three works just described, because in the former they constitute the principal evidence, the only evidence in some instances—for example in the 'Adam and

Eve'—that in the midst of his philosophising, M. Biegos is still an artist. M. Biegos's hands would be proof enough, were no other afforded by his work, that, if he will only give up preaching at us, he will be a great sculptor.

M. José de Charmoy, a young sculptor born in Mauritius, now settled in Paris, is working at a monument to Baudelaire, which will be erected over the poet's grave next Autumn. The work will be finally executed in stone. The poet is repre-

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sented lain out in death, the emaciated body being wrapped in swathing bands. At the head of the couch on which the poet rests rises a square pillar, having at the summit a ledge on which a figure, over life-size, leans, chin in hands and elbows on the stone, only half the body being seen, and the figure emerging, as it were, out of the solid slab behind. Obviously, the figure is intended to represent the genius of the poet. This being the case, I think the fault which will be found with it, is that it is rather melodramatic in character. Possibly there was a melodramatic element in Baudelaire's composition, but there were, of course, better parts in his nature better worth remembering. A peculiarity of the figure introduced into the monument is that the face unmistakably recalls that of a Parisian actor—whether it be intended as a likeness or not—who is undoubtedly clever, but whose manner certainly does not err on the side of over-restraint. Whether or not the actor really sat for the figure, the artist ought at least to have refrained from rendering that sweep of the hair over one eyebrow, which gives a peculiarly theatrical touch both to the appearance of the actor himself and to the expression of the figure on the monument. The melodramatic character of the head and face of the latter figure is all the more notice-

able because the shoulders, arms, and bust are treated with vigorous simplicity, and because there is not one theatrical touch in the head and outstretched form of M. de Charmoy's Baudelaire. The accompanying photograph shows the clay model in an unfinished state, the bands in which the body will be swathed not having yet been added. Conscientious, like every true artist, M. de Charmoy has modelled the lean, drawn corpse before commencing to mould the clothes in which it will eventually appear wrapped. The head of the poet is rendered with great strength. The drawn mouth is terribly expressive of agony and disgust. But there is nothing horrible in the realism with which death is here represented, precisely because the treatment is perfectly simple and manly, and because there has been no striving after effect. The worn, now stiffened body, is modelled with absolutely unsparing realism, but a realism that does not repel. The expression of the mouth also is terrible, but not gruesome. The brow, on the other hand, untouched by death, is superbly lofty and thoughtful, almost tranquil. It must be added that the only photograph at present existing of the monument does not render at all adequately the expression of the poet's face in the original.

NOTES FROM BIRMINGHAM

IN the annual struggle for awards at South Kensington, the Birmingham School of Art is, as a rule, easily first, and last year's harvest was no exception. The exhibition of students' works, which takes place before 'sending-in' day, is particularly interesting, since it affords us an opportunity of useful comparison.

Although few would be rash enough to prophesy individual results, we yet have a chance to inspect the work, which is already stamped with the approval of South Kensington, side by side with that which will probably receive similar honour. We are able, too, to wonder why work that gains a high award at Kensington is frequently ignored in local competitions, and *vice versa*. All these things make for interest and instruction in the ways of examiners and exhibitions.



BRASS CASKET WITH STEEL BANDS, DECORATED WITH NIELLO
BY EDITH COWELL

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS
From the Portrait by the Artist
at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence
Photo Alinari

The Artist




Art Centres—Birmingham



MODELLED DESIGN FOR A MEMORIAL TABLET
BY ALFRED WATSON

Mr. Lethaby has again filled the difficult and invidious post of judge, and in this capacity still pursues his policy of untempered justice—as a consequence, the works each year grow ‘beautifully less.’

We take it that this last exhibition represented but a very small percentage of the output for the year; and it is to be hoped, too, that its reduced dimensions were not owing to the idea of showing *only* the cream of the work, but rather to a desire to give good average specimens in each subject. In that case, if many works of equal merit were kept back in order to prevent wearisome repetition, the exhibition might be fairly considered to indicate much restrained force—and the School is in a most promising condition. If, on the other hand, we are to suppose the selection before us was actually better than anything that has been withheld, it would un-

doubtedly point to a certain weakness—a suspicion which cannot easily attach to the Birmingham School of Art.

In the Long Room were shown the paintings in oil and water-colour from still life and portrait studies from life. A high standard was maintained in both these important branches, although all the honours were practically divided between two students—Walter Sherwood and Edward S. Harper, jun. We may unhesitatingly claim that both will one day assert themselves to a far larger audience. From year to year we have noted with growing admiration the distinctive and virile quality of Sherwood’s work; and his portraits this time, while retaining all their former character and grasp, showed increased delicacy of perception. Edward S. Harper’s groups of still life were necessarily less interesting as subjects, but nevertheless worthy of all praise.

With certain exceptions the modelling section was not of a very high order. The majority of the designs, it is true, were fairly well executed, but rather lacking in interest. Even the work of Alfred Watson, who has remarkable technical ability, leaves something to be desired in this respect. Standing, as this student does, on the



CIRCULAR CARVED IVORY PANEL
BY MISS I. L. KAY



DESIGN FOR NURSERY FRIEZE BY MISS G. MORRIS

threshold of his professional career, he will naturally be expected to produce work that is far removed from the sphere of the commonplace. But judged by ordinary student canons, we can bestow nothing but praise. His modelled design for a memorial tablet, 'The maid is not dead but sleepeth,' is carried out in masterly style. A modelled design by Winifred Woolner for the centre panel of a chimneypiece was worth noting for a certain manly quality, which is unusual in the work of female students. Miss Geraldine Morris, who seems to do many things well, is possessed of a more feminine style. Her design for a font was both pretty and gracefully executed. She is, however, more distinguished for her black and white and coloured designs than for modelling. The very successful nursery frieze, 'Sing a song of six-

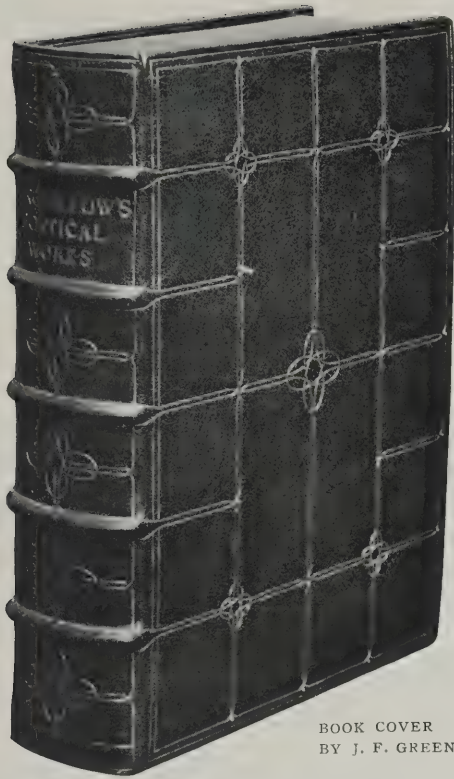
pence,' is a characteristic example of her work; her designs for book illustration are emphatically of the 'school,' *i.e.*, careful, complete, and suggestive of wood-engraving.

Mr. F. H. Round sent some capital portrait sketches drawn in excellent style, and among other things the beautiful study in chalks of a girl's head, which we reproduce. His drapery studies, too, were well worthy of mention, although occasionally a little heavy. This criticism is certainly not applicable to the charming work of J. N. Sanders, or the dainty drapery studies by Miss Ivy Harper, who worthily maintains the artistic tradition of her family. E. W. Cotton also contributed good work; and we must not ignore some clever studies in chalk from life by Duncan Farrow, which gained the Messenger prize.



PANEL WORKED ON TUSSORE SILK
BY MISS K. E. DUCKWORTH

Art Centres—Birmingham



BOOK COVER
BY J. F. GREEN

For some unaccountable reason, some bold and well-drawn pen and ink portrait drawings by E. F. Hill were almost hidden in a corridor. They were well worth considering, since they demonstrated an excellent method of translating the head from life for purposes of book illustration. The Great Room contained many designs, applied and otherwise, for jewellery, metal-work, book-decoration, needlework, etc.; Miss May Morris' influence in the last-named branch is making itself felt. No ambitious designs have been attempted, and a very small quantity of work was shown, but the quality left nothing to be desired. Miss Duckworth's work was especially praiseworthy. The classes in stained-glass work, bookbinding and illuminating have all borne good fruit. There was a whole case devoted to some beautiful specimens of handwriting; some of the best sent in were by Miss Violet Holden, who has also been successful in her bookbinding exercises.

Mr. Garrett, who is the new teacher of this art here, is indeed to be congratulated on the high level attained by his class. The book forwarded and finished by J. F. Green well deserved its award. A first prize and similar medal were

awarded to Miss I. L. Kay for her dainty little ivory carvings.

Designs for book illustration are still relegated comparatively to the background, though some of the students are evidently capable of great things in this direction. Miss A. Macgregor showed some charming work quite free from mannerism. The designs by R. J. Stubington were in some ways of a much higher order, but not quite unaffected, and the same might be said of a sympathetic pencil design by M. Armfield.

Steady progress continues to be made in jewellery, metal-work, and enamelling. Several good caskets were shown, which included some admirable specimens in brass decorated with niello, by Miss Cowell. Charming in its simplicity was a steel box by T. Wright, which gained two high



PORTRAIT STUDY IN CHALK
BY F. H. ROUND

The Artist

distinctions. A copper jug with brass mounts, by A. Judge, was also beautifully simple, and received a Messenger prize. Messrs. W. N. Twist, E. C. Harrison, and F. Goldsbrough were particularly happy in their architectural designs. For the first time at an exhibition we have had an opportunity of seeing stained glass actually carried out. There have always been plenty of cartoons, of course, but never the real thing. It was quite surprising to see how skilful the students had become in this

difficult art. The Misses Camm and Kay showed extremely creditable work, and there were many fine specimens from the hand of Mr. Payne, who holds the class.

It is probable that behind this exhibition there lies not weakness, but power; and if that hypothesis be right, we owe the headmaster and examiner much gratitude for their discretion in making the exhibition, not as big as possible, but, nevertheless, thoroughly representative.



THE SCOTCH BALCONY HANGING
IN GOLD AND COLOURS

ARTISTIC CORONATION DECORATIONS

Manufactured by Mrs. Ernest Hart, from original designs by Mr. George Haité, R.I., R.B.A., Pres. Soc. Designers.

EVEN the modern Philistines, in whom artistic perception glows no stronger than a far-off glimmer—even they must remember with a certain humiliation the very tawdry and incongruous appearance presented, from the decorative standpoint, by many of our leading thoroughfares on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. With the exception of a few private houses, where individual taste supervened over public vandalism, it is no exaggeration to say that from end to end our poor old city was most mercilessly and ingloriously ‘guyed’ into the undignified semblance of a monster rag-market, or, at best, the provincial *kermesse* of some remote German period.

The souvenir of the *coup d’œil* offered by St. James’s Street alone, should suffice to raise a blush to the most brazen of national cheeks, not to speak

of the miles’-lengths of vulgar bunting and paper roses, under which the hoary architecture of some of our grand old buildings literally languished with the sublime protest of silence.

Those to whom this haunting memory is suggestive of defensive argument have already written and spoken much. In their opinion England is a conservative country, and faithful to its traditions, therefore it is righteously content to demonstrate its festal side of patriotism by a lavish display of the time-honoured Union Jack, supplemented by a still more aggressive variation—that of glaring festoons, executed in the cruellest tones of blue and scarlet on a white ground.

‘England,’ said one of her greatest sons of the brush, in a recent interview, ‘cannot be called an artistic centre, for Art will never be one of her national expressions. It is represented by the *few*, and not by the *many*; hence the difficulty of making headway in our quest of the beautiful.’



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Artistic Coronation Decorations



THE QUEEN'S LILY BANNER

Commercial pre-occupation may doubtless be counted amongst the many causes of this stagnation; but it is delightful to note that the old country, if not actively initiative in matters artistic, is distinctly responsive when called upon to interest herself in them. There are occasions—and surely the Coronation of a beloved King and Queen may be counted amongst them—when, by national consent, new eras are chalked out upon such beaten highways as those of patriotic tradition and prejudice. There has been a mighty buzz going on for some time past *à propos* of the necessity of formulating some definite scheme for the appropriate decoration of our streets and houses in honour of the great historical event, which a few weeks more will see accomplished.

The urgent need for the striking out of new lines has been discussed and realized by many in our midst, but the solution to the problem appears to have been vouchsafed only to a few—a very few. It is to the collaborated brains of two such clever people as Mrs. Ernest Hart and Mr. George Haité that we are indebted for the answer which has undoubtedly carried off the prize for ingenuity and perfectly practical

adaptability, inasmuch as it lies within reach of all sorts and conditions of purses.

This enterprise has for its basis the one magnetic attraction which appeals to all the world—*something new*. Furthermore, it is artistic, perfectly planned and carried out, and—unique. Mr. Haité has brought his powers of a master-designer to bear upon the emergency. Mrs. Hart has lent her best energies to work upon them in such a manner as to present to her public a complete scheme of outdoor and indoor decoration that is at once novel, artistic, inexpensive, and

weather-proof.

Not that either Mr. Haité or Mrs. Hart have attempted innovations so far as the national *spirit* of their work is concerned. The designs are based wholly and solely on the emblems which time and custom have decreed to be indissolubly representative of our sister kingdoms, and these Mrs. Hart has transferred in glorious colouring and gold to a background of rich scarlet blue or white by means of a hand-painting and printing process, of which she only holds the secret. The effect when viewed at a distance is stupendous, but it may be studied



THE KING'S BANNER



THE TUDOR ROSE BALCONY SWAG

at very close quarters with equal success. Such attention has been given to detail and finish, that the work is as appropriate for the draping of the most delicate boudoir as for the walls of some municipal council chamber.

The accompanying illustrations will give some idea, but not an adequate one, of the variety and elaboration of the work now passing rapidly through Mrs. Hart's busy fingers into the still busier whirl of English trade. Photography and skilled fingers can do much towards the reproduction of form and detail in black and white facsimiles, but they are powerless to transfer the original scheme of colour to the printed page; therefore it is at a great disadvantage that these few specimens of a really beautiful handicraft are submitted to the reader.

The leading features of Mrs. Hart's catalogue of Coronation exhibits are banners, shields, and swags, suitable for all kinds of adornment, whether for within or without. As I have before mentioned, they range from end to end of an always moderate, but extensive, price list. The actual cost of each item to the purchaser is more dependent on the selection of the *ground* material than anything else. The handicraft on each article is the same—a detail well worthy of note.

Amongst the many fabrics on which the designs are emblazoned the most effective are, undoubtedly, silk plush, Roman satin, cloth, art serge, and a simple arras, on which some of the cheaper balcony swags are successfully carried out.

In his designs, which are obviously of the heraldic order, Mr. Haité has not forgotten to give due weight to the emblematic significance of each

section of our sub-divided kingdom. Even the little Welsh leek receives individual distinction at his hand; and it is to be met with in several clever combinations in the glory of its natural colouring, set on a ground of cardinal or azure cloth.

As a matter of course, the Lion Passant of England stands royally to the fore in more than one of

Mrs. Hart's gorgeous shields and banners, also in conjunction with other insignia; as likewise does the Tudor Rose, which is represented in various guises—perhaps most notably on a ground of white satin, the leaves and petals being executed in the tints of Nature's own choosing. The Harp and Shamrock of Ireland follow next in sequence, beautifully suggested in gold and green, or silver, on diverse grounds; then the Scottish Lion and Thistle, also interpreted in variety of tones and backgrounds.



THE LION WREATH AND CROWN BANNER

Artistic Coronation Decorations



THE ALEXANDRA BANNER

Perhaps the most beautiful of all, and the most original, are the dedicatory designs prepared by these clever coadjutors as a memento of Coronation Day itself. These include a special tribute to the King—a regal banner bearing the combined insignia of the empire, surmounted by the word Edward; and another—a very lovely one—known as ‘the Alexandra’—in honour of the gentle Queen, whose favourite flower it carries. This last is almost, to my way of thinking, the masterpiece amongst the long lists of exhibits. The ground is rich crimson, the crown and Maltese cross pure gold, while the lilies of the valley which form the central wreath are worked in natural shades of white and green, and the ribbon that holds them is blue. The date 1902, and the word Alexandra in quaint characters, complete a scheme which is a singularly beautiful one, both as regards design and workmanship.

It is in her bustling little warehouse at 17 Southampton Row, that the big wheels of Mrs. Hart’s enterprise are at work. She herself presides, and gives a cordial welcome to members of the Press, or the vast army of commerce who may wish to obtain designs and estimates from her for the

decoration of buildings, public and private. Mrs. Hart, however, is particularly anxious that the following fact should be clearly understood: she supplies her goods exclusively *wholesale*—that is to say, to the trade only. Already many leading London and provincial firms have constituted themselves her agents, amongst them Messrs. Maple, of Tottenham Court Road, and Messrs. Goodyer, of Regent Street.

Mrs. Hart’s decoration scheme has already found favour with the Municipal Corporations of some of our leading cities, and amongst the latest orders she has taken, is a very extensive one to supply the decorations for a large public ball to be given here in London not many weeks hence. The last item of news which reaches me before going to press is the intention which Mrs. Hart is sharing with Messrs. Maple of holding a public exhibition of her beautiful wares in their showroom.



THE IRISH HARP AND SHAMROCK BANNER



RECENT PUBLICATIONS. CRAFTSMEN OF BYGONE DAYS*

THE STORY OF MOSES AND THE TABLES OF THE LAW
DESIGNED BY DOMENICO BECCAFUMI
FROM 'THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA' (G. BELL AND SONS)

MR. R. H. HOBART CUST calls the celebrated pavement of the Siena Cathedral 'a small epitome of Siennese Art History: a continuous chain, whose links bind together, in spite of long intervals, more than five centuries of Siennese art-workers, and a never-ending joy to the thoughtful and the intelligent.'

Nobody who has visited Siena and examined the art-treasures of the hill-town, will maintain that this statement is exaggerated. The pavement—a true triumph in the flat treatment of marble for artistic purposes—is the result of the labour of no less than 54 artists who have been working at it from the end of the 14th to the last quarter of the 19th century, although there were intervals of whole centuries. Strangely enough the fame of the pavement itself has thrown but little reflection upon the designers and workers engaged upon the gigantic task, whose very names are practically veiled in obscurity, if we except those of Pinturicchio and Beccafumi. Mr. Cust has spared no trouble to

drag from their obscurity the men whose individual efforts have helped towards the great achievement, and has gathered all available information about their career and personality. We must confess to being more interested in the description of the stone-pictures and the various techniques employed, than in the details given about the lives of the workers, although it is the latter part of the book which must have entailed an amount of scholarly research, of which the modest dimensions of the book can hardly give an adequate idea.

'The Pavement Masters of Siena' is the first volume of a series published by G. Bell & Sons, and edited by Dr. C. G. Williamson, which is to form a companion set to the Great Master series published by the same firm, of which we have had repeated occasion to speak in terms of high praise. Peter Vischer, the great Nuremberg bronze-worker, is the subject of the second volume, whilst the third contains an interesting history of the ivory-workers of the middle ages from the pen of Mr. A. M. Cust. The love of the crafts has hardly taken sufficient hold yet on the great mass of art-

* 'The Pavement Masters of Siena,' by R. H. Hobart Cust, M.A.; 'Peter Vischer,' by Cecil Headlam; 'The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages,' by A. M. Cust. (London: G. Bell & Sons.)

Recent Publications

lovers, to ensure this series the popularity enjoyed by the 'Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture,' but nothing has been left undone to make the volumes as attractive as possible, and any attempt to popularise the much-neglected cult of the crafts should be warmly welcomed and supported.

VAN DYCK'S FAMOUS SKETCH BOOK

THE *fac-simile* reproduction of the pages from the celebrated Chatsworth Van Dyck Sketch Book,* which have been published in a sumptuous form by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, have a far greater than mere antiquarian and art historical value, although the sketch-book has been of immeasurable assistance to modern art writers, and more particularly to those who have occupied themselves with the Venetian school. The little remarks jotted down in the Flemish master's own handwriting on the margin of his rapid sketches after the works of the great Italian painters, have, in several cases, helped to establish the real authorship of disputed works. But we are here more immediately concerned with these sketches as works of art, and as such—slight as they are—they have scarcely ever been surpassed. Not a line without meaning, and not a line that is not essential for the meaning; never a trace of hesitation, of doubt! The very slightest of the sketches—such as the one after the so-called 'Sacred and Profane Love' by Titian—sums up the main features of the work with the greatest clearness and precision and with an amazing simplicity of means. If none of Van Dyck's wonderful paintings had come down to us, this little book—less than a sketch-book, a mere collection of notes to help the memory of things seen—would establish for all times the master's greatness. For the relation of the vicissitudes undergone by this remarkable artistic document since Van Dyck's death and the dispersal of his goods and chattels, we must refer the reader to Mr. Lionel Cust's excellent preface. The taste of the get-up of the large folio volume is as faultless as the quality of the reproduction, and one can only marvel at the low price at which the book is published.

* 'The Chatsworth Van Dyck Sketch Book,' by Lionel Cust. (London: George Bell & Sons, 1902.)

RECENT CHRISTIAN ART

FIVE names stand forth prominently in modern art of religious tendency—four painters and one musician. So great have been the achievements of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Richard Wagner, that the minor men and epigones may well be dismissed in a consideration of 'Religion in Recent Art.' Mr. P. T. Forsyth,* who has tried to explain in popular, though picturesque, language, the intimate connection between art and religion, has been well advised in following this scheme and dividing his book into five parts, one of which is devoted to each of the aforementioned masters.

On Richard Wagner and his *chef d'œuvre*, Parsifal, so much has been said and written by the composer, his admirers, and his revilers, that it is well-nigh impossible to take a new and original point of view, and the chapters dealing with this subject are therefore the least exciting of the volume. As far as the painters are concerned, the sub-titles of the chapters will serve best to indicate the author's standpoint: Rossetti, or, the religion of natural passion; Burne-Jones, or, the religion of preternatural imagination; Watts, or, the religion of supernatural hope; Holman Hunt, or, the religion of spiritual faith.

The fact that three of these artists have been more or less closely connected with pre-Raphaelite movement leads Mr. Forsyth to maintain that the pre-Raphaelites in general 'are prophets as well as painters, and to no small extent apostles and martyrs.' He lays too much stress on the religious feeling evinced by their works, which was, perhaps, less due to religious enthusiasm than to the influence of their quattrocento models. They tried to see and feel like the painters of the frescoes at the Campo Santo in Pisa. And Millais, who was, after all, the greatest of the pre-Raphaelite painters, showed so little religious spirit in his work, that he alone would suffice to upset the author's theory.

Mr. Forsyth is led even further astray when, in explaining the influence of religion on art, he exclaims 'Nothing has ever been done in the world like the landscape art of Protestantism and Protestant lands.' The fact may be true, but the

* 'Religion in Recent Art,' by P. T. Forsyth. (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1901.)



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
BY HOLMAN HUNT (SAMPSON LOW AND CO.)

deduction is so palpably wrong, that one need hardly waste time in disproving it. Mistakes like calling the painter of the 'Chant d'Amour' *Mr. Burne Jones* should not have occurred.

As regards the style, we cannot do better than quote a passage, chosen at random, out of many others of equal beauty. It refers to the work of Rossetti:

'How strange is the atmosphere we are in! How utterly, alien to our common air! There is a sultry tropical feeling around, the heavy opulence of lands not ours, and passions to which our common lives are strange. We feel all the bewildering associations of the wizard's chamber. Our senses mis-give us. We are oppressed, the room seems laden. We are ready for magic. In mirrors are glimpses of solemn beauty. In globes are vistas of hopeless tragedy. The world-sorrow sings through the world-soul. These gorgeous hues are like the sunset of glowing hope. We seem to stand on a loam-field, and wade among poppies to the knees. These strange faces are lovely opiates. These unusual attitudes are like the contortions of rocks—the relics of volcanic passion, and then still death.'

Sir Wyke Bayliss has also touched upon the subject of art and religion in his sympathetically written appreciation of 'Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era,'† his five typical representatives of modern British art being Leighton, Millais, Burne-Jones, Watts and Holman Hunt, the last three of whom are painters of distinctly religious tendency. It must be said at once, however, that Sir Wyke Bayliss takes a much broader view on the relation of art to religion than Mr. Forsyth, who is inclined to regard the one as a mere handmaiden of the other. Sir Wyke does not even maintain the theory of the unity between religion and art, which, according to him, 'are two forces—spiritual and æsthetic, moving in the same plane—human life and action, to the same end—the subduing of evil, against a common enemy—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, but they move under different sanctions. In its fight against the World, Art does not look to the promise of another, but to the purifying of this. In its struggle with the Flesh, Art strengthens us, not by deadening our senses, nor by lifting us above them, but by quickening them

† 'Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era,' by Sir Wyke Bayliss. (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1902.)

Recent Publications

to truer perception. In its conflict with evil—or the Devil—art animates us with visions of beauty of which it—or he—is the Destroyer.'

His personal intercourse with, and friendship for, the five great painters included in the volume, has given Sir Wyke Bayliss a clear insight into their character and the working of their minds. The writing is forcible and full of human and artistic interest; altogether the book is a distinguished literary achievement, but we cannot help protesting against the way in which it has been made an advertisement, so to say, for the Royal Society of British Artists, of which Sir Wyke Bayliss is President. 'My Lady the Prologue,' in which the author tries to establish an intimate connection between the five eminent artists and the Society, were better omitted from the book, since it is apt to make the whole volume appear a gratuitous advertisement for the R.S.B.A., and has no bearing whatever upon the subsequent chapters. Moreover a statement is made in this prologue, which cannot be passed without comment: 'Unlike other societies, the Royal Society of British Artists can never administer its affairs for the benefit of its own members only.' And this in view of the fact that a resolution has been passed last year to the effect that only the works of members are in future to be admitted to the Society's exhibitions!

COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE*

THE fourth edition of this well-known manual deserves notice, as it is practically a new book. The text has been almost rewritten, and the number of illustrations—so valuable a feature in a work of this kind—has been very largely increased. Many additions have also been made: a note on Pre-historic Architecture has been added; there is a new general chapter on 'Gothic Architecture in Europe,' short notes on Scottish, Irish, and American architecture are given, and a whole section has been devoted to a treatment of the non-historical styles, viz.: the Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Saracenic. Among the new illustrations we note particularly three pages of views of the English cathedrals, taken from models, all on

* A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method, for the student, craftsman, and amateur. By Professor Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., and Banister F. Fletcher, A.R.I.B.A., architect. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged, with 256 plates, comprising 1300 illustrations. (Batsford, 21/- net.)



LOVE AND LIFE
BY G. F. WATTS (SAMPSON LOW AND CO.)

the same scale. From these it is possible to compare the sizes and general characteristics of all the buildings at a glance. They form a most interesting series. Indeed, the illustrations throughout the book are extremely good, presenting all the typical buildings of every country and period. There are besides innumerable plates, showing details, with which the only fault we have to find lies in the lettering, which is both illegible and undecorative. Look, for instance, at the plate of 'Principles of Gothic Construction' (No. 81), the usefulness of which is utterly spoilt by the difficulty of deciphering the accompanying descriptions.

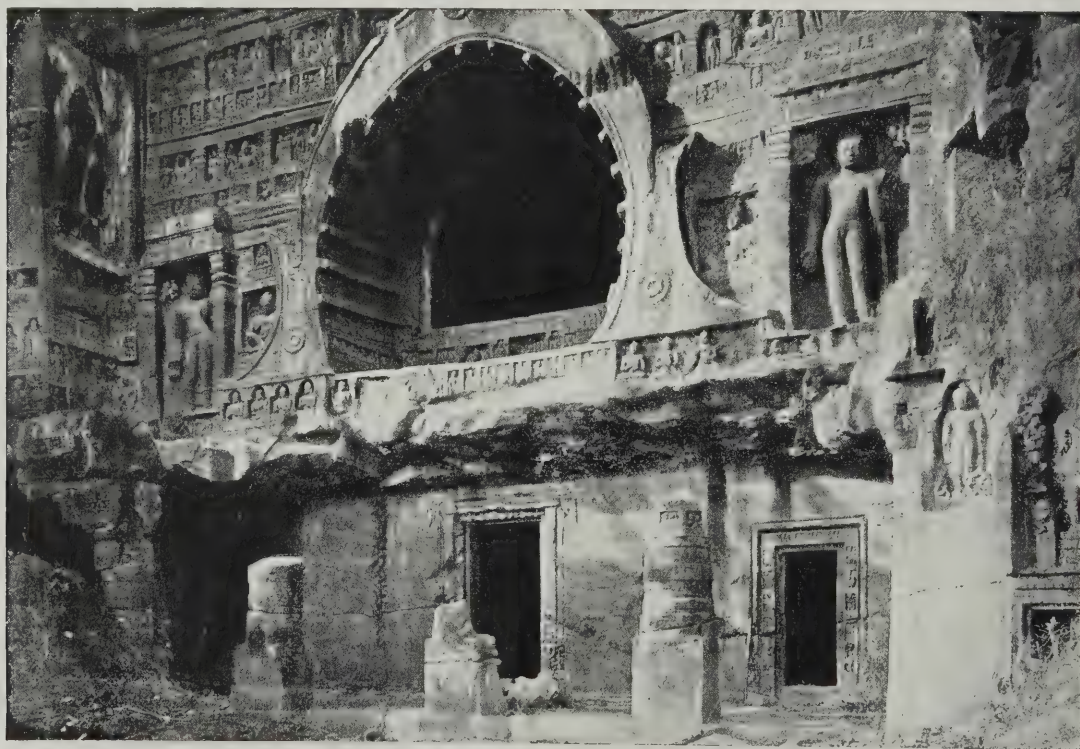
The book itself is, of course, unreadable, as such a book must be. It is, however, not meant to be read, and as a book of reference for the architect, or for the artist, it fulfils its purpose admirably. It is well and methodically arranged, easy of reference, and full of facts. It is, moreover, entirely trust-



BASILICA CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, ROME
FROM 'A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE' (BATSFORD)

worthy and accurate. It represents an enormous amount of work on the part of its authors, especially of Mr. Banister F. Fletcher, to whom the present edition is due. We are grateful to him for giving

us a most useful, and indeed indispensable, handbook, and we offer him our sincere congratulations on the completion of what must have been a most arduous task.



AJUNTA. FAÇADE OF ROCK-CUT CAVE
FROM 'A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE' (BATSFORD)

Photography

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS BY JOHN LE COUTEUR

WE hope the dark days have disappeared for a time, and that our friends have taken out the camera from a safe (and dry) resting-place; but we also trust that before attempting to take pictures the apparatus has been thoroughly overhauled. Several pictures have been sent in which are under-exposed, not on account of the light, but the dirty condition of the lens. Everyone knows they must clean a pair of spectacles or opera glasses from time to time, but few remember the lens of the camera. A soft, *fine* old *linen* handkerchief is best for this.

To young beginners (and at this time of the year many are tempted to try the camera) I should like to suggest that all successful workers begin modestly. My own first attempts were made with a $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate stand camera, and I have never had more pleasure with the more costly apparatus now at my disposal, than I had with the simple outfit I began with. It is true the pictures were not very grand, and none would bear criticism, still I succeeded as far as my means would then allow, and by my experience I saved a great deal when I was able to go to the expense of a $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, and so on until I arrived at still larger and more elaborate cameras.

Another suggestion is that when you begin photography, take the advice of a veteran as to the best plate, film and developer, and stick to them. If you go by advertisements, and flit from one thing to another, you will never do good, honest work, and will waste plenty of money that might be otherwise usefully employed. Always bear in mind also, that low-priced things are often dear in the end. I began with Ilford ordinary plates, and use them yet. They were called 'Britannia Plates' in those days. Now we have all sorts of rapid plates (which so many use on churches or tombstones), and the unfortunate user often wonders what has happened when he gets a foggy-looking or flat negative. For some work Rapid plates are excellent, but they must be quite fresh. Ordinary plates will keep for years.

Another craze is the idea that only Isochromatic plates are any good. Again I say these are indeed excellent—if fresh, and for subjects that call for such a plate. I prefer making my own Isochro-

matic plate out of an Ordinary, and the way to do this is as follows:—

Soak the plate in a one to two per cent. solution of ammonia for two or three minutes, then immerse in

Distilled water	-	-	-	-	100 parts
Ammonia	-	-	-	-	2 "
Alcoholic Solution of Cyanine (1:500)					5 "
Alcohol	-	-	-	-	5 "

Wash and dry.

Of course, this must be done in a dark room, and when drying, the plates should be in a place free from light and dust. This is Schumann's method, and very good. There are others which I can give, but the above is easy and quite enough for the beginner. Any chemist would make up the solution, and the plates should be used within a week of preparing.

It is stale Isochromatic plates that has caused so much disappointment, especially in flower studies and the copying of pictures.

To those who know something of photography I cannot do better than recommend the 'Photographic Reference Book,' published by Iliffe & Sons, which is excellent, and the compiler (W. A. Watts, M.A.), has earned the thanks of all photographic workers for the pains he has taken in making the notes clear and correct.

AS THE ARTIST is now reaching a large number of readers who may not have seen my first notes, I now repeat that I shall be very glad to give advice and help to any who may take the trouble to write and enclose a stamp for reply, and that question forms may be had on an application to the Editor.

Question forms can be had if a stamped and directed envelope is sent to the Editor.

Stereoscopic photography is again becoming popular, and the Kodak Company have produced excellent apparatus at a low price for this fascinating form of work. The main trouble used to be in cutting the glass plates, in the early days, but this is not only obviated by the invention of a special printing frame, but in the using of any ordinary frame, there is now no trouble in printing from a roller film.

I am indebted to Lady Walrond for some views in Sicily (see page 46). The excellence of the pictures is somewhat marred by reproduction, but still they are clear enough to show the pains taken to secure the original photographs.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY WALROND (SEE PAGE 45)

NOTES

PAINTER ETCHERS—PALL MALL EAST.—There are two courses open to anyone inclined to generalise about this exhibition: either to rail at a number of no-account etchings, or present the other side of the picture, and affirm with about equal truth that the proportion of really good work is high, for the simple fact is, that the amount of entirely satisfactory, unostentatiously excellent work is so great that one inclined to be strictly impartial yet limited as to his space, has either to make a mere list of good things, or devote that same space to explaining why there is silence about some others. To illustrate one's appreciation is to particularize in the most pointed of possible ways: there are feelings easily stirred that have to be spared if possibly, and the higher the average is the more difficult is it to distribute one's favours impartially. The sensation of a few years ago was the appearance of M. Helleu, and though we had not his best this year, we were fortunate still in having his work to compare with that of those patterns of sobriety in method and aim—Mr. Urwick, Mr. Evershed and others, who ably maintain the good old English tradition. There are extremes of achievement in every art, with its perfection at either end, and the writer whose eyes are only for one or the other most likely belongs to some clique. What the process-blocks did or seemed likely to do for the wood-engravers of the last generation, the photogravure at about the same time was doing for the etcher, whose copies of the most popular pictures have been removed into our spare bedrooms. The effect of the mechanical innovation is to indicate the proper place of the art it has superseded. The artist had to be told that nothing but art was wanted, and the market for etchings not entirely original is quite undoubtedly failing.

CORNWALL IN WHITECHAPEL.—The best that can be done in Whitechapel is to show the poor who visit this gallery something that need not be explained or excused; something that tells its own story, and is also the best of paintings. This is not a critical notice, nor is it intended to be. It would be possible out of what we have here to select a great many that answer to this description, discounting entire outsiders and others not 'good enough.' The contributor to this periodical who assigns a very high place to Moffat Lindner is certainly not far wrong. Of his work, of Julius Ollson's, and other great landscape painters there are splendid examples here. The touch of Nature is wanted nowhere so much as in Whitechapel; and

painters like Tom Gotch and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, who, while living in Cornwall, must be looking for motives and methods in Italy, as Dante saw it, are like fish out of water here. One can only have types of each class in so brief a notice. The landscape *per se* in its appeal and effect is like the *lieder ohne worte* of the composer, but the barer the prospect, the oftener one's thoughts are of home, without which there would be no drama, and no such paintings as Walter Langley's No. 18, 'Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break.' Landscape, seascape, lagoonscape, it matters not which so long as we have the best. The house, I have said, is as eloquent, and therefore as often painted. One leaves the gallery feeling that the best of our painters, by these indications of what they have loved and revered, are maintaining the highest ideal, and surely he is the happiest who finds that ideal at home.—E. R.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.—The 18th Annual Exhibition of work done in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association, will be held from May 29th to June 2nd in the Gallery of the Royal Albert Hall. The Exhibition will include specimens of homespun and linens, modelling in terra cotta, metal repoussé, wood-carving, inlay, stencils, lace, knitting, baskets, rugs and toys, and of other arts and industries.

A CURIOUS, and not uninteresting selection of works of art from the time of ancient Egypt to the present day, has been issued by Messrs. H. Grevel and Co., under the title of 'The Practical Art Gallery.' The book, which has no text—the whole reading matter being made up of a classified list of contents and the title of the works in three languages—consists of 144 beautiful process reproductions of works of the classic period, paintings and sculptures by the great masters, and modern decorative work. It is a pity that the eccentricities of Emanuel Seidl and Hermann Obrist have been considered worthy to rank by the side of Verrocchio, Bellini, Tintoretto and Gainsborough.

At the last meeting of the Council of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS, Robert Spence and E. King Martyn were elected Fellows of the Society.

WE understand that 'Academy Notes' will be published this year by Messrs. Skeffington and Son, and will be issued in a greatly improved and far more attractive form than hitherto.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY WALROND (SEE PAGE 45)

The Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts



FAN, APPLIQUÉ ON NET. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
MISS ROSE EVANS, CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

THE CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

THIS School was established in 1898 by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council (to quote from the prospectus) 'to provide instruction in those branches of design and manipulation which directly bear on the more artistic trades, . . . to encourage the industrial application of decorative design, and it is intended that every opportunity should be given to the students to study this in relation to their own particular craft.'

'There is no intention that the School should supplant apprenticeship—it is rather intended that it should supplement it by enabling its students to learn design and those branches of their craft which . . . they are unable to learn in the workshop.'

'The instruction is adapted to the needs of those engaged in the different departments of Building Work (Architects, Builders, Modellers, Decorators), Designers in Wall Papers, Textiles and Furniture, Embroiderers, Book Illustrators, Carvers, Bookbinders, Metal Workers, and others.'

It may be seen from the above quotations that the scheme on which the School is based is very comprehensive and ambitious, and that by it a determined attempt has been made to deal with the lack of technical skill of which the British workman is so often accused.

A most noteworthy point is the expression of consideration for the student's individuality, and a desire to develop his own peculiar tastes and capacities, which may be seen in the prospectus in some of the particulars of the various 'Art' and 'Technical' Classes to which we will refer.

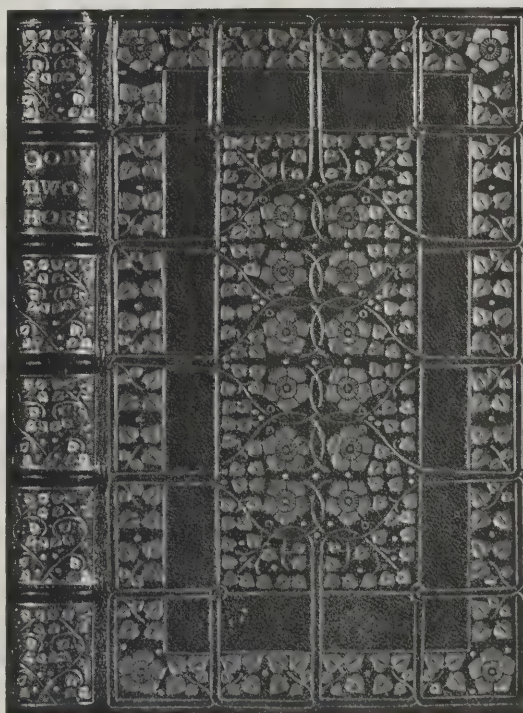
A description of these classes, their aims, and teachers, may not be without interest. We will take the Evening Classes, as bearing most upon the questions which lie at the root of the scheme of the School.

The 'Drawing and Design' Class is conducted by Mr. Thomas Kerr. In this class students are taught—to quote again from the prospectus—'to arrange patterns on geometrical bases' (if this means anything at all, will the Management tell us how patterns are to be arranged on any other than geometrical bases?), 'using forms derived from good historical examples, or from plants and other natural objects, which have been previously drawn and studied. . . . The majority of the designs made are carried out by the students in the technical classes of the School.' This last sentence would imply that there is comparatively little design for

manufacture taught in the School, the technical classes being all in the 'handicrafts.'

The Figure Drawing Class is under the supervision of the Head Master (Mr. W. B. Dalton) and Mr. H. Cole, 'and is intended for students unacquainted with Figure Drawing who wish to become members of the Life or Black and White Classes.'

The Life Classes, under the same supervision, are more advanced, and include several classes in drawing from the



BOOK COVER. DESIGNED AND FINISHED BY EDMOND
WESTROPE, CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



EMBROIDERED LINEN CURTAIN. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISS HILDA DRISKELL
CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

nude and the draped. They are 'designed to afford opportunities for study and practice from the life, with the view of its application in decoration and book illustration. . . . Admission is only granted to those 'studying for professional purposes.'

Classes for 'Figure Design' are taken alternatively by the Head Master (Mr. W. B. Dalton) and Mr. Cole. The former with 'Figure Design for decorative purposes and Figure Composition upon given subjects'; the latter with 'Pen and Ink Design for Book Illustration . . . head-pieces, tail-pieces, initial letters, title pages, full-page illustrations, etc., leading up from simple decorations to more complicated and more naturalistic work.'

Modelling Classes (general) are taken by Mr. Albert Toft; Mr. Lineham instructing in Modelling and Design in relation to stone-carving, wood-carving, and plaster work. In these classes, Design, with the Figure, plays an important part. Also General Design and Architectural Modelling. 'The work is adapted to the individual needs of students. . . . The chief aim is to instruct students to model in clay the figure, foliage, and ornament, with a view to applying the same to the particular crafts to which they belong.'

The class in 'Architectural Design and Building Construction'—a very small one, we believe, at present—is taken by Mr. A. W. Jarvis, A.R.I.B.A., who treats the subject 'from the point of view that Architecture should respond to the facts of modern life.'

A class in 'Lettering and Illuminating' is taken weekly by Mr. Johnston. In this division the students 'are taught: (1) The acquiring of a good formal hand; (2) the making and placing of initial letters; (3) laying and burnishing gold; (4) the decoration of written pages. The object . . . is to bring back good lettering, and to make use of its great artistic possibilities in illuminated addresses, small books and pieces of writing, title pages, bill-heads, black and white work, and design generally.'

There is a 'Cabinet Design Class,' in which Mr. P. A. Wells 'gives instruction in Drawing and Design as applied to furniture, cabinet-making, chair-making and carving; small scale and full-size detail drawings; and the treatment of gesso and metal work in the enrichment of furniture.'

In the 'Design for Lithography' Class, the Head Master instructs in 'designing for labels, show cards, bill-headings, trade tickets, etc.,' and the students are afterwards encouraged to draw their designs upon the stone itself.

In the 'Technical' Classes may be seen the same determination to teach by practice rather than the book. In the 'Workshop Geometry' Class Mr. E. N. Flashman 'teaches a course of Geometry that is suitable for persons engaged in various occupations . . . entirely practical, and not the usual course taught in Schools of Art.'

The Embroidery Class is conducted by Miss M. Hewitt; and the young embroidresses are expected to study in the Design Class the preparation of their own designs for execution. 'To become a proficient embroiderer the student must be able to design, or, at the very least, be a good draughts-woman' (*prospectus*).

Mr. W. Aumonier, jun., conducts the Wood Carving Class, where similar advice is given.

The same may be said of the Stone Carving Class, under Mr. J. Lineham's instruction. This is 'intended primarily for decorative carvers, monumental masons, and architects; but modellers, wood-carvers, and architectural masons are strongly urged to attend.'

The Masonry Class (instructor, Mr. W. H. Johnson) is, in common with all the classes noted below, confined to students actually at work at the trade taught in the class. Here are taught the thousand and one technical details that go to make the complete mason, and 'students in Masonry are recommended to join the Stone-carving Class.'

'Plasterers' Work—Plain and Decorative' (instructor, Mr. G. Collins), is equally varied and detailed in its instruction course.

'House Painting and Decorating' (instructor, Mr. Alfred E. Bramley). Here the object is 'to improve the quality of the work done by painters and decorators,' with a special class for 'design for house-painters and decorators.'

The 'Practical Class in Cabinet-making' (instructor, Mr. F. E. Walker) 'for apprentices and artisans. . . . The young student is taught how to handle his tools and to use them to the best advantage. . . . They are also helped to study good specimens of historical furniture.'

The Lithography Class (instructor, Mr. G. S. Smithard) is the immediate consequence of the Lithographic Design Class.

Finally, 'Bookbinding,' with a brace of instructors (Mr. F. Sangorski for the 'forwarding,' and Mr. G. H. Sutcliffe for the 'finishing') 'to give *bonâ-fide* members of the trade an opportunity of improving themselves in their craft. . . . The students are encouraged to carry out, from first to last, the binding and decoration of books, and to design and work out their own patterns.'

This is a long screed and a dry subject, it may be said; but, though we started out with the amiable intention merely of illustrating the few beautiful pieces of students' work the Management was good enough to lend us for that purpose, we find ourselves now so impressed by the basis and aims of the School as to feel that, interesting or no, they are of such importance as to make it almost a public duty to set them forth at some length in our otherwise artistic magazine. With all the bearings of this new departure we shall not attempt to deal: it is too wide a question for us.

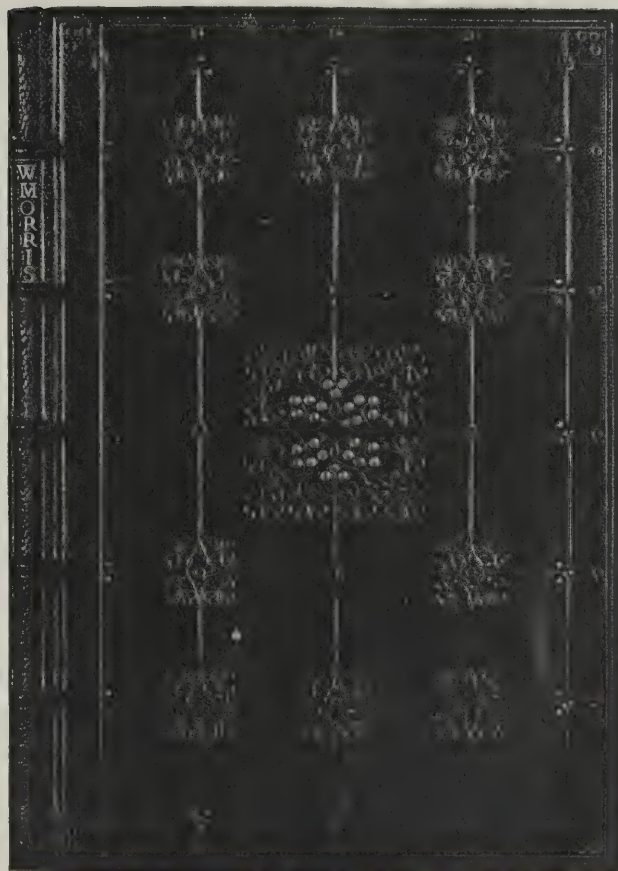
The Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts

We had the very great pleasure, through the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Johnson, B.A., the amiable secretary of the institution, of seeing some of the technical classes at work, and it was a very real pleasure. Bookbinding is an art which we cannot help thinking has of late years been elevated to a position of as great importance as it can bear; yet nothing could have been keener than our delight in watching the gradual progress of the book through its consecutive processes—stitching, edge-gilding, forwarding, finishing—the ingenious students building up their own little patterns with impressions from existing tools—unless it were the Plastering Class, where students were turning columns, making their own templates, making models of a niche, of the Parthenon, a model from the Tuscan order, ‘running’ the diminished pilaster segmental niches, and what not, where actual practice forces men who would otherwise be unimaginative artisans to do a little modelling ‘on their own,’ so to speak; or the painting class, where panels were being grained—not by rule of thumb, but by Charles Reade’s own method, with A. E. Bram-

ley as his prophet, of setting up a bit of the real wood for the student to copy; or the stone-carving class, where we learned a lot about the properties of alabaster, which, to our shame be it said, we as promptly forgot.

There is no question about it, it is a finely-equipped institution, and affords magnificent opportunities which in the future may be more fully taken advantage of by the classes it is designed to benefit. Yet, given our heartfelt admiration of the methods of instruction, the obvious question is, ‘Where, and at what craft, is the logical finish to this scheme?’ But at present the house is—not empty, but certainly not full, and, though the promise is there, we feel that the time may come when the bearing will be very much greater, when things have shaken down a bit. The School is but four years old.

To attempt to criticise in detail all the work we saw would result in failure; yet not to mention some would be worse. In Architecture, Harold Sydney Hands has a design for a seaside house, of the Voysey-cum-Crane order, evidently inspired, but showing very smart drawing, and very workman-like and delicate in colour. In black and white the work is mostly of the pen and pencil order, and has doubtless been very instructive to the pupils. In bookbinding, W. G. Terry and D’Alton Rye show finished examples that are very good and tasteful in style and execution. In Decorative Design there was not much to see, as the designs are not considered final, but merely, as they should be, as a step towards their working out in the handicraft classes. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit was a book of progressive designs for jewellery, by L. Smithers. The Embroidery was interesting, a fair amount of useful experiments in various kinds of appliqué being shown. Two examples we reproduce: a curtain in coarse blue linen, with blue woollen filling to the



BOOK COVER. DESIGNED AND FINISHED BY D’ALTON RYE
CAMBERWELL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

ornamental shapes, and white mercerised cotton outline, by Miss H. Driskell; and an appliqué on net for fan by Miss Rose Evans. Miss M. Ballard has done some good lettering, and Miss A. D. Foulger has a good page.

We have described two of the illustrations that go with this article. Of the others, the two bookbindings, ‘Goody-Two-Shoes’ (a fac-simile reproduction of the edition of 1776, with the quaint dedication: ‘To all Young Gentlemen and Ladies, Who are good, or intend to be good, This Book,’ etc., etc.) has a green centre panel laid on a red morocco ground, with gold line, flower, and leaf-work tooled; size of book, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$. The quaint story, with its old-fashioned type and copies of old wood-cuts, seems very sympathetically treated in this binding of old-time design. The other is a Chiswick Press edition of Morris’s Birmingham lecture. A delightful binding to look at, but roughly finished inside. Green levant morocco, with gold tooling and spots of white, red, and paler green, giving a charmingly bright effect. There is more originality in this design. Size of book, $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$.

J. S. R.

‘PROGRESSIVE DESIGN FOR STUDENTS’*

THE author of this has not only the subject at his fingers’ ends, so to say, but the students whom he addresses. A suggestive and helpful comparison is drawn in his preface between the ‘exercises in literary composition’ which form part of every child’s schooling, and the exercises in elementary design, which ought to go with the drawing. The practice, he says, is analogous to that of literary composition, and is of the ‘utmost advantage to the average pupil in stimulating and developing his inventive powers.’ Or let it be put in this way: The necessity of pulling oneself and the subject together in order to make it subserve our purpose, is what we have to impress on the pupil; the habit formed early, either by writer or artist, will have the effect of making the compositions of later life appear to be effortless, and lies at the root of that ‘*ars celare artem*’ of which we are told so much.

A book so well written, so simply planned on the time-honoured ‘step-by-step’ principle, so admirably illustrated moreover, can hardly fail of its obvious purpose—that of supplying the needs of the schools. The earliest exercises are, as a matter of course, in space-filling. First, the adaptation of Nature to the design, then the adaptation of the design to its purpose and place in the world. The art of repeating without irritating intensely has next to be learned; we are here reminded again of our literary exercises, and thank the writer for the comparison between our own pen-craft and the ‘works,’ as we have to call them, of the most skilled designers.

* ‘Progressive Design for Students,’ by James Ward, author of ‘Principles of Ornament,’ ‘Historic Design,’ etc. (London: J. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. Price 5/-)

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

WHAT acrid controversy has raged around the works of the handsome GIORGIONE! No figure is more mysterious in art than is his. To no one have so many works been attributed by one critic, to be hastily withdrawn by another, and of hardly any person in the whole range of Italian art do we know so little as regards life, works, or character, as we know of Giorgio Barbarelli called Giorgione.

We do know that he was born in 1476. We believe that he died of the plague in 1511, and we can trace his influence upon that of every man of his period, and of the district of Venice, where he worked and died. He was a pupil of Bellini, a fellow-student of the great Titian, and a greater man than either as an original genius, full of poetry and full of passion. We must construct his life from his works, and trace his growth by his pictures, and we are only now, after four centuries have passed over his head, beginning to do so. There are certain great works which we know he painted, and the chief amongst them all is the splendid altar-piece at Castel Franco, which was done about 1504. From that which Ruskin finely styles a picture which stands 'alone in the world as an imaginative representation of Christianity, with a monk and a soldier on either side,' and from the picture belonging to Prince Giovanelli at Venice, and the splendid one at Vienna, which all the critics accept, without hesitation, we have to learn what other works the master did, and slowly to make up his *œuvre*. Romance can be seen in them all, imagination of the highest order, a wondrous and lovely sense of colour, and most melodious charm. His portraits are noble and dignified creations—harmonious, exquisite, and tender. His landscapes are bold, vigorous, and lighted in wonderful manner, and all that the master has left betokens how great a genius he was, and how potent was the influence which he exercised upon the whole school of Venetian painters. He died as his genius was unfolding, as it was nearing its perfect fruition. He taught all who followed him, and had he lived, would have surpassed all whom Venice in her glory ever produced; and he left behind him not only many lovely works which were certainly his, but many another which bears the impress of his power, and which owed its creation certainly to his imaginative conceptions.

We are almost too near to the great figure of Sir John Everett MILLAIS to be able to estimate his position in the world of Art. It is an interesting question, what of his work will endure as immortal and what will perish.

He began as an ardent pre-Raphaelite, when English art was at a very low ebb, and he did much to infuse new vigour into it, to make it noble, inspiring, and great; and when he died, English art had made giant strides, and stood a living and tangible reality before the world.

His enthusiasm and straightforward honesty had done much for this movement, and the art which the French critics—most acute and far-seeing of all who write upon art—scorned and decied in the early part of the nineteenth century, they were ready enough to praise, when Millais left it to his successors to pass on the flame.

The opposition which the youthful band of pre-Raphaelites met with at the first was excellent training for Millais, and the success, wealth, and praise which crowned his latter days, had the opposite effect upon his abilities.

We shall not cease to regret the loss of the strenuous days of his youth, and to mourn over the fanciful and too ordinary productions of his later days; but with all his success in 'playing to the gallery,' as he grew rich and prosperous, we may be thankful indeed for the vast bulk of his work: for all his portraits, and for the poetic and imaginative productions, which few men could paint so well. He was an artist who was a credit to this England of ours—a sturdy, upright, true Englishman to the very core, worked to death, worried into his grave by the hosts of commissions which poured in upon the fashionable painter of the day; enduring with calm and heroic patience the most painful and distressing of maladies; and ever putting his whole soul into his work, and doing as well as ever he could all that he did, living his life well, working hard, and dying in the prime of his career, having helped more than any other man to ennoble the art of the land which he loved so well, and leaving a stainless record for purity, uprightness, and truth.

QUERIES AND REPLIES

REPLY TO E.W.R.—'Pastel Painting,' by J. L. Sprinck, published at rs., by Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Glasshouse Street, London, W.

REPLY TO B.P.—We do not know where you could get any in this country. You might obtain the information by writing to the Exhibition Secretary at Vienna.

REPLY TO A.W.—An excellent book of instructions is the 'Handbook on Transparency Painting on Linen,' published by Winsor & Newton, Ltd., 37 Rathbone Place, London, W. Price 1s.

REPLY TO M. MAC.G.—There are many books treating of designing for the things you name; but we don't think you can safely teach yourself at the beginning. Go to a good school, and work steadily until you get some power of composition. Books you may read with advantage are: Day's 'Anatomy of Pattern' and 'The Planning of Ornament,' published by B. T. Batsford, 94 High Holborn, London; also Ward's 'Progressive Design,' published by Chapman & Hall, Ltd., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

REPLY TO F.F.—You would be following the best course by applying to Mrs. Frank Short, at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, London.

REPLY TO A.A.W.—It is—as we so often reply in this column—impossible to give even an approximate idea of the value of a work of art without seeing it. You should consult an expert, such as Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, who will want to see the water-colour study, of course. He might possibly know of a likely purchaser. Or you might submit it to Mr. H. M. Cundall, keeper of the pictures at South Kensington Museum, where they sometimes buy such studies as that you describe.

REPLY TO B.—Apply to Mr. E. P. Harman, 136 Brompton Road, London, S.W., who may be able to supply what you ask for.

QUERY No. 325.—Would you be kind enough to let me know the name of a good book on the art of *repoussé* metal work; also, where I can get a set of tools for the work?—G.W.R.

QUERY No. 326.—Can you advise me in the matter of decorating a verandah? It is well covered above, but is open to the air on all sides. Would tempera painting be durable for such a position; or should I be obliged to use oil, which I detest? The house is about twelve miles from the coast, in South Devon.—A.D.M.

QUERY No. 327.—I have a design for a terra-cotta flower-pot, which I would like to have made. Can you recommend a good manufacturer?—J.S.

QUERY No. 328.—Would you oblige me by informing me where I could get lessons or directions for tapestry painting?—A.T.

QUERY No. 329.—Would you be kind enough to let me know which is the correct name of an old watchmaker—'Robert Fleetwood,' or 'Robert Eleetwood'? If you succeed in finding out what I request, please accomplish your kindness by informing me of the time he lived; also, if he was considered a good clock-builder.—J.H. de M.

QUERY No. 330.—I shall be grateful if you will please give me some information as to where I may procure a really good artistic advertisement to use for a single-handed bazaar.—N.P.

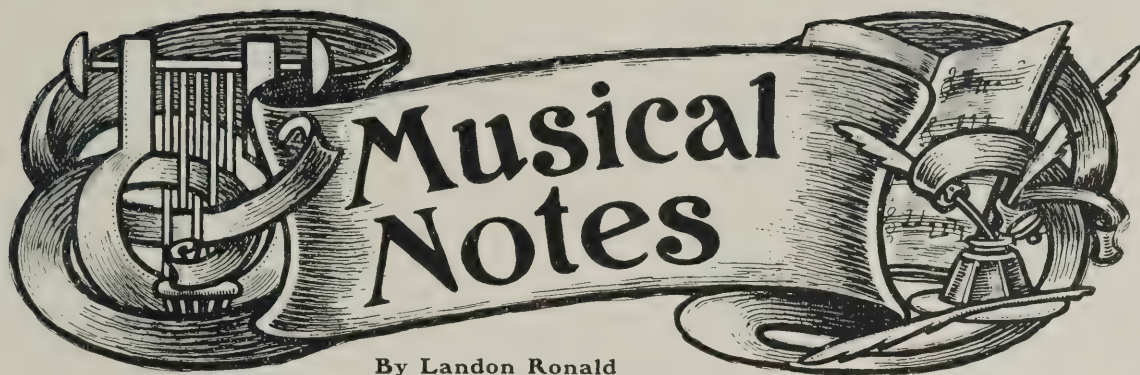
QUERY No. 331.—Can you tell me the best manner of fixing linen or canvas to walls in the place of wall papers? With mere straining, it seems to get 'baggy.' Could it not be pasted on the wall with some substance which would not hurt the texture or colour?—H.M.C.

QUERY No. 332.—I should be very grateful if you could tell me of any fixative for pastel. I hear that one 'Georges Bertrand' has discovered some process of the sort, but do not know what it is, nor how to communicate with him.—F.A. de B.F.

MUSIC

EDITED BY
LANDON RONALD





By Landon Ronald

THE chief item of interest in the world of music at the moment is, *sans doute*, the Opera season, and we have now only a few days to wait for the initial performance. As probably most of you will be frequent visitors to Covent Garden, it should be interesting to know something about the careers of those artists whom you are about to see and hear; therefore I purpose giving a few details of some of the greatest who are to appear this season. Do not let it be imagined that I intend to denote their artistic worth by the order in which I write of them. Any attempt on my part to decide which particular artist has the most talent, or enjoys the greatest popularity, would be both useless and unwise: it might offend many, and would please but few. So I shall write of them as they occur to me, and not with any idea of placing them in their proper professional rotation. The two names that come uppermost in my mind are Madame Melba and Signor Mancinelli—both valued friends of years standing, and both very great artists. *Place aux dames!* therefore let us peep into Madame Melba's artistic career before that of the famous conductor.

Madame Nellie Melba was born at Melbourne, Australia, in the year 1865. At an early age the purity and beauty of her voice were so manifest, that her friends prophesied a brilliant career for her, if she would study seriously. This she was quite willing to do, but her father—who, by the way, is Scotch—was utterly opposed to her entering the profession; in fact, I believe it is only since she has become the great Melba, that he has reconciled himself to the inevitable! At all events, she took some lessons from Signor Cecchi, in

Melbourne, but eventually travelled to Europe and placed herself in the hands of Madame Marchesi, the renowned Parisian teacher of singing. In 1887, she made her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as 'Gilda,' in 'Rigoletto,' with enormous success, and followed this up by equally successful performances of 'Lakmé,' 'Lucia,' and other rôles of a similar nature. It was in 1888 that she made her *entrée* into London in the part of 'Lucia,' her reputation having already reached the ears of Sir Augustus Harris, who became one of her greatest admirers, and remained one of her staunchest friends until his death. After further study with Ambroise Thomas and Gounod, she returned to Covent Garden in 1889, and appeared with Jean de Reszke in 'Romeo and Juliette.' And what performances they were in those days! Jean de Reszke as 'Romeo,' his brother Edouard as 'Frère Laurent,' Plançon as 'Capulet,' and Melba as 'Juliette!' It was undoubtedly owing to this powerful *caste* that the beauties in Gounod's score began to be appreciated little by little, and that eventually 'Romeo,' after years of comparative neglect, became as great an attraction, if not greater, than the same composer's 'Faust.' Melba by now had got a firm hold on the London public, and was already considered to be one of the finest *prima donna* that had been heard since Patti. In 1893-4 she went to America with Abbey and Grau's Operatic Company, and repeated her European successes. Everywhere she was hailed with enthusiasm, and considered the greatest songstress of her day. The rest of her triumphant career scarcely needs narrating, as it is known to all lovers of music, and it would be simply reiterating one story of success upon another.

The Artist

In the year 1895 Madame Melba arranged to go on a concert tour through the United States and Canada, the company consisting of Madame Scalchi, the famous contralto, Mdle. Bauermeister, of Covent Garden fame, and others. The great scenes of enthusiasm, the vast audiences, the mighty success of it all, will ever be remembered by those who were privileged to take part in it. Madame Melba is a delightful travelling companion, and, unlike most *prima donna*, she likes to have members of her company with her in her saloon. On the tour to which I have just referred (and, in fact, on all others of a similar kind), she was most popular with her fellow-artists; and justly so, because, anyone kinder or more considerate than she would be difficult to find. One dramatic incident occurred to her at Chicago—probably it was one of the narrowest escapes she ever has had, and is worth relating here. A grand ‘Melba Concert’ was duly announced to take place there, and the papers beforehand were full of the ‘great musical treat in store,’ and (as is common with American journalists) published numerous imaginary interviews with all the members of the company, dwelling at great length on the fact that the *prima donna* had with her all her most valuable jewels, which she would undoubtedly wear on the night of the concert. In the Auditorium Hotel there is a suite of rooms called the ‘Melba Suite,’ which Madame Melba has invariably occupied during her visits to Chicago. On this particular occasion, however, these apartments were occupied by a married couple, and the *prima donna* had, therefore, to content herself with another suite—a remarkably lucky coincidence for her, as afterwards transpired. On the day of the concert two well-

dressed men entered the hotel, walked upstairs, and, ringing the electric bell, were admitted by the lady referred to. Without uttering a word, they quickly closed the door behind them, and, to her astonishment and consternation, one of the ruffians produced a pistol, saying—‘If you attempt to speak or scream I’ll blow your brains out. Show me where you keep your jewels!’ Without a moment’s hesitation the lady answered, ‘My husband is in that bedroom, and if you don’t go I

will shout for him at all risks.’ Unfortunately the husband was not there, and the men, believing the lady to be Madame Melba, scoffed at this statement. Accordingly, one held the pistol at her temple, while the other ransacked the rooms. Of course, the famous jewels were not found, and, after a futile search, and taking what they could conveniently conceal in their coat pockets, the men gagged the unfortunate lady, made good their escape, and were never afterwards heard of. The story was told to Madame Melba as soon as the concert was finished, and she immediately went to see in what way she could comfort or help the lady

who had unwittingly prevented a big robbery. Naturally Melba was much affected by the occurrence, and from that time ceased to take her most valuable jewels on tour with her.

In a very excellent essay on the ‘Orchestral Conductor,’ Berlioz wrote, ‘The performers should feel that he feels, comprehends and is moved, then his emotion communicates itself to those whom he directs, his inward fire warms them, his electric glow animates them, his force of impulse excites them; he throws around him the vital irradiations of musical art.’ Luigi Mancinelli may



MME. MELBA

Musical Notes

be said to communicate all his 'inward fire' and 'electric glow' to those around him at a rehearsal to such an extent, that I have often seen the chorus-master shake like an aspen leaf, the stage-manager looking 'in face a lion but in heart a deer,' the old Italian choristers almost act, and the artists forget their parts! But Mancinelli, the severe and volcanic *chef d'orchestre* of Covent Garden, is the antithesis of Mancinelli, the urbane and modest gentleman in private life.

He was born at Orvieto in 1848, and he was taught the pianoforte by his father, who was an amateur musician of distinction. Little Luigi, however, never showed much talent for the pianoforte, and to this day he is often chaffed for playing the opera scores so indifferently at a rehearsal. His invariable reply is characteristic of the man — 'I admit,' he says, 'that my execution is not all that can be desired; but at all events I play in *tempo*, and that is what my *maestri al piano* do not do as a rule!' At the age of twelve he went to Florence and studied the violoncello with Professor Sbolci, at the same time taking a few lessons from Signor Marbellini in harmony and counterpoint. As a 'cellist he showed considerable talent, and was soon engaged as one of the first players in the orchestra of La Pergola Teatro, Florence. From here he went to Rome, where he was offered a similar post at the Apollo Theatre, and it was whilst fulfilling this engagement in 1874, that suddenly and unexpectedly his opportunity came, and, like so few people in this world, he was ready to take advantage of it! One night, through reasons it is unnecessary to set forth here, there was no conductor, and the

Impresario was at his wits' end to know how the performance was to take place. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had been told much about the talent of one of his violoncellists, Mancinelli by name. The theatre was crowded, the orchestral men were in their places, the curtain ready to rise on the first act of 'Aida,' and—there was no conductor! There was no help for it; somebody would have to conduct, and Mancinelli was offered the post. No sooner was it offered than accepted,

and the young 'cellist of twenty-six promptly filled the vacant chair! The performance went off to everybody's satisfaction, and Italy lost a 'cellist and gained a conductor.

The year following this successful *début*, he was engaged as *chef d'orchestre* during the centenary *fêtes* in honour of Spontini, held at Jesi, and scored such a success there, that he was re-engaged at the Apollo, Rome, where he remained until 1881, when he went to Bologna as principal of the Liceo Musicale, conductor of the Teatro Comunale, and *Maestro di Cappella* of San Petronio! Here he stayed some five years, during which

period he composed some Masses and church music, and an opera entitled 'Isora di Provenza.' In the year 1886 he came to London, and gave an orchestral concert at the Princes' Hall (now the Princes' Restaurant), and was so highly spoken of, that Mr. Augustus Harris promptly secured him for the Jubilee season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane. Every year since, without intermission, he has returned to us, and he is acknowledged to be one of the finest conductors of opera that we have ever had.



SIGNOR L. MANCINELLI

Mancinelli has a keen sense of humour, can enjoy a joke, and can crack a good one. I remember, about ten years ago, Sir Augustus Harris engaged an orchestra composed entirely of German musicians, with the idea of forming a permanent body of instrumentalists for the exclusive use of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres. At an interview at which I happened to be present, he was setting forth to Mancinelli (who had just arrived for the opera season) all the advantages to be derived from such a combination, when the *mæstro* interrupted him impatiently with, '*Per Bacco,*

caro Harris, for six years I have been endeavouring to learn your impossible language, for the sake of my orchestra, and now you go and engage all Germans who speak neither Italian nor English, and who will, accordingly, not understand a single word I say! *Je suis un musicien, pas un linguiste!*'

Besides being a conductor of the first order, however, Mancinelli is a composer whose works bear the unmistakable stamp of great talent. It is seldom or never that the two gifts are found coalescent in one person—Mendelssohn and Liszt standing out as exceptions in the last century. Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner all tried their hand at conducting, but were unsuccessful; Levi, Richter, Muck, Nikisch, and Lamoureux have never given us a composition of worth, if any at all. Thus it will be seen that Mancinelli, in this respect, to a great extent is an exception, because



MME. CALVÉ

most certainly his opera, '*Ero and Leandro*,' contains passages which some of the greatest would not have been ashamed to have called their own!

Madame Emma Calvé can well claim our attention next. The very name conjures up scenes of wild enthusiasm, crammed houses, and—'*Carmen*.' We knew and loved the opera years before she came to our shores, and yet so marvellously does she impersonate the wayward gipsy cigarette-maker, so remarkably does she sing the music allotted to the rôle, that to-day, '*Carmen*' without Calvé

is almost as bad as '*Hamlet*' without '*Hamlet*.' But the astounding part about Calvé is, that she is by no means a 'one-part' lady. For instance, all I say about her '*Carmen*' is equally applicable to her '*Santuzza*,' her '*Ophelia*,' her '*Suzel*.' I have seen and heard all the '*Santuzzas*' of note, but not any can hold a candle to Calvé. I remember Bellincioni coming over here with a very great reputation, and being heralded by a considerable flourish of trumpets. Hers was the '*Santuzza*' of the world. No such dramatic soprano had ever been heard before at Covent Garden, and so on, and so on. The result? Bellincioni was, and is, an extremely fine actress, who *acted* the part of '*Santuzza*' with exceptional power, and who *sang* the music, to my mind, exceptionally badly! She is, accordingly, a great success in Germany, where they do not understand anything at all about singing; and in Italy, where

Musical Notes

the emotional power of her acting, combined with her very Italian methods, evidently satisfies her audiences.

The union of two such arts as music and acting in one person is very rare, and accordingly, when discovered, the lucky possessor of such gifts deservedly becomes famous. Calvé is such a one; and, as if the Fates had not been generous enough to her, they must needs give her as beautiful a countenance as was ever given to woman. A short *resumé* of her career can but prove interesting. She was born in 1866, at Décazeville, in the Aveyron (South of France), and was but a mere girl when she determined to make music her profession. She went to Paris, and studied with Laborde and Madame Marchesi for some considerable time, making her *début* at Brussels, in 1882, as 'Marguerite' in Gounod's 'Faust.' Two years later she was engaged to appear at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, with Maurel and Jean de Reszke, from there going to the Opéra Comique to sing 'Marriage de Figaro' and 'The Magic Flute.' She left Paris to go on a tour in Italy, and visited besides, the capitals of Russia, Austria, and Spain, having an immense success everywhere, especially as 'Ophelia' in Ambroise Thomas's 'Hamlet.' In 1891 she created the *rôle* of 'Suzel' in 'L'Amico Fritz,' by Mascagni, when it was first given at Rome, and it was then that Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for Covent Garden.

She made her *début* here during the season of 1892, and appeared as 'Santuzza,' immediately scoring an immense success. Everyone began to talk of her beautiful voice, her powerful acting, and her remarkable beauty. She followed on quickly with her 'Carmen,' an impersonation which soon became the rage; and if even she does nothing else in this life, it will suffice to carry her name down to posterity as being one of the greatest artists of her time. I remember a caste of 'Carmen' about a year later, when Jean de Reszke played 'Don José,' Melba 'Michaela,' and Calvé the title-role, the performance probably never having been excelled and rarely equalled. I never cared much for Jean's 'Don José,' and am quite sure that Alvarez in the same *rôle* was infinitely better both vocally and histrionically. Still, the three principal *rôles* being enacted by such artists *sans pareil*, made the occasion a unique and memorable one.

The very greatest credit is due to the late Sir Augustus Harris for having given us the opportunity of witnessing such remarkable performances. It was undoubtedly due to his bringing over such great artists, and getting them to act and sing together, that made grand opera eventually a big success in this country. I emphatically deny that he was only a 'lucky' man, as has been so often stated. He was plucky and energetic, and knew to a fine point what the public wanted—a gift but few possess. It may seem somewhat pleonastic to write in praise of a man who has been dead some six or seven years only, but in this London of ours we are so liable to forget; and I consider we owe much—from an operatic point of view—to Sir Augustus Harris, whose place has certainly, as yet, remained vacant. The Syndicate that took over the cares and worries of Covent Garden, has, after all, only been endeavouring to successfully carry on the work he left behind, which was in such first-class order that for some weeks after his death it practically went by itself! It is quite true that this Syndicate has spent several thousand pounds on improving the theatre generally, but as yet there has not been anything achieved in the actual representations that has surpassed that which has gone before! On the contrary, when now and then I do witness a really fine performance to-day, I involuntarily exclaim 'This reminds me of the days of Harris.' *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*

Monsieur Pol Plançon, the great French bass, was born in the Ardennes, 1861. He has an almost unique position among the great operatic singers of the day, through being gifted with a wondrous organ, combined with an excellent method and a superb presence. He is, indeed, a strikingly handsome man, very tall and well-made, and on the stage is dignified in gesture and mien. Without being exactly a great actor, he has considerable magnetism, and is probably considered one of the finest 'Mephistopheles' we have living. Personally, I know of no living artist who can give a similar impersonation. He is very much liked by his fellow-artists, and is an enormous favourite as a singer at private soirées. For these social functions, he commands the same terms as a tenor of note, and I believe he is in more demand than all the other operatic singers for this class of work. Unlike most male singers, he is not given to

The Artist

talking of nought but voice-production, though, on the other hand, he would in nowise be described as a prilliant conversationalist.

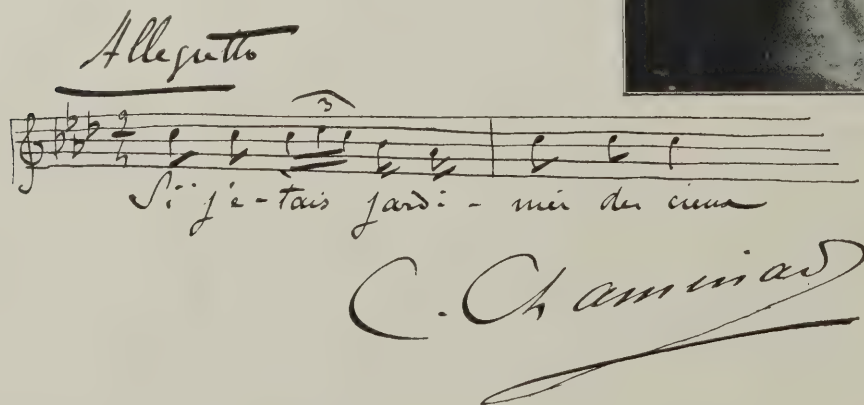
I find to my regret that I have no more space left to devote to other favourite artists who are once again appearing at Covent Garden. I would fain have written of such good friends as Suzanne Adams, Kirkby Lunn, Van Dyck, Saleza, Scotti, Ffrancgon Davies, and David Bispham, but I shall hope to say something about them next month. Regarding the new comers, I can advise you all to go and hear Maréchal, the tenor; and I hear, on the very best authority, that Signor Caruso is an exceptionally great artist. It will be good news for those capable of appreciating the greatest operatic music ever penned, to know that we are to have at least two performances of 'Tristan and Isolde,' the first being announced for May 12th, and the second on May 20th. That we are not to have either Jean de Reszke or Ternina playing the leading rôles, is deeply to be regretted. Although it is not officially announced at the time of writing, I suppose Van Dyck will be the 'Tristan,' and Madame Nordica 'Isolde;' they are the only two artists I see on the list capable of doing justice to the parts. For the rest, the season does not promise to be particularly interesting or attractive, except for those who will be pleased to renew acquaintance with old-time favourites, such as 'L'Elisir d'Amore' or 'Un Ballo' in 'Maschere.' As these operas can only appeal to those who remember them being performed years ago by wonderful singers, comparisons will be inevitable, and obviously the modern representations will suffer. Much more interesting would it have been had the directorate produced one or two of the many new operas we have read about being given for the first time in Germany, France, and Italy. Surely they would

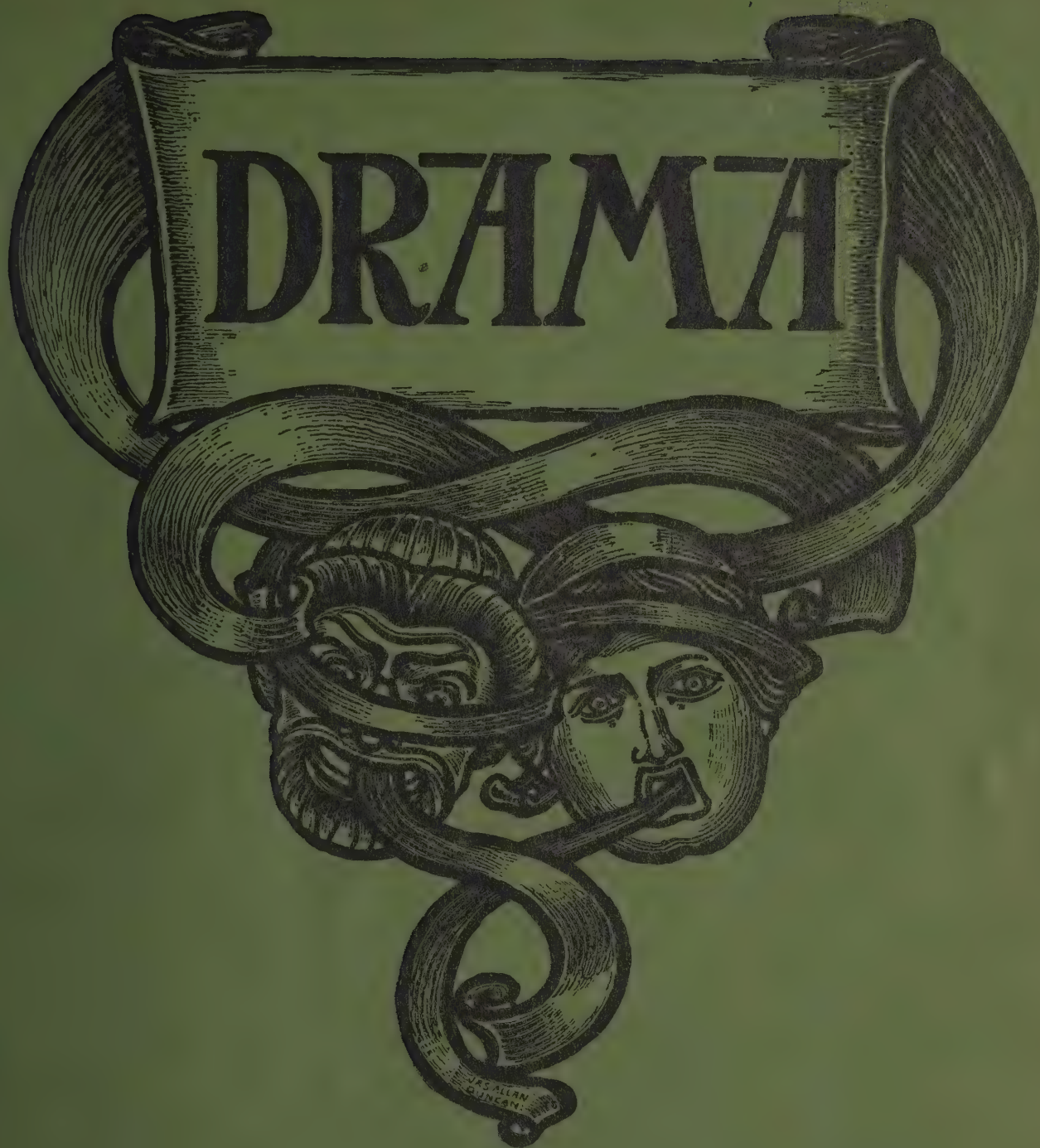
prove as remunerative as revivals of these old Italian operas, or are we still as musically indifferent and incurious as we were ten years ago? Surely not!

A song which Madame Chaminade has very kindly written for this magazine is published in this issue. It is undoubtedly one of the most charming she has composed for a long time, and is in every respect worthy of her great talent and reputation. Like all things that have intrinsic merit, this song will speak for itself, and needs no encomiums from me; but still, I must emphasize my appreciation of its charm, its simplicity, and its musicianly qualities. It is very French and very Chaminadesque—two admirable, distinctive features for a French song to contain.



MME. C. CHAMINADE





Acis and Galatea

ACIS AND GALATEA, BY HANDEL AND THE MASQUE OF LOVE BY PURCELL

*Operas, under the direction of Mr. Martin Shaw
and Mr. Gordon Craig.*

ACIS AND GALATEA.

No footlights; on the stage a vast tent arranged, and figures moving, weird and unreal, often in semi-darkness. Acis and Galatea gliding through their melancholy story in a setting of brown and black figures. Polyphemus, a great figure cloaked and hooded, sitting throned, lonely, singing now from a green arbour watched by pixies, now singing in the cavernous darkness of the tent. The wretched lovers, bathed in a purple light, and in the background a long, dim line of cloaked figures melting into the gloom, yet seen; a row of faces peering from out the black, now a white arm up-lifted, now the mass swayed and bent like human reeds. In the last act, Acis, dead, carried away by these curious, monotonous people, and Galatea, in the centre of a kneeling crowd of brown-clad forms, sings her wailing song.

All this is very different to the way in which one is accustomed to seeing a classical idea dressed and furnished, and is a great improvement on the stereotyped notions of doing such things; but I fear me that those eyes which most need such medicine are obstinately closed. The average theatrical producer would say, 'This is all very well, but how would you care to see this sort of thing at the ——' and it would be difficult to persuade him that you do not need exactly 'this sort of thing,' but that a great deal is to be learnt from these violent experiments. One would like to suggest that there are other ways of providing beauty for the public than by a show of wonderful and expensive dresses and a very feeble imitation of Nature. The stage is an unnatural and an agreeable sham; let us be consistent then, and have beautiful frauds placed before us, and not 'real rocks brought from the coast at enormous expense.' There is more art in a rag doll than an exact model of a motor car—we clothe the rag doll with a hundred beauties of imagination, but the model leaves us cold. In this play of 'Acis and Galatea' there are many faults:

the exaggeration of it all, the over-use of ribands in scenery and dresses, the very bad costume of Acis—a kind of tattered Norfolk jacket; but the lighting is wonderful. The idea of space, the colour, the grouping, are on a very high level, and much might be learnt, if those who should learn wanted to learn, and they would want to, if they could be persuaded that their audiences would understand and value better art—which they do.

THE MASQUE OF LOVE.

Arranged like a scheme of black and silver on brown paper, the colour all very harmonious, very gentle—here a black in the right place, and here, for a wonder, white used properly. The entrance of the two principals very excellent—out of the soft unison of colours come two spots of black and white, both dresses very well designed. Into a circle of kneeling figures these two walk, pierrots and harlequins grouped round them, and then the



'GALATEA'



ACT I.—SCENE I. 'ACIS AND GALATEA'

love story sung, and all so tasteful and full of fancy, quite as if one had found a dream that had come true; after the melancholy utterances of the last piece, very refreshing.

Both these plays form a good protest against the usual dressing of such performances—a very laudable endeavour.

From this 'Masque of Love' much might be learnt in the setting of Fairy Plays, for these

dream-pieces are usually so very solidly and gaudily costumed. There is a dance in the 'Masque,' with Maypoles very carefully done, not elaborate, but all-sufficient; now one usually presents to children, or those who go to Fairy Plays, a sort of tinsel and pretty lace business by the Sisters Somebody or the So-and-so Troupe, completely taking away any illusions concerning Fairyland one might have; the child-mind can grasp a comic relief, but I hope



TWO SCENES FROM 'ACIS AND GALATEA'



A SCENE FROM 'ACIS AND GALATEA'

it will never like or understand the So-and-so Troupe's presence in its Fairyland. But one feels certain that if some play were dressed with the same intentions as the 'Masque of Love,' it would meet with great approval from quite ordinary people, for people are not half as dull and stupid as the artists of the stage wish to make them out.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

L E BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

A NOTE ON THE PLAY REVIVED AT THE
THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN, PARIS
BY MAX ROLDIT

OF all the geniuses who shone forth with radiant splendour in the literary firmament of France in the seventeenth century, under the generous and far-seeing encouragement of Louis XIV., none certainly came into such constant personal contact with 'le Roi Soleil' as Molière, and his works therefore show more clearly than those of any of his contemporaries the influence of that extravagant, yet enlightened, monarch. It has often been said

that the glory of the greatest kings is due not so much to their own personal accomplishments, as to the apparent instinct which causes them to draw to their throne-side the men most capable of enhancing their fame—in statesmanship, in war, in the fine arts and in literature. It cannot be doubted that Louis XIV. possessed to an unparalleled degree this precious gift, of which not the slightest evidence lay in the untiring protection and encouragement which he extended to the greatest dramatic and comic genius that France has produced.

Born and bred in the lower middle-class of Paris, transplanted to Versailles, into the heart of the most luxurious court that it has ever been the burden of any nation to maintain, Molière saw and appreciated the vices and lesser failings of every class of society. His keen observation and sense of humour were equally sensible to the affectations and feather-brained conceit of the '*petits maîtres*,' and to the crass ignorance, credulity, and vulgarity of the bourgeoisie and lower classes. With the hand of a master, in portraying the ridicules of his



ACIS AND
GALATEA

MARCH
1902

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Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

time, he produced types so true, so living, so human, that they belong not only to the seventeenth century, but to all times; not to France alone, but to every portion of the inhabited globe. The very names of his personages have become by-words. Tartufe is now synonymous with hypocrite; Harpagon with miser; Alceste with the man become unbearable to all, himself included, by his excessive and querulous honesty; and so Monsieur Jourdain is as typical to-day, as he was under Louis XIV., of the parvenu who tries in vain to purchase with gold the prerogatives of noble descent and the polish which is only attainable through many generations of good breeding. This character of Monsieur Jourdain in 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' stands out in the gallery of Molière types as one of the most finished, most consistent, and imperishable figures. In the very first words which he speaks, he shows his ignorance by his inability to distinguish between the words 'prologue' and 'dialogue.' Then in his third sentence, '*Je vous ai fait un peu attendre; mais c'est que je me fais habiller aujourd'hui comme les gens de qualité,*' he at once reveals the fixed idea that will govern his every speech, his every action, during the entire play. Those three words, 'persons of quality,' are constantly on his lips. His one desire, his highest ambition, is to resemble 'persons of quality' in every way in his power: first, in outward appearance; and when he dons a coat cut like that of a courtier, silk stockings, and an enormous flowing wig, he imagines that he will be mistaken for a member of the aristocracy. He does not see, however, that the colour of his dress is in bad taste, and that his face, figure, and bearing are equally unsuited to this gorgeous apparel. Like the jay with the peacock's feathers, he struts proudly about, quite unconscious of the fact that he has only succeeded in rendering himself supremely ridiculous; indeed,



PIERROT
FROM 'THE MASQUE OF LOVE'

when his servant laughs at him, when his wife tells him that all will mock at his gorgeous clothes, he can only reply, '*Il n'y a que des sots et des sottés, ma femme, qui se railleront de moi*' (It is only fools of both sexes, my wife, who will laugh at me).

So much for external aspect, which is, after all, the most easily transformed, but with that Monsieur Jourdain is not satisfied. Duelling is a fashionable pastime among 'persons of quality,' so Monsieur Jourdain learns fencing. Music and dancing are '*de bon ton*' with the upper ten, so Monsieur Jourdain has a music-master and a dancing-master; and he engages a so-called teacher of philosophy to instruct him in those wonderful things, of whose very nature he has but the haziest notions, but which he deems it necessary that a person of quality should know. In short, as he says himself a little later in the play, he would gladly give 'two fingers of his hand to have been born a count or a marquis.'

What wonder, then, that when Dorante, a real live count, appears to seek his company, calls him his dear friend, tells him he has spoken of him in the king's own room, what wonder that Monsieur Jourdain is completely seduced, and considers the count is doing him signal honour by deigning to borrow his money? He imagines himself in love with the beautiful and coquette Marquise Dorimène, for it is only a low-born person who remains faithful to his wife; so he sends her presents through the count, who promises to bring the great lady to dine with him. Monsieur Jourdain accordingly gets up a magnificent banquet in the absence of his wife and is overwhelmed with delight and pride, when Dorante and the Marquise deign to honour his board. He little guesses that he is all along the dupe of the count, who makes Dorimène believe that he himself is giving her presents and banquet, and that Monsieur Jourdain

The Artist

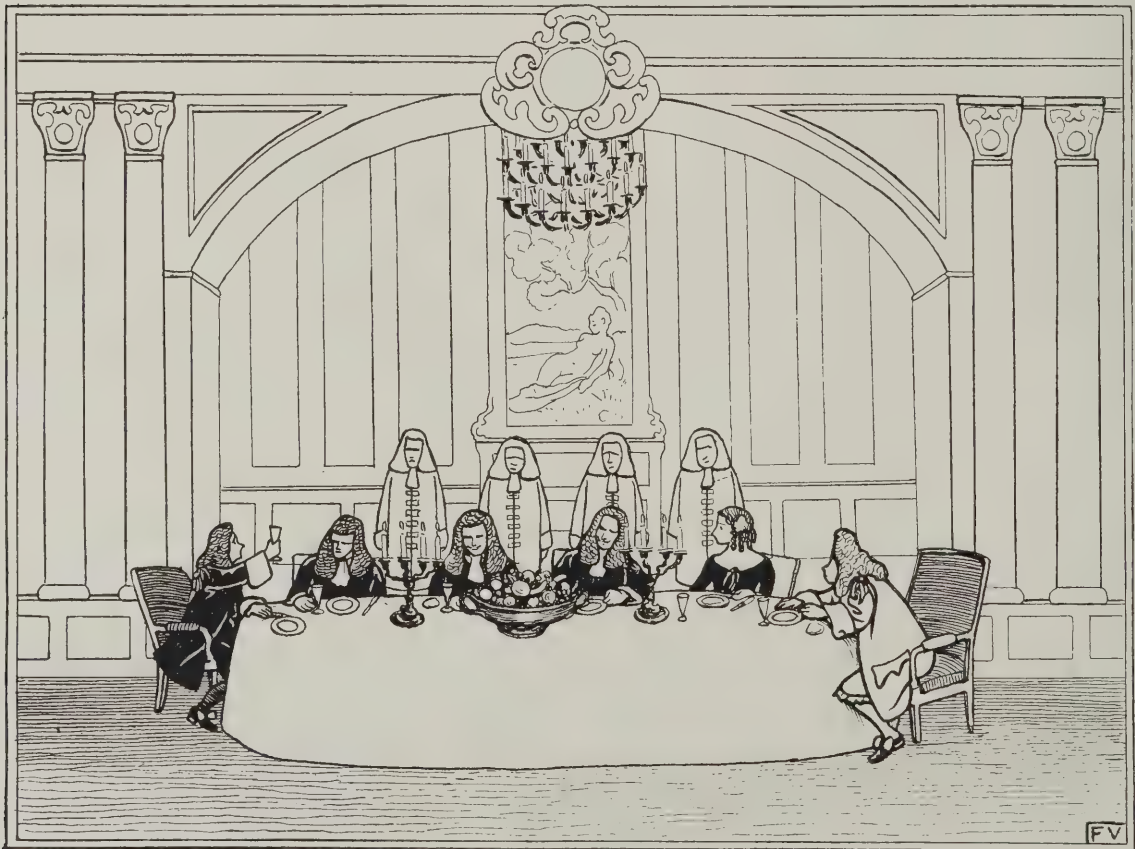
is merely lending his house for the purpose. To what incredible lengths the vanity of the parvenu will lead him, is shown before the end of the play.

Under pretence of conferring upon him the Turkish distinction of 'Mamamouchi,' the lover of Monsieur Jourdain's daughter, whom the bourgeois has rejected on account of his humble birth, gets up, in conjunction with his valet and the count, a marvellous Oriental ceremony which, while bringing the hero's vanity to a climax of absurdity, served to introduce a ballet and spectacular display for the delectation of the King and his Court. For it must not be forgotten that, like most of Molière's comedies, 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' was written expressly for the amusement of Louis XIV. and first acted at the Château of Chambord, with the author himself in the title part, on the 13th of October, 1670.

Not the least curious fact in connection with this Turkish *mascarade* lies in its contemporary political significance; strange as it may seem,

Molière, in introducing it into his comedy, was acting under direct orders from Monsieur de Lionne, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The following are briefly the circumstances which led up to this amusing piece of historical comedy.

Some slight cause of disagreement existed at the time between the French king and the reigning Grand Turk, Mahomed IV., who sent a certain Suleiman-Aga to France as ambassador. The characteristic pride and insolence of the Oriental at first astonished, then gave offence to the French officials who came into contact with him. Soon after his landing at Marseilles, he scandalised the population by refusing to dismount in order to receive the welcome of the mayor and aldermen; when, at the gates of Paris, Monsieur de Lionne received him with specially prepared Oriental splendour and ceremony, the Turk still did not allow himself to be impressed, and maintained his disdainful bearing. The patience of the French courtiers was tried to the utmost, when the King



MONSIEUR JOURDAIN'S FEAST (ACT IV.)
FROM A DRAWING BY FÉLIX VALLOTTON

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme



LE MAÎTRE DE PHILOSOPHIE
FROM A DRAWING BY FÉLIX VALLOTTON

himself gave audience to this strange ambassador. Everything had been done in order to dazzle Suleiman with sheer magnificence: in the grounds of Saint Germain, the King's guard were ranged in their brilliant uniforms, the throne-room was filled with courtiers in their most resplendent dresses, the Roi Soleil himself, seated on a throne of solid silver, was ablaze with diamonds and precious stones. Still quite undismayed, the envoy of his Mahomedan Majesty, approached the throne without the slightest expression of astonishment or admiration on his grave countenance and went so far as to request that the King should rise to receive the Sultan's letter! This impertinent demand not having been complied with, the Turkish nobleman withdrew in the worst of tempers, and when someone drew his attention to the large size and beauty of the stones on the King's robes, he replied: 'When my Master goes

out riding, there are finer jewels on his horse-cloth.'

This proved too much insolence, and, magnificence having failed, the French Government resolved to try the effect of ridicule, and so Molière was ordered to add a 'Turkish ceremony' to the comedy he was then preparing for the amusement of the Court. Thus, this part of the play had, for contemporaries, a topical interest, which it no longer possesses; but, so naturally is this *masquerade* brought about, so cleverly is it tacked on to the very slight love intrigue, that its presence needs no explanation, much less apology; it provides a fitting climax to the ludicrous ambition and naïve gullibility of Monsieur Jourdain.

All the characters in the play are drawn with as firm a touch, with a regard as strict to truth and consistency, with an appreciation as unwavering of



MONS. JOURDAIN IN ACT I.
FROM A DRAWING BY FÉLIX VALLOTTON

The Artist



MONS. COQUELIN

human nature, as is that of the hero. There is Madame Jourdain, full of dignity and common-sense, who, fully realising the emptiness of her husband's aspirations, has no trouble in penetrating the interested flattery of his aristocratic friend; there is Dorante, the adventurer of noble birth, but indifferent honesty, who trades upon the credit of his title, and is not troubled with scruples of any kind—a type that flourishes to-day as successfully as in the seventeenth century; there is Dorimène, the widowed marquise, who knows the world and intends to make the best of what is left her of

youth and beauty, and, therefore, is reluctant to cast her eye beneath the surface of things generally; and Covielle, the rascally but witty valet—one of those strange creatures, half friend, half servant, so often met with in Molière's comedies, and borrowed by him from those of Plautus and Terence. Even such fleeting figures as 'le maître de danse,' 'le maître de musique,' and 'le maître de philosophie,' have each a distinct personality of their own; each form a complete picture—a portrait readily identified in their descendants of to-day.

But all these various persons move around the central figure of Monsieur Jourdain; not a word do they speak but tends to throw into further relief his nature and his character. If he be on the stage or not, he can never for a moment be lost sight of by the audience; if he goes to give an order to a servant, we seem to follow him into the kitchen, and when he returns we have the impression that we have not left him, and that we have heard of, rather than assisted at, whatever has occurred on the

stage in his absence.

Monsieur Coquelin incarnates this character of Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme with all the humour, all the finesse, all that profound knowledge of human nature, which have made him the incomparable artist that he is. With the care and science of an archeologist he has resuscitated the atmosphere of 1670; but he also makes Monsieur Jourdain what Molière intended him to be—a type eternally true, human and living, created not merely to amuse, but to teach men and women of all times and all nations.

MIRAGE

(A VISION)

FRENCH WORDS BY ED. GUINAND
ENGLISH VERSION BY R. H. ELKIN

MUSIC BY
C. CHAMINADE



"MIRAGE."

(A Vision.)

FRENCH WORDS BY ED. GUINAUD.
English version by R. H. ELKIN.

MUSIC BY C. CHAMINADE.

VOICE.

Allegro. *dolce.*

Mouvement modéré de Valse. *Allegro.*

J'ai vu dans l'om - bre D'u - ne nuit som - bre Le lac s'ou - vrir mys - té - ri -
When lake and mead - ow were veiled in shad - ow, I saw the wa - ters o - pen

Ped. *

eux; Ta pâle i - ma - ge, vi - vant mi - ra - ge Semblait gran - dir de - vant mes yeux Sur les flots
wide, And your pale im - age, a liv - ing mi - rage, Be - fore my eyes appeared to glide Up - on the

più f *f* *dim.*

bleus.
tide.

dolce. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

Dans l'al - gue ver - te Par l'eau cou -
The weeds your pil - low, up - on the

poco rit. *a tempo.*

p *dim.* *p*

ver - te Ton corps flot - tait moel - leu - se - ment; Et vers la ri - ve, À la dé - ri - ve, Il s'a - van -
bil - low That slow - ly to the shore did creep; 'Mid shad - ows lift - ing, I saw you drift - ing, Your fair form

mf *p*

mf *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

dolcissimo. *p*

- çait tout dou - ce - ment comme en dor - mant. A - vec la
 cra - dled on the deep, As if a - sleep. Like spi - rits

8va...
leggero staccato.

p *pp* *f* *p*

Ped. *

bri - se Tiède, in - dé - ci - se, S'é - va - po - raient des . . mots d'a -
 sigh - ing, on breez - es dy - ing, Our words of 'love were . . borne a

- mour, . . L'à - me trou - blé - - e Et dé - so - lé - - e Je
 way, . . Heart - sore and wear - - y, through long hours drear - - y, I

cres. *f*

de - meu - rais froid à mon tour, Jus - ques au jour.
 kept my vi - gil cold and grey Till . . dawn of day.

cres. *f*

p poco rit. a tempo.

Ta tê - te blon - de Po - sant sur l'on - de Pa - rais - sait faire un son - ge d'or; Dans ton sou -
 Your gold - en tress - es like soft ca - ress - es Fell i - dly float - ing on the stream, Round lips half

p poco rit. a tempo.

ri - re Je pou - vais li - re Un bon - heur pur d'en - fant qui dort Et chante en - cor.
 part - ed, a smile had start - ed Likesleep - ing child - ren wear who seem Of Heav'n to dream.

mf dim. cres.

p

Et sur la grè - ve Sui - vant tou rê - ve J'é - cou - tais là ta voix tout bas, Qui parlois
 Then from you turn - ing to still my yearn - ing, I heard you mur - mur soft and low; "The stars a -

dim. p

f p dolce. p

mê - me di - sait "Je t'ai - me, O mon a - mour, ne t'en va pas, Viens dans mes bras!"
 - bove me, they know I love thee, Ah, stay, my dear - est, do not go, I love thee so!"

8va...

f p f p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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JUNE

Drawn for 'The Artist'
by F. Newton Shepard

PANEL FOR THE
DECORATION OF A WASHSTAND
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON



GEORGE BERNARD BENTON'S PICTORIAL AND DECORATIVE WORK

BY J. SCARRATT RIGBY

SOME years ago, the late Mr. Gleeson White—with his unerring instinct for unearthing budding talent—seeing some line and tone drawings, studies of action, by a young student of the Birmingham School, which struck him as being in advance of the general level of art students' attainments, offered to give some illustrations of the work, with an appreciative notice, in the magazine he then edited. The author of the sketches had the rare courage to decline this offer, feeling that such publicity at that time was premature, and consequently unwise.

By deliberately choosing a line of policy to which few men in this self-advertising age care to commit themselves, George Bernard Benton showed he possessed those qualities of self-reliance and patient strength which never fail to carry conviction, and of which, we venture to think, he now reaps the full reward. For the years that have passed from that time until the present he has

spent in quiet abstention from publicity, developing his ideas and maturing his powers, incidentally meeting with considerable success, and in the end attaining a level of work that amply realizes Mr. Gleeson White's anticipations.

Now, however, his friends feel that the time has come when the cloak of studenthood should be finally cast aside, when continued shrinking from a wider publicity would be a sheer injustice to himself; and with the generous aid of one of these, to whose notes we are largely indebted for this article, we have prevailed upon the artist to let us have a few examples of his work for illustration in our magazine.

Mr. George Bernard Benton belongs to the Birmingham School in so far that he has, since the age of fifteen, attended that institution as a student, and has been for the last eight years on the teaching staff; but his development has been singularly upon his own lines, and his work shows little or no

The Artist

trace of the treatments and conventions one is accustomed to associate peculiarly with that centre. While having the greatest sympathy with the local school of work, he has felt that there is an opening for a man who would endeavour to bridge the gap between the purely 'conventional' treatment of the figure in ornament and the naturalistic study—even as the Greeks in their best period and the finest French artists of the 13th century, bridged it. That task he has essayed; how far he has been successful his work is here to show.

In his student days, in addition to the school routine, Mr. Benton spent a large share of his energies and attention in the close and continual study of forms in motion. Every movement of man and horse and other familiar animals he watched: studying and analysing, sketching every varied aspect. For him motion had a fascination—he would watch the smoke rising from a chimney, wreathing and circling upwards in still air, or eddying and driving down the wind. The varying states of atmosphere, or the visible expression of the

moods of man or beast—all had equal interest; and his excellent memory, assisted by his pencil notes, clearly retains such observations and impressions. In consequence, he is able to work with

freedom and certainty, generally without models, avoiding the thousand petty hampering details that enmesh the artist less prodigal of self in early study. He paints practically direct from memory, but—he paints only what he has previously very carefully studied.

Mr. Benton tells us that many of the subjects he attempted in early days were utterly beyond his powers, but he always endeavoured to carry out his idea to completion as well as he was able. This forced him to cultivate his powers of observation in regard to all manner of detail, and he found fresh

active models in the streets and on the country-side long before he was admitted to study from the tried sitters in the life room. This, he feels, enabled him to discern the happy and healthy side of life and nature, and to develop his power of composition. It is noteworthy that one of his



DECORATIVE PANEL: 'SIR BELLAIR'S GIFT'
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

(By kind permission of the Rev. H. Houtsman, B.D.)

George Bernard Benton

severest early classical studies was Flaxman's Outlines—noteworthy because the fine compositions we illustrate show little or nothing of the influence of Flaxman—and probably such study as this had the effect of preventing a complete revolt to naturalism.

For several years following student days Mr. Benton worked almost exclusively in black and white—for the 'Illustrated London News,' 'Pall Mall Magazine,' 'Lady's Pictorial,' the illustrations to a child's book by Blackie & Son, and, more recently, the frontispiece to a book of Poems by Henry Housman. This work, ranging from the simple pen sketch to the highly-finished tone picture, and including the kind of decorative naturalism so familiar in the sixties, cannot but be regarded as an important factor in his education, while at the same time he undoubtedly used it for exercise of a wide range and versatility which a casual examination of the subjects we illustrate, with their deliberately chosen style, would scarcely credit. In the 1900 Academy he had more important works—'Lancelot and Elaine,' 'Gareth and Lynette,' and 'Admirals All!'—all well hung.

Our artist, however, soon wearied of the black and white, of the want of colour; and the growing passion for this, in strong rich 'Gothic' schemes, developed an overmastering feeling for decorative work. The style he evolved for such work, as might be expected from his antecedents, combined the closest fidelity to

Nature with design and the poetic quality. For this latter, he believes, in common with many of the younger school, to be an absolute essential of good decoration.

Much of Mr. Benton's more mature study has been devoted to testing the capabilities of a process—a kind of a wood *sgraffito*, the design being executed in transparent stains on wood, with an incised and gilded outline—which is an outcome of the inventiveness of Mr. F. J. Mayers, of Kidderminster. One of the earliest examples of this process—a three-leaf screen—was illustrated in the pages of 'THE ARTIST' last year. When Mr. Benton, some years ago, saw this screen at his friend's house, it at once occurred to him that the process was one that might be developed in many directions, and that it was peculiarly suited to the expression of the special kind of decorative motives which he was then engaged in bringing out. He did not, however, adopt the method without some slight modifications of technique adapted to his style of work and subject. For while Mr. Mayers aimed at a decoration suitable for large flat surfaces, friezes, large panels, etc., Mr. Benton required a medium for smaller work, such as small panels on eye level, demanding finer detail and finish.

The chief attraction of this method to Mr. Benton is its peculiar suitability for the decoration of woodwork, and nothing else. He says, 'Surely the first principle upon which the reforms instituted by



DECORATIVE PANEL: 'LANCELOT'
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

The Artist

modern artists are based, is that each material shall be treated with a view to reveal the material and its distinctive properties. We no longer lacquer copper, or seek to make coloured wax to be mistaken for real flowers. If we paint our woodwork we seek beautiful colours instead of "oak-graining." Yet, withal, the familiar painted panel makes one feel that it has missed its proper treatment; it oppresses one as a thing by itself in the decoration of a room, it is different from the textures around it, and, often loaded with pigment, shows no evidence of the material on which it is wrought. We have all experienced the impulse to tap the picture to see if it be on canvas or on wood. The new decoration is essentially wood treatment, and leaves no doubts in that respect. The incised gilded line, used with judgment and in well-designed forms, while not marring a very realistic treatment, makes possible and more presentable the boldest and simplest scheme. It will define boldly the broad masses of a frieze, or, more effectively than the outline of a cloisonné, the illuminated details of a highly-finished little panel.'

Mr. Benton is at present engaged in completing a series of panels for the decoration of the dining room of a well-known architect, the subjects being chosen from Shelley's 'Episichidion.' They are very highly finished, down to the least details of rocks and waves, the iridescent shells on the beach, or the flowers in the garden, glinted with sunlight streaming horizontally through a background of bosky groves, and all full

of poetry and charm. We are able to give a reproduction of a circular panel, the middle one of a series of three, planned to occupy the chimney-breast. This is in a scheme of warm colour and contrasts with the blue of Cornish seas. The figure has a brilliant green bodice and sleeves, the gown being sulphur, shot with crimson, and the floating sash in low-toned red. In the 'Geraint in the Lists' panel (also illustrated), the Knight's tunic is deep crimson, and his horse is in scarlet trappings, with gilded dragons; the other draperies being in blues, green, and orange, with notes of emerald green and two reds.

From the examples which we have before us, we are perhaps justified in assuming that Mr. Benton's conceptions to-day are entirely of the 'romantic' order, the kind of idea that we are accustomed to associate, if not to classify, with the work produced by or under the influence of the pre-Raphaelites. It is the work of the newer generation of decorative painters, and there is nothing of the 'classical' about it. Rather is it distinctly belonging to the other large division.

The soulful lady with the no less soulful knight in armour figure largely in it; and there is the familiar puritanical elimination of the animal part of us. If the ideas are clothed with a certain sensuous grace, it is the innocuous sensuousness of Tennyson—from whom, by the way, Mr. Benton culls many of his subjects—and the later poets of the Victorian era.

The ladies have all the air of conventual simplicity, and they interest us with perfect propriety. If they



DECORATIVE PANEL
'THE LADY OF SHALLOTT'
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

George Bernard Benton



DECORATIVE PANEL: 'ENCHANTED'
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

are unclothed, they are hidden to the neck in the water.

Yet withal, if his knights are somewhat enwrappt in dreams, there is a certain manliness in them very pleasant to see, and redeeming the work at once from the most objectionable aspects of the school to which we have alluded. One of the latest of Mr. Benton's pieces, 'Sir Bellair's Gift,' displays, to our mind, qualities indicating a great development on preceding work. It is in illustration of a passage in 'The Four Knights of Sussex'—

'All, all are good, but
in mine eyes the best,
Is this stained scarf
which staunch'd a
hero's breast,'

and seems to us to express in great measure the highest qualities of Arthurian romance. The principal figures have their rightful degree of prominence in the picture, and are drawn with power and are expressive of manly and womanly grace; the grouping is excellent, and the details are *designed*, not mere studio proper-

ties; though here, by the way, one could wish for a little less of the 'elbow school' in the border to the robe.

The drawing in all the panels is strong and definite, as it should be in decorative work. There is nothing uncertain here. Indeed, the artist has

adopted a form of expression which precludes the possibility of loose drawing—the uncompromising gold outline ensures form the first consideration.

The remarkable little horizontal panel 'Enchanted,' merits a few words in description and criticism. This, we believe, was first of all suggested by 'The Lady of Shalott'; but, without other than purely decorative purpose, it developed—in a way that artists will easily understand—into a decorative subject not strictly in keeping with the details of that story. It is a most suggestive panel. A slice, so to say, of another world quite apart—an insight into the region of the romantic—and that not that of



DECORATIVE PANEL: 'GERAINT IN THE LISTS'
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

naiads and nymphs (with shuddering anticipations of vulgar tritons), but of water-ladies, with the real enthralling weirdness of our own climes; all presented with a vividness akin to that of one or two remarkable scenes in 'The Forest Lovers.' Not being fully intimate with the artist's motive in this panel, we do not understand, and perhaps cannot wholly sympathise with, the doubled ladies beyond the boat—a passing fancy, possibly, of water-spirits peeping, in curiosity and sympathy, at the burden floating over their domain—but the grace and fancy of the principal group are enough to justify our admiration for the piece. The colour-scheme is interesting—blue sky with golden moon-edge; water very luminous with moonlit ripples and reflections of the sky, and orange-red rushes (autumn-wrack); the boat banded in low green and Indian red, with gold nails;



PANEL FOR THE DECORATION OF A WASHSTAND
BY GEORGE BERNARD BENTON

interior crimson with green drapery, cream dress, and scarlet cushion with gold ornament.

Our illustrations, while giving some idea of the subject and composition of the various panels, cannot, of course, express much of the exquisite richness and poetry of the colour of the originals. Neither are they adequate to explain fully the quality of the wood treatment above referred to. Probably the 'Lancelot,' our block of which is on slightly larger scale, shows more of the texture and handling than any of the others, but its decorative value can be satisfactorily estimated only in the actual work.

To appreciate to the full the æsthetic charm of this phase of Mr. Benton's work, one must see it in the full glow of the afternoon light, and watch the colour softening down in the early dusk, till the golden outlines gather up the story in their own dreamy fashion with the last glimmers of day.

AN UNTRODDEN SKETCHING GROUND BY A. GALTON

RAMBOUILLET FOREST deserves to be better known as a sketching ground by English artists. Easily accessible, Rambouillet is just as far out of Versailles, as Versailles is out of Paris, and though the sleepy little town itself, with its soldier-haunted, cobble-paved streets, and the green shutters to its grey stone houses, is more quaint than picturesque, just outside its confines Rambouillet Forest lies, and one finds oneself in a wilderness of giant beech trees through which highroads run straight to the neighbouring villages. In these great woods lie the President's own

preserves, and M. Loubet often brings a party of guests down to Rambouillet. The Forest is very varied in character; there are great tracts of heather country, and patches of tall pine trees alternate with silver birch and dwarf oak.

In the Forest are many little villages that are ideal places for a landscape-painter's life, where the inns are cheap and (though primitive in the extreme in other ways) the cooking is always good, and where the necessities of life are reduced to materials for work.

The peasants are hospitable, and live in quaint



An Untrodden Sketching Ground



'MÈRE MODESTE'
BY MISS A. GALTON

The Artist



A SHOP ON THE GREEN
BY MISS A. GALTON



BREAD MAKING AT P
BY MISS A. GALTON

An Untrodden Sketching Ground

'interiors' that are charming subjects for rainy days. The field labour is as fine as in the Barbizon *Millet* painted, and the country more picturesque and varied than Barbizon.

One of the Rambouillet villages, that of P is the haunt of a Paris professor and a few of his students, and here the sketches that illustrate this article were made last Autumn. It is a little straggling place, in a clearing of the Forest, that dates its history back to a Gaulish settlement.

The older inhabitants tell one that long ago (more than thirty years) there was another 'grand artiste-peintre de Paris,' one named Pelouse, who took a cottage in P and painted a summer through.

The legend of Pelouse has inspired a peasant, a big man who was born deaf-mute, to paint. The little inn-room is hung with canvases the village painter would gladly sell to us poor devils of art-students—canvases crude and impossible, but full of naïve observation, and among them an oil painting of a hunt, in the course of which the stag jumped



MÈRE MODESTE AT HER DOORWAY
BY MISS A. GALTON



FETCHING WATER FROM THE STREAM
BY MISS A. GALTON

the roof of a house with the hounds in full cry, is drawn with spirit and action that would do credit to some draughtsmen of more training.

Through the Forest roads one comes to P to find a red-roofed village set in a hollow of the tree-covered hills; a stream runs through the middle of the valley, that widens, below the village, into *étang* and reed-grown marshland. Here and there are moss-covered, thatched cottages, in fine, dry weather dull in colour, but after rain the mosses brighten into wonderful green and copper tints. The air is absolutely clear, so that distant effects are brilliant—and to London eyes the colour is vivid, at first sight after our fogs, even garish, in its purity. The cabbage fields that know no smoke or mist are bits of strong viridian in the sunshine, and the meadows are full of flowers that change with the seasons, now sweeping masses of pink

ragwort, then the yellow of buttercups, afterwards the ox-eyes' shining whiteness, and patched with the red or brown of sorrel. One of the picturesque features of the village is the calvary at each of the cross roads. On the village green (a little triangle at the meeting of three roads) a tall cross stands just opposite the school-house, and on its steps the children gather in groups as they troop out of school, playing gaily under the stretched arms of the great black cross where last year's garlands still hang sadly. On this little green all the

to paint their beautiful, careless faces, and telling of success and fortune awaiting the painters in the future. . . .

Here, wandering comedians halt their carts and display great announcements of the 'theatre in the village to-night,' with special invitation to '*les artistes peintres*. MM. et Mmes., nous aussi nous sommes de grands artistes!' And at their quaint plays, given with the minimum of *dramatis personæ*, scenery and dress, there is delightful material for one's sketch-book, both in the



A P . . . COURTYARD
BY MISS A. GALTON

business of the village is transacted. Here the 'marchand de Paris' sets up his travelling shop and tootles a horn to call the people to come and buy. Here, at the June fête of P . . . , when all the country-side gathers to dance and make merry for three nights, the fair centres in the merry-go-round; and the nerve-wearing tune of the old hurdy-gurdy becomes unexpectedly pleasant when one hears its droning from the back of a wooden horse, with the night wind on one's face, and a flare of lamps and the faces of the crowd below. On the green the gipsies from the South set up their caravan, and loll about our tracks, begging us

players and in the eager peasant faces, and their various head-gear, seen by the light of the one big lamp that hangs from the low-raftered ceiling and through the dimness of much smoke. Comedies are held, as is the Sunday evening dance, and the shaving that precedes it (each man taking his turn in the hands of the barber), in the 'common-room' of our little inn. After weddings, a ball is held in this same room, and then one sees the '*gigue*' solemnly danced by men in tall hats inherited from their ancestors, and tight trousers that make their legs look stiff, and women with their pocket-handkerchiefs knotted round their waists to save

An Untrodden Sketching Ground

THE WASHERWOMAN
BY MISS A. GALTON



their *robes-de-fête* from the imprint of hot and dirty hands.

In P . . . one's models are the peasants, and one makes one's own prices. They are good models, picturesque and full of colour, their spontaneous action good in its uncouth sincerity. It is impossible to pose them well in the studio sense: they become self-conscious and wooden, and are too vivacious to keep a pose. The women are good models when, in early morning, they lead their cows to pasture, and sit in the wet grass knitting, talking all the time to the cows by name: 'Jeannette! no further that way! *Bébé c'est méchant ça tu sais!* Brummette *qu'est-ce-que tu as que tu ne manges pas?*'

These peasants always work, women as well as men, helping in farm work or day labouring, seven days in the week; and they go straight from school to work in the fields at fourteen, so that girls of sixteen or eighteen are married women full of household cares and bent with toil. But they have the gay temperament, and no tongues fly faster or more joyously than the women's, as, once a week, they stoop all day over the stream at the *lavoir*, for the washing. One hears all the gossip

of the country, and a note-book full of witty badinage for the trouble of the listening, and has a feast of the eyes at the same moment. Character, colour, movement, are mirrored and broken in the stream as the clothes are scrubbed and dipped, scrubbed and dipped—and the general hustling and soapiness of the said stream drives all one's old friends of quiet days, water-rats and kingfishers, to very patient hiding.

When the sun levels to setting and the stillness comes, the water-rats venture out again, and show dots of warm black, with a silver trail as they swim across the stream that mirrors, now, nothing but sky and bank. And as the daylight lessens into dusk, workers trudge homewards, and the peasants' evening comment, never varied: *la journée est faite!* is pathetic, poetic, fatalist with the irretrievable in the falling dark.



SOME LOCAL POTTERY
FARNHAM SCHOOL OF ART EXHIBITION

FARNHAM SCHOOL OF ART EXHIBITION

FARNHAM is one of the smallest towns in the country to support a fully-equipped school of art. It is not affected by a strong art colony, or by any great trade that requires the assistance of the decorative arts to sell its goods.

Yet it ventures to hold an exhibition once in every two years. Moreover, it dares to risk its reputation by confining the past students to fine works. This, of course, allows the work of younger students a fair display. We do not aim at great originality. We do not want to shock or even surprise the Art-world. Content to work on old lines, to try to see things and try to do them as the old craftsmen did, we plod along. We are content to think, as Mr. Walter Crane said at this year's show, 'Great geniuses would never have attained their positions unless they had risen after a long period of careful work on the part of workers whose names were not inscribed on the scroll of fame—who availed themselves of the labours of their less acknowledged fellows.' We illustrate a few examples of pottery and

gesso boxes. It is to be understood that these are, in most cases, the work of not very mature students.

It is perhaps necessary to say something about the exhibits. The larger gesso box has for a *motif* the ancient game of 'Oranges and Lemons,' the girls' dresses being light and deep yellow, the ground being decorated with designs of orange and lemon plant gilt, and the quaint old refrain running round:



GESO BOX
BY MISS MARY SPENCER

Farnham School of Art Exhibition

'Oranges or Lemons, say the Bells of
St. Clemens;
You owe five farthings, say the Bells
of St. Martins.
When will you pay me? say the Bells
of Old Bailey;
When I grow rich, say the Bells of
Shoreditch'—

the idea of the smaller box having been suggested by the Catkins (sometimes known as Lamb's tails) on the hazel, with which the top is modelled, and the lawns being represented in the side panels.

The large gesso casket is carried out on the lines of the Italian 'Trecento' wall surface designs recently discovered, a model of which is now in Kensington Museum, having been executed by Mr. W. H. Allen, the master of this school.

H. F.



GESSO CASKET
BY HAROLD G. ALDISTON



GESSO BOX
BY MARGARET SPENCER

ART CENTRES—VIENNA THE 'HAGENBUND' BY DR. O. STOESSL

THIS artists' society, which, with two successful exhibitions, has entered into the Art-life of Vienna, is not, as one might be inclined to believe, named after the hero of the ancient 'Nibelungen' poem, but after one of those old inns which were the centres of the gay, unconventional social life of old Vienna. For years, long before the 'Secession' and 'new art' had been thought of, this inn was the meeting-place of a number of young painters full of schemes and hope and dreams—men who had shaken off the fetters of the customary, tedious mannerism of the fashionable academic art of the seventies and eighties, without, however, being sure yet of their own aims and scope of power.

When the great revival commenced abroad, and new works began everywhere to speak to the feelings of new men belonging to a new life; when the deeds of Ruskin and of the pre-Raphaelites sent an echo from England to the Continent; when the heirs of Courbet, the French *plein air* painters, Monet, Manet, Degas, Pissarro, Millet and the Fontainebleau artists became known; when even in Germany Böcklin and Thoma found acknowledgment;—it was then that some of these young men—much-travelled cosmopolitans, inspired by the great international, artistic revival of the last decade—organised the 'Secession.' With taste and luck they introduced to the Art-life of Vienna,



FRONT OF THE 'HAGENBUND' BUILDING



PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS G . . .
BY L. F. GRAF.

which had remained far behind the times, all the foreign splendour at the attainment of which they aimed themselves. In these endeavours several of them achieved European and universal importance (thus the very talented Klimt, who has come to the front in spite of all his mistakes and in spite of the war waged against him with anything but fair means; the fine landscapist Jettel, König, Moll and Andri). In excellent exhibitions they meet the universal trait of our love for Art, and see a lasting, promising task in front of them.

Another group of young artists includes the more modest, quiet and homely young men who are inspired by ardent love of their native soil, of the most varied and picturesque Austrian landscape, and find the best scope for the development of artistic individuality in the study of the national character of Austrian town and country life. These young Austrians form the 'Hagenbund.' Originally only combined in provincial and foreign exhibitions, they have now their proper organization in Vienna, and have now built their own home; or, rather, adapted with merry taste



SPANISH DANCER
BY R. GERMELA
HAGENBUND, VIENNA

The Artist

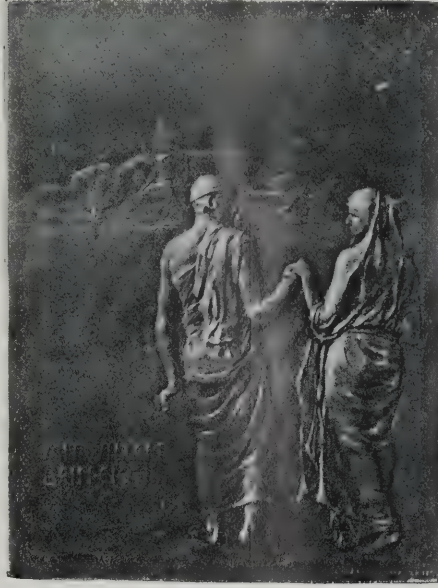


PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
BY E. PAYER, 'HAGENBUND,' VIENNA

The 'Hagenbund,' Vienna

an existing building to their own requirements. The building is a portion of a modern glass and iron market hall construction, slender, but strong, which their architect, Urban, has transformed into an essentially decorative structure of pleasing, though somewhat theatrical, effect. The not very spacious rooms are airy, light, of changeable shape, and arranged with great skill, so that a number of light, graceful, and homely rooms, are at the Society's disposal for the display of a limited, carefully selected collection of objects. Two exhibitions have already been held for the benefit of a surprised and delighted public.

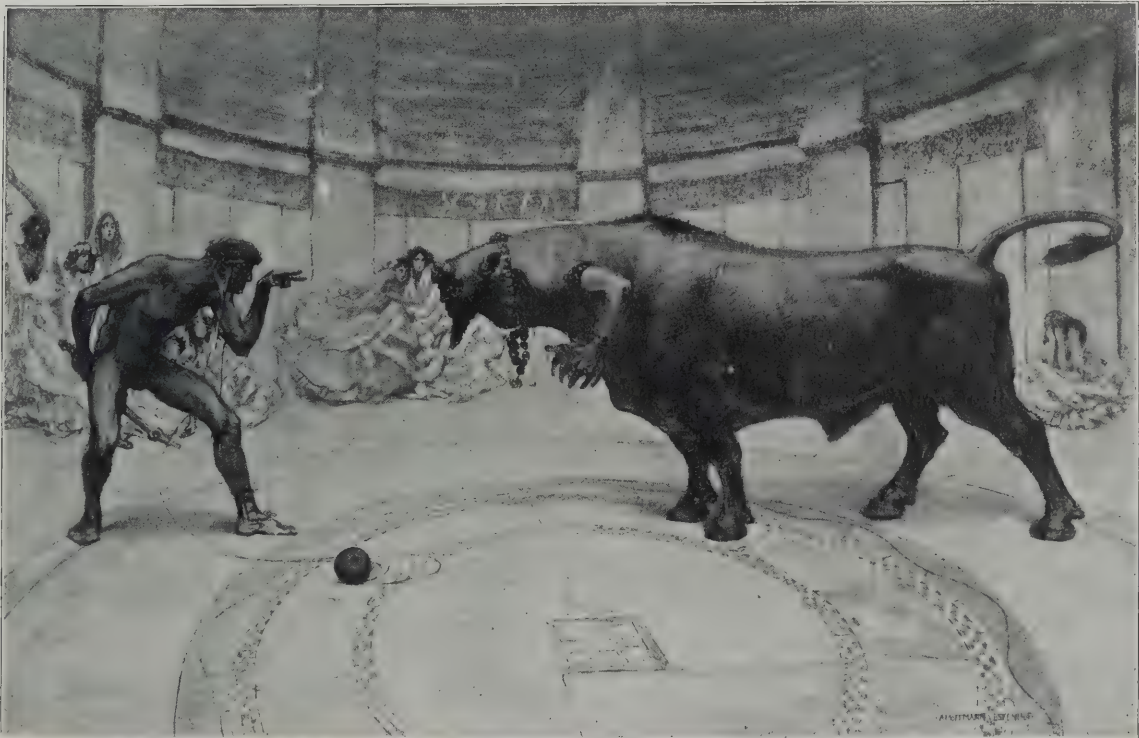
The landscapists take, of course, the leading place in this group of 'national' artists. The



PLAQUE
BY JOS. TAUTENHAYN, JUN., VIENNA

object of the most important efforts of the 'Hagenbund' is the representation of Austrian landscape, which truly offers an abundance of artistic possibilities to the painter;—from the wooded hill-land of Lower Austria, traversed by the broad, watery ribbon of the Danube, to the majestic, snow-covered heights of the Tyrol; from the southern splendour of the Dolomites and the lakes of Salzburg and Upper Austria to the gay coast of the Adriatic, which again touches in part the majestic. In all this scenery the 'Hagenbund' feels at home. Kasparides has a preference for the Vienna

forest. His is a painter's soul of mighty feeling, which enables him to do equal justice to the gentle tone of the veiled effects of the Danube banks and to the strong, decorative harmony of wide expanses



'MINOTAURUS'
BY HOFMANN V. VESTENHOF



PORTRAIT GROUP
BY R. SCHIFF, VIENNA

of landscape, black woods and green meadows, and glittering evening skies. Yet he does not endeavour to acquire any decided style, and never falls a victim to monotonous mannerism. Here I must also mention Konopa and Bamberger, and the painter of massive mountains, Ranzoni.

Ameseder is attracted by the old farmhouses with high gables and fine doors, situated in the blue shade of mighty lime-trees, and getting rarer and rarer along the high road—houses with fine large rooms, and built in conformity with a good tradition, which threatens to die out altogether. Thiele paints fertile meadows choked under the profusion of gaily-coloured wild flowers; Wilt, the picturesque fishing villages of Sunny Dalmatia. Of the figure painters, I must mention Germela, who has painted a 'Spanish Dancer' with French *verve* and graceful strength—a picture which embodies some of the attraction and charm of a Carmen. Linked to old Viennese tradition are the daintily-tasteful fairy-tale pictures by Lefler and Urban. Among the 'Hagenbund's' guests from Munich figure

Hofmann v. Vestenhof, Reznicek, Thöng, etc. The feature of the second exhibition is, however, the appearance of two artists—Mediz-Pelikan, husband and wife—who have been given back to their country by the 'Hagenbund.'

He, the husband, enjoys in Dresden—his late home—a well-deserved reputation. In simply-treated portraits (drawings and lithographs) he has represented personalities of varied character and expression so faithfully, intensely and simply, that he may well be compared with the masters of portraiture. A group of artists, whose aim is the care of national character and artistic culture, may well be proud of having introduced so fine a painter of representative portraits, who endows his models with human and eternal importance by showing them in their true aspect.



BRONZE FIGURE FOR ELECTRIC LAMP
BY R. TAUTENHAYN, VIENNA

The 'Hagenbund,' Vienna

His wife gives preference to landscape art, and is a painter of strong, serious, and somewhat melancholy talent. Her conventional landscapes, though perhaps a little monotonous in composition, have a charm of indescribable subtlety. Her 'ideal landscapes' would be admirably adapted for the decorative adornment of interiors. The London public will be able to judge of the merit of these

painters R. Schiff and E. Payer, the etcher Cossmann, the caricaturist Hassmann, and the architect Oerleg, who is responsible for some fine wall papers. We are reproducing some of his furniture shown at the last exhibition. To complete our survey of this modest but talented group, we must draw attention to the clever sculptors, Rathausky, R. Tautenhayn, Kell, and Plattner,



RELIEF PLAQUE
BY JOS. TAUTENHAYN, JUN., VIENNA

two artists' work, on the occasion of an exhibition arranged by the 'Hagenbund' for next Autumn, when we hope to have more to say about their work.

L. F. Graf is a nervous, elegant portrait painter, who is now under French influence, and is likely to change his style several times before he will settle down. His talent will, however, enable him to produce works of more than average importance.

Mention should also be made of the portrait

and the medallist, Jos. Tautenhayn, jun., whose medals and plaques combine French training with old Viennese exactness, neatness, and thoughtful arrangement.

If the members of the 'Hagenbund' will only continue on their course, they will be able to create a connection between the traits of national development and the great cosmopolitan aims of the 'Secession,' and take an honourable place by the side of that important and agreeable institution.

FARMHOUSE
NEAR KREMS
BY E. AMESDER
'HAGENBUND'
VIENNA



LONDON. THE NEW GALLERY

OF the two important London spring exhibitions, the one held at the New Gallery is, for many reasons, preferable to the Royal Academy show. Not only is it better arranged and less fatiguing, but it invariably contains some special features of interest, and is, indeed, more representative of all the phases of the modern Art movement than the more conservative exhibition at Burlington House. Thus a whole wall has been reserved for the members of the Society of Tempera Painters and other artists interested in the recent revival of this ancient technique; and it is a hopeful sign that a few members of this group have at last come to the conclusion that the experiments in an ancient method do not necessitate a senseless imitation of the genuine *naïveté* of the primitives. Only one or two of the Birmingham new pre-Raphaelites continue in the old groove. J. D. Batten's 'Danaë and the Shower of Gold' is a perfect gem of delicate handling, a harmony in gold and brown, thoroughly original, and in no way reminiscent of the many early Italian render-

ings of the subject. Graham Petrie is one of the few tempera workers who uses the medium in a thoroughly modern spirit. His 'Pipetta and her Pumpkins' is a Venetian scene, full of colour and sunlight, and is a fine example of the brilliant effects to be obtained by tempera. In his picture, 'The Wind in the Tree,' Walter Crane proves himself a true painter, and not merely an imaginative draughtsman. It is, perhaps, because he does not attempt to preach or to moralize, as he invariably did in recent years, when the literary interest of his allegories made him neglect the points which ought to be the painter's concern.

The picture, however, by which the South room is dominated does not belong to the tempera group. It is Frank Brangwyn's superb decorative canvas, 'The Cider Press'—a truly great work by a man who never fails to be interesting. Uninfluenced by any school, splendidly virile, he has now shaken off the trammels of a self-imposed limitation which, until recently, kept his range of colour confined to muddy browns and blues; although, under this

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

FREDERICK
LORD LEIGHTON

From the Portrait by the Artist
at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

(Photo Alinari)

The Artist





LADIES' WORK TABLE
AND ARM CHAIR
BY ROBERT OERLEG
'HAGENBUND,' VIENNA



restraint, there always lurked a mere suggestion of gorgeous hues. 'The Cider Press' is glowing with warm colour, rich red, yellow, and russet predominating. The lack of atmosphere and distance, the flatness of the picture, can hardly be found fault with, as they are indispensable for the decorative scheme.

Purely decorative again, though treated in a very different spirit, is Harold Speed's 'The Coming of Spring,' a picture which would well have deserved a better place on the wall than the 'exalted' position in which it is now to be found. Instead of Brangwyn's vigour and warmth, we have here delicacy and coolness, a purplish haze veiling the whole scene. The delicacy is, however, that of extreme refinement, not of weakness.

G. F. Watts is one of the staunchest supporters of the New Gallery, and is this year represented by an allegorical composition of considerable power—remarkable, indeed, even if one forgets the veteran artist's venerable age. 'Love steering the Boat of Humanity' is its subject. Love whom Watts represents in a manner characteristic for his views of life, is an athletic youth, leading the boat with stern hand through the turbulent waters,

whilst the figure of humanity, half buried under the flapping sail, is sinking in utter exhaustion from its seat.

The New Gallery is particularly strong this year in portraiture, and Sargent rules again supreme. His group of 'Children of A. Wertheimer, Esq.,' is a remarkable achievement, even for a painter who may well be considered the greatest living representative of Anglo-Saxon Art. One does not know what to admire first: the suavity and breadth of the brushwork, the natural ease of the grouping which looks almost accidental, though the pyramidal direction, and rhythmic repetition of the lines prove that it has been carefully thought out, the keen observation of personal and racial character, or the wonderful management of the dominating red and black tones. To appreciate this last point thoroughly one has only to compare this masterpiece with the portrait of Mrs. Cameron Grant by W. R. Symonds, or of Lady Orr-Ewing by S. Melton-Fisher in its immediate proximity! It is difficult to realise that the large canvas facing the Wertheimer group, a large Norwegian landscape with the reclining figure of a youth with a fishing-net, is another work of Sargent's fertile brush.



THE COMING OF SPRING
BY HAROLD SPEED (NEW GALLERY)

The New Gallery

The landscape background, the boulders, and the clear water of the mountain stream, are treated with the customary audacity and directness, but the carefully modelled face has none of Sargent's characteristics, and might be painted by Bastien-Lepage.

A little more than mere dexterity will be found in R. Jack's portrait of Miss D. Turner and R. Brough's 'Alexander Wedderburn, Esq., K.C.' Both these portraits are free of the mannerisms which have in recent years marred the beauty of their works. The broad, straightforward portraits by Sir George Reid, the elegant, though somewhat restless, presentments by J. J. Shannon, and a few more portraits by G. Spencer Watson, H. Harris Brown, W. G. von Glehn, and Hugh de T. Glazebrook, deserve careful inspection. It is instructive to compare G. Henry's low-toned and extremely subtle rendering of the features of J. Staats Forbes, Esq., with W. Orpen's brilliant, if perhaps a little brutally realistic version of the same subject at the new English Art Club. Both pictures are convincingly true, but what difference in the method of expression!

It is difficult to understand the *raison d'être* of T. Austen Brown's 'Haymakers.' Not that we find fault with the pleasing convention of his style, the glowing, luminous effect produced by glazing with pure colour over a ground of thick paint, but there is an incongruity between the subject of the picture and its enormous size (nor is it the first time we have noticed this), which makes his work as unsuitable for a public gallery as for a private house. Interesting though it be, it is not a picture to live with. Herbert Draper's charming 'Midsummer Night' is technically a new departure for an artist who hitherto based his work on the model of Lord Leighton. The colour is applied in rough, thick touches, admirably suggesting the sparkling of the dew.

Sir James D. Linton and Windsor Fry have both treated the subject of Fra Angelico's vision, but neither of them has been entirely successful. For many reasons—and first among them the admirable rendering of texture in the drab cloth of the kneeling monk's cowl—we prefer Sir James Linton's version, but the vision of the Madonna and Child suggests too much the crude and in-artistic oleographs to be found in the peasants' cottages of Catholic countries; whilst Mr. Fry's idea of the method of painting employed by the

masters of the quattrocento, as revealed by the monk's unfinished picture in the background, is really too childish.

Amongst the other pictures which should not be overlooked are G. Harcourt's 'Dawn'—a child crawling across its bed, with the roseate rays of the early morning sun streaming upon the little figure and the white linen; Fernand Khnopff's delicate water-colour, 'The Secret'—another of those strange puzzles which are this Belgian artist's delight; Charles E. Stewart's 'Mother and Son'—an evening landscape with horses; Mathew Hale's pre-historic scene, 'A Struggle for Life'; Arthur Lucas's decorative landscape, 'Fresh Woods and Pasture's New'; Arthur Streeton's 'View of Hampstead Heath,' which certainly deserves a better place than the lofty position under the ceiling; Moffat Lindner's 'Between Summer and Autumn'; and Benjamin Constant's swarthy 'Salomé.' It is vain to reiterate the protest against the hanging of C. E. Hallé's oleographic productions: his position as Director of the New Gallery is the only explanation, though it cannot be regarded as an excuse.

A discussion of this year's Royal Academy would resolve itself again into a pæan of praise for J. S. Sargent; and the many variations of this theme in the columns of the daily and weekly press make it unnecessary to harp upon the fact which is now universally admitted. His brilliancy dazzles the eye, and blinds it to the merits of his less-gifted brother brushes. His eight canvases should have a room to themselves. It would not be his loss, and everybody else's gain.

In last month's issue of 'THE ARTIST' we had a welcome opportunity of praising Mr. Carton Moore-Park for the very excellent and vigorous oil paintings he has shown at the Royal Society of British Artists. Under the heading of 'Pot-Boiling in Public,' an article appeared in *Truth*, which refers to the young artist's really remarkable work in the following terms:—As chance willed it, I turned to the left, and for some inscrutable reason the first picture on which my eyes rested was a work from the brush of Mr. Carton Moore-Park, catalogued as a 'Dog Eating a Biscuit!' and priced at £20. 'A Dog Eating a Biscuit!' Here, I take it, is a subject which, for what I may call downright, regular 'R.B.A.-ness,'



DOG EATING A BISCUIT, BY CARTON MOORE-PARK

assuredly 'takes the cake.' None the less most sincerely do I wish that my eyes had not first lighted on that particular canvas. It was such a decided 'set back.' The day was bright and spring-like, and I had gone to Suffolk Street hoping for better things from Sir Wyke Bayliss and his comrades. I had been reading Sir Wyke's recent apologia for his Society, and I was really anxious to find proof of that artistic catholicity about which he had been waxing so enthusiastic. I was sanguine enough to expect that something good might after all come out of this artistic Samaria. And then—before I had had time to gather even a general impression of the show—I found myself staring stolidly at that biscuit-eating dog! It was, indeed, a rough disillusionment. It took the heart out of me, if I may so put it. And even when I got away from the canvas at last, Mr. Moore-Park's dog haunted me as though it had been that uncanny 'Hound of the Baskervilles' about which Mr. Conan Doyle has had such a strange tale to tell us. Wherever I went I seemed to hear it at my heels scrunching that prosaic biscuit. It followed me about the galleries, interfering with my enjoyment of such excellent pictures as Mr. Frank Spenlove's 'Grey of the Morn'—another of his Dutch pastorals, pitched in a minor key—Mr. Armstrong's brilliant 'Stapleton Vale,' and Mr. Hans Trier's delicately idealised Venetian scene. In short, that hapless turn to the left spoilt

what might have otherwise been a pleasant visit and wholly changed my mood. It will, perhaps, be advisable therefore not to write any more about the one hundred and seventeenth Exhibition of the 'R.B.A.'s.' But at any rate future visitors may take warning from my experience and steer clear of No. 176. Let their motto, in short, be 'Cave Canem!'

We reproduce a sketch from the picture thus unjustly attacked, together with photographs of two more paintings by Mr. C. Moore-Park from the same exhibition, and leave the reader to form his own judgment as to the justice of this attack.

PARIS

MR. L. W. HAWKINS has drawn a portrait of the Queen on a mask, hand-screen or fan, similar in arrangement to those which your readers may remember having seen reproduced in *THE ARTIST* last year, and I think it is his most successful work of the kind. The face is drawn with exquisite delicacy, and the decoration is peculiarly effective and original. The regal splendour and the rich simplicity of the ornamentation are admirable. But still more interesting is the artistic effect obtained by the treatment of the hair, the arrangement of which becomes, by a happy idea of the artist that constitutes in its way a new discovery, a scheme of decoration at once harmonising with the ornaments on the head, yet in perfect harmony with the face, in no way altering its expression or straining the general character of the portrait.



QUEEN
ALEXANDRA
A Mask designed by
L. Weldon Hawkins
Paris

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE CIRCUS POODLE
BY CARTON MOORE-PARK
(ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS)



IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE
BY CARTON MOORE-PARK
(ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS)



**CONFERENCE DU JEUNE BARREAU
EXPOSITION DES BEAUX-ARTS
OUVERTURE LE 1 MAI 1899**

A POSTER
BY GISBERT COMBAZ

BRUSSELS

THE decorative art movement, as is generally known, has many brilliant followers in Belgium, and is manifested in many interesting ways. Mr. Gisbert Combaz occupies a special position as regards book-decoration, poster-work, coloured lithography and decorative design in general. He has a distinct individuality, and his conceptions are most original. His embroideries for table-centres, his colour plates for book-illustration, his designs for trade-marks, his decorative vignettes and other designs, combine an interesting style of composition, the motives of which are generally borrowed from plant-life, with a thorough understanding of ornamental arabesques. He has taken his place by the side of Van Rysselberghe, Lemmen, Donnay, etc., among the promoters of a new and original decorative art.

The same characteristic, personal style distinguishes Mr. Combaz's compositions for tiles, wall-papers, stained-glass, picture postcards, and what not.

The designs suggested by the flora and fauna showed at the outset the influence of Grasset, who always understood how to use and adapt the forms of Nature for his purposes, but in the progress of his work Mr. Combaz seems to shake off all foreign influence.

He has succeeded in giving a peculiar accent to all the subjects he has treated, and his attempts at conventional treatment of landscape are as remarkable as his embroideries and relief friezes.

It is fortunate that this very active young artist has been chosen, some short time ago, to deliver a series of lectures on the History of Art at one of our academies. He cannot fail to arouse the creative intelligence of his pupils in questions concerning decorative art, and to direct them to success on unbeaten paths.



A POSTER
BY GISBERT COMBAZ



PRIX D'ENTRÉE: 1 FR



PRIX D'ENTRÉE: 1 FRANC

TWO POSTERS

A ZEELAND
GIRL
DESIGN BY
A. HANNOTIAU



The painter A. Hannotiau died some short time back at Brussels, at a very early age. He succeeded in making his name famous more as a designer, illustrator, and decorator, than as a painter of pictures. Under the strong influence of Leys, he endeavoured, with considerable success, to render the mystical and melancholic character of certain legendary ceremonies at Bruges. Fascinated by the ancient dwellings and ways of living of the quiet Flemish people, he produced works quick with the character of the past. The Government chose three of the works of the deceased young artist for the Modern Museum and for the Museum of Decorative Art.

G. M. S.

L CAPPIELLO'S CARICATURE STATUETTES

BY H. R. WOESTYN

A CERTAIN few of the humorous artists of the present day have recently tried to revive the fashion of caricature statuettes—so much in vogue in France about the middle of the nineteenth century—a branch of caricature in Art now almost forgotten. Leonetto Cappiello, a Parisian artist by choice, though not by birth, has lately made some successful attempts, some of which are reproduced in the pages of *THE ARTIST*.

Yvette Guilbert, who on this side of the Channel ranks amongst the most popular 'turns' on the boards of our 'halls,' is caught to the life in one of

Cappiello's Caricature Statuettes



YVETTE GUILBERT
BY L. CAPPIELLO

these statuettes. It gives not only the French 'disease,' with auburn hair and long black gloves, but even the changing expression of the variable face. In Cappiello's statuette, Yvette is not merely rendering one of her famous foot-pad's ditties, but is giving expression to the complete *repertoire* of those risky and spicy songs which have made her famous.

Another cleverly-modelled statuette by Cappiello is that of an operetta diva, little known in England but a great favourite in Paris—Mlle. Jeanne Granier, whose dainty refrains are the delight of Parisians.

Leonetto Cappiello, who, although Italian by birth, chose Paris as a field open to his pen, pencil and brush, made his first hit by his pictorial posters, in which art he was at once styled '*maître*.' But it is as a caricaturist that he is best known.

A Paris contemporary, always on the alert for novelty—*Le Journal*—secured his services at once,

and his cartoons are a feature of this periodical.

The daily life of Paris, its noted types and characters, are his familiar subjects. Everyone who wishes to be somebody is gratified to find himself portrayed in Leonetto Cappiello's rough sketch album.

But to return to humorous statuettes. Though now considered a new medium for caricature, they are not, of course, an invention of Cappiello's: he merely revived this branch of Art left in abeyance since the last days of the sixties.

Dantan, jun., a famous French sculptor, achieved great success during the period 1830 to 1869 in this art of modelling humorous statuettes, and his collection of comic representations, which includes Wellington, Samuel Rothschild, Lord Brougham, and Count d'Orsay, is known as the 'Musée Dantan.' Another French artist of the



MDLLE. JEANNE GRANIER
BY L. CAPPIELLO

The Artist

same period—Bourrier—modelled a few specimens in this style; and the famous Honoré Daumier also created some statuette caricatures, the most popular being his famous character, 'Ratapoil.' There are also still in existence a small number of specimens of this art—though of a more political character—executed by Italians domiciled in England during the sixties.

'There is nothing new under the sun.'

AT THE ACADEMY SOME IMPRESSIONS BY WALTER EMANUEL ILLUSTRATED BY J. HASSALL

I INTENDED originally to call these notes 'Art at the Academy,' but I fail to see why I should limit myself to half-a-dozen lines.

* * *

The Exhibition is held every year in order, I believe, that the Young Ladies of Great Britain may have something to talk about at dances and dinner parties. This is really somewhat hard on



'... THAT THE YOUNG LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN
MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT ...'

us critics, for this year there are one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six exhibits to examine.

* * *

And the tragedy of the thing is that, as a matter of fact, nothing would please the Young Ladies



L. CAPPIELLO
FROM A CARICATURE
BY HIMSELF

better than the abolition of Burlington House. I am confident of this, for I happened, one year, to overhear, in Room Eight, a conversation between two really nice girls. 'And now we will go,' said the one, brightening up. But the other looked at her catalogue, and uttered a little despairing cry—like the cry of some wounded animal. 'Oh, Bella,' she gasped, 'there are still three rooms we have not seen!' 'Never mind, we can pretend we have,' said Bella. 'Oh, I don't like to—Mamma might find it out,' said her friend, looking round furtively. 'Poof!' said Bella, and off they trotted, the cheats, to Swan and Edgar's.

* * *

'And what do you think of this year's show?' asked a lady friend of me. 'Is it a worse Academy than usual?' 'My dear,' I answered, 'the Royal Academy is a rich and influential body, but it cannot do the impossible.'

At the Academy

I have come to the conclusion that the Press Days are the worst possible time to visit the Exhibition. There is then no crowd, and you can see all the pictures.



PRESS DAY

By the bye, how the critics of the various papers love one another! On the second Press Day a lady brought with her a little girl, aged about seven.



ART
CRITICS

'Look at that little girl,' said I to the representative of *The Pencil*. 'I wonder what she is doing here.' 'Oh, I expect she is the art critic of *The Pen*,' answered *The Pencil*.

* * *

But I digress. A contemporary publishes a list of 'Pictures that should not be missed.' It is only exigencies of space, I am informed, that prevents it printing a list of 'Pictures that *would* not be missed.' If walls could speak, I know what the walls of Burlington House would say. It would be: 'Well, visitors, we guess we have the advantage of you. We see the better side of the pictures.'

* * *

The really clever paintings have all been rejected. I have this at first hand from the artists themselves, and the motto on the present Royal



'I HAVE THIS AT FIRST HAND FROM
THE ARTISTS THEMSELVES'

Academy Catalogue frankly states this to be the policy of the institution. '*Rien n'est usé pour le génie*' is the motto. Freely translated this means, 'Nothing is done for Genius.'

* * *

Among the sculpture exhibits there is a 'Decoration for a Chimney-piece.' The majority of the pictures at the Royal Academy would form admirable decorations for the inside of a chimney-piece.

* * *

The Artist

Not but what there are a few good things to be seen. As many Americans are coming over for the Coronation, the Royal Academy, with its never-failing business tact, has arranged a fine show of works by the American R.A., Sargent.



AN IMPRESSION OF ONE
OF THE 'SARGENT'S'

of Academicians standing at the entrance to Burlington House touting for votes.

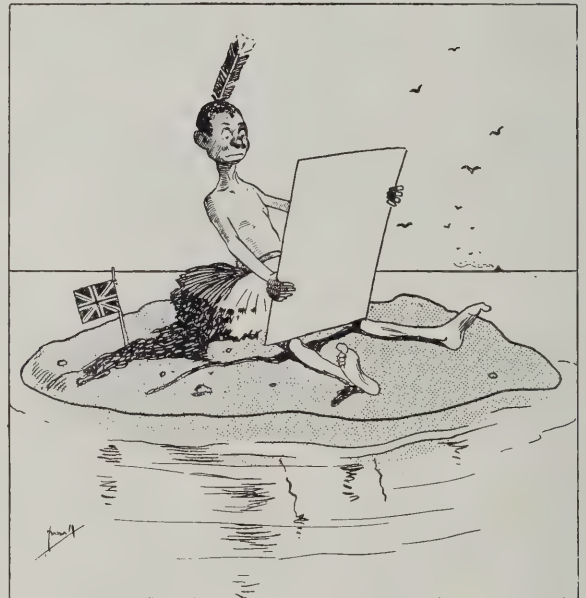
I can give a pretty shrewd guess as to which picture will head the list. I fancy it will be 'His Majesty King Edward the Seventh,' by Luke Fildes, R.A. It is the gold hangings that will do it. They are really magnificent. I scarcely have the heart to criticise them, and yet I cannot help saying that, in my opinion, the arrangement of the drapery might have been better. You can still see the picture.

His Majesty is 'painted by command.' The pity is that he has not been commanded by paint. One of our dailies describes this portrait as 'a

worthy successor to M. Constant's Queen Victoria of last year,' and I am afraid this is true.

By the bye, I am glad to be able to report that His Majesty the King is now in the strongest of health. It is said that at the Special View he stood looking at this portrait for ten minutes.

But Mr. Chamberlain will be annoyed. His policy of drawing the Colonies closer to the Mother Country is to be reversed. Copies of this painting are to be sent to all our dependencies.



Meanwhile, it is pretty generally realised that it was a commercial mistake not to have depicted His Majesty in his new overcoat with the Big Buttons which everyone is so anxious to see, and the Academy may lose customers through this.

And then there is the picture by the Policeman. The admission of a picture by a policeman has created almost as much excitement as if a picture by an artist had been admitted. It was undoubtedly a smart business move by the Academy to hang Jones's canvas; in fact, it has been such a success, that arrangements are already being made for a picture by a muffin-man and a burglar for next year's exhibition.

At the Academy



' . . . A MUFFIN-MAN AND A BURGLAR '

Indeed, on second thoughts, I was wrong in saying it was not a good Academy this year. I had forgotten it contained a picture by a Policeman.

* * *

By the bye, I hear that a special number of one of our comic papers will shortly appear to point out that it is not the first Constable who was an artist.

* * *

Owing to the exceptionally warm Spring that has been promised us, more ladies than usual, I notice, are enabled to appear at the Academy with nothing on. Even Mr. Draper, who leads you to expect so much from his name, is no better than the rest.

* * *

And now for a few nasty remarks.

No. 156 is 'The Last Ray.' Well, so long as it really is the last, I will not say anything.

No. 157 is 'Alfred Wertheimer, Esq.,' by Sargent. The whole of the Wertheimer family is gradually being painted, and, judging by this, the worst is over.

No. 217 is J. H. F. Bacon's War Picture. And there are other khaki pictures in the show. When I look on them, I feel, for the first time, that it is a wicked war that calls forth these pictures.

No. 269, 'Phil May, Esq.,' by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A. A dainty subject daintily treated.

No. 272, 'John Bellows.' Then he shouldn't.

No. 283, 'Major-General Goldsworthy. *Presentation portrait.*' Well, if it is a present, I suppose he has got to take it.

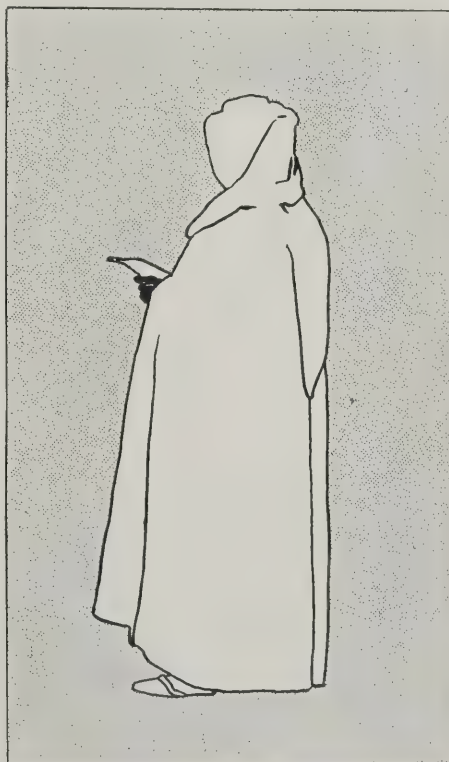
No. 405, 'The End of the Pilgrim's Road,' by Albert Goodwin. 'The mountain is in labour, and behold a ridiculous mess.'

No. 466, 'The Overflow of the Nile,' by Fredk. Goodall, R.A. The quotation that accompanies this picture is really very interesting. Had I been the Hanging Committee, I should have been tempted to keep the quotation and reject the picture.

No. 468, 'Proclaiming the King,' by F. D. Millet. If I can blame, I can also praise. The Hanging Committee did well to place this appalling production in the most prominent position in the galleries, for the artist should be made to feel thoroughly ashamed of himself. I can remember the time when Mr. Millet did good work; now, if he is made an R.A., he will have only himself to blame.

No. 475 is 'Away! Away!' and No. 971 is 'Begonias.'

No. 493 is 'Napoleon's Abdication,' by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. It should lead to Eyre Crowe's abdication. By a curious misprint, this was



THE MOORISH EMBASSY, 'A PORTRAIT'
BY SEYMOUR LUCAS

described the other day as a 'notable picture.' It should have been 'not able.' And while on the subject of misprints, I would mention that a contemporary referred to one of the pictures in the following terms: 'This painting has been bought under the Chantrey Bequest, and will enrich the Tate Gallery.' It should have been, 'will be hung in the Tate Gallery.'

No. 722, 'The Hon. Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady.' This is one of our most clever judges. He can balance an eye-glass in his eye.

No. 1313 is the design for the postage stamp by Emil Fuchs. I must protest against a commission of this kind being given to a foreigner, when there are hundreds of British artists who could have done it as badly.

And, imagine it, in the black-and-white room there are wood-engravings! Who, now, shall say that the Academy is not up-to-date? I refuse to believe the rumour that these exhibits were admitted under the impression that they were black-and-white drawings.

And then I must not omit to mention No. 149, 'Storm Nymphs,' by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. This is really quite a pretty little picture. Sir E. J. Poynter is too timid. Let him persevere, and one day—who knows?—he may deserve the position he now holds.

* * *

Well, well! 'Should the Academy be thrown open to the poor free of charge?' asks one of our great newspapers. My answer is: No; one ought rather try to benefit the poor.

* * *

And the remedy for it all? It is difficult to say. I think that every effort should be made to increase the numbers of the 'Honourably Tired Academicians.' Is it too late, I wonder, with a view to encouraging them, to raffle a Coronation Knighthood among them?

* * *

But space presses. There remains for me, however, one pleasant duty, that I must not omit to fulfil. In accordance with my custom, I will now proceed to award prizes to the portraits of males. This year they go as follows:—

Prize for General Amiability of Appearance: Sir Robert Head, Bart. (490).

Prize Angry Men: W. R. Paterson, Esq. (602) and J. E. Bannister, Esq. (772), bracketed equal.

Prize for Finest Eyebrows: George Joachim, first Viscount Goschen (391). While Lord Goschen's do not come up to the high standard reached by Mr. John Henry Mitchener, with his magnificent pair of shaggies, in 1897, yet they are of no mean merit, the left-hand one being specially fine.

Prize for Sitting as Good as Gold while his Portrait was being taken: The Rt. Hon. Lewis Fry, Esq. (141).

Prize for Neatness of Appearance and General Cleanliness: Herbert Fuller, Esq. (433).

Prize for Prettiest Fringe: Phil May, Esq. (269). But he was run close by Thomas F. Blackwell, Esq. (143), with his fine 'bang.'

Prize for Nicest Eyes: No award. Let Mr E. Lycett Green (33) try again next year.

* * *

And, as I stepped out into Piccadilly, a man approached me with an illustrated catalogue. 'Like a souvenir, sir?' he said. I gave him a look, and passed on.



'LIKE A SOUVENIR, SIR?'

The Compleat Angler



FROM A DRAWING
BY D. Y. CAMERON (FREEMANTLE AND CO.)

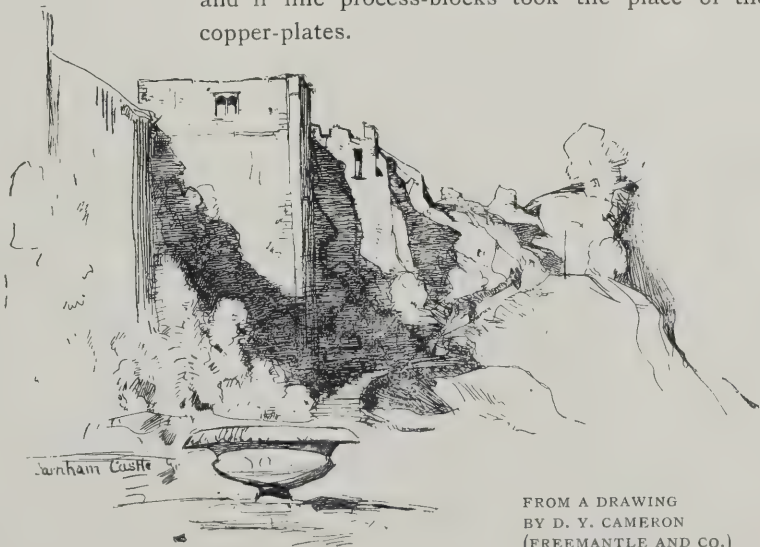
RECENT PUBLICATIONS THE COMPLEAT ANGLER PICTURED BY STRANG AND CAMERON

NOT less than five editions of Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler' have made their appearance within the last ten years to testify for the never-failing popularity of this book which has been accorded a lasting position among the classics of British literature. The latest edition,* published by Freemantle and Co., leaves nothing to be desired for completeness and attractiveness as regards the style of printing, binding and illustrations. It is an exact reprint of the fifth and last edition, which was published in Walton's lifetime, and includes, in addition to the full text of 'The Compleat Angler,' two essays by G. A. B. Dewar on 'Izaak Walton' and on 'Walton in Hampshire,' a facsimile of Walton's last will and testament, a criticism by Sir Edward Grey, a sonnet by Wordsworth, a Walton chronology, and a list of editions of the book since it first appeared in 1653. The feature, however,

* 'The Compleat Angler' (London: Freemantle and Co., Piccadilly, 1902).

which will prove of greatest interest to the readers of 'THE ARTIST' are the admirable etchings and head and tail pieces by D. Y. Cameron, the Glasgow painter and etcher, which are truly admirable in their suggestion of colour and breadth of treatment, although his line can be of extreme delicacy where the subject demands it. He disdains to choose scenes attractive in themselves through mere prettiness, and prefers wide stretches of country, dreary in themselves, but full of pictorial possibilities to an artist of power and selective taste. We are less favourably impressed with the figure subjects, etched by Mr. William Strang, which are stiff and carelessly drawn, and have a

thin look, in spite of the firmness of the etched line. The artist seems to have been cramped by the small size of the etched surface, and his method is undoubtedly better suited for treatment on a larger scale, as he has often proved by the work he has shown at Messrs. Gutekunst's and at the 'Painter-Etchers.' His illustrations to 'The Compleat Angler,' somehow do not justify the costly method. There is scarcely a plate that would not have looked as well, if the pen had been used in the place of the etcher's point, and if line process-blocks took the place of the copper-plates.



FROM A DRAWING
BY D. Y. CAMERON
(FREEMANTLE AND CO.)



THE SOWER
BY G. SEGANTINI
(FISHER UNWIN)

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI*
BY EVERARD MEYNELL

'WHEN I opened my eyes a brilliant white light struck me: it was the sun beating on our garden wall. In the blue sky the larks were singing.' Description vividly direct! Thus it is that Segantini wrote, his words possessing the same brilliant colour as his paints. And thus it is, in a book made lovable by his simple spirit, his words decorate the pages which form an ample record of a life of forty-one years. Segantini was born in 1858, and died, working in the midst of Alpine snow, in 1899. Of all these years he had something to record, and all is valuable. Thanks are due to Signor Villari for the careful collecting of his writing, in the form of letters and diary, and the reproduction of it in this volume.

* 'Giovanni Segantini,' by L. Villari. (Fisher Unwin.)

To Segantini alone among artists are we indebted for the veritable air of the Alps, *among* the Alps. From others have we constantly the picturing of mountains remote and unfamiliar upon an horizon; from Segantini we learn of an Alpine people, honest and clean, though somewhat sad, through much time spent in mountain rain and wind and through much toil; of Alpine flowers and of Alpine colour. And here, in book form, have we much of each of these, both from the seventy-five reproductions of pictures and from the dancing words of the artist. Of his childhood—he was but five years—we have many charming glimpses. Among them, of a view from a window at which he spent lonely hours, he says: 'I could see a broad vista of roofs and steeples, and down



THE RETURN TO THE SHEEPFOLD
BY G. SEGANTINI
(FISHER UNWIN)

The Artist

below a little courtyard, shut in and deep as a well. I remained at that window all the endless days of many months.' In this loneliness all he saw made an impression, and impressions received by the intent child lived and were reproduced in after years. New colour and new form each journey beyond his confining door made known to him, and it was the eagerness for such things that prompted a flight from Milan—the invitation of the road was Francewards. 'I remember it was a hot, airless day, but all the light, the brilliant sun, the fields, the trees, made me drunk with a joy that lifted me up as though I had wings. I walked on nibbling my crust and stopping to drink at streams and springs. I passed through several villages.' Overtaken by night and sleep, he was picked up by peasants too poor to support him, but with whom he lived, paying his way by work. 'That day I became a swine-herd; I was barely seven years old.' How delightful an announcement of youthful prowess—of a first achievement!

Too poor to buy paints or to travel where he would have found better instruction than that of the Milan Academy, he sought comfort in the conviction of the futility of the attempt to teach Art, and was an open rebel to the principles in paint of the time. It is even claimed for him, though without sufficient reason, that his discontent with the methods of the moment led him to be the first to introduce the now accepted 'divisionism' manner of painting—of realising masses of colour by laying on pure paint in a multitude of dabs which the eye might blend on the canvas, rather than the knife on the palette. But a mind of soaring thoughts was his, one which technique, for its own sake, could not absorb. An endless and suitable subject for the Art student at the café table interested Segantini only as the handmaiden of his Art—the swift servant of a mind full of love for sun, the

labourer and his harvests. 'I withdrew,' he himself wrote, 'among the hills and lakes of the Brianza, convinced that painting could not be limited to colour for colour's sake, but that it could express feelings of love, of sorrow, of pleasure, and of sadness.' With so genuine a love has Segantini filled his work, that we, too, love his fields, his flowers. In this may Segantini be likened to Millet, each doing for his countrymen the service of sympathy and understanding. In manner, also, may these two be likened. Segantini, however, in the more symbolic mood which years brought to him, with change of subject, changed his treatment. How akin in spirit were these two men, and how aptly Segantini realized the meaning of Millet's work, may be gathered from the fact, well noted by Signor Villari, that Segantini knew Millet only through engravings of his work.

The many periods, or moods, that go to make the life of an artist are ably followed and defined by Signor Villari. But changes of manner make the more frequent matter for his pen. Segantini's mood was mostly one. How truly an artist's mood is proclaimed by his words: 'I like to make love to my conceptions, to caress them in my brain, to cherish them in my heart.'

A home at Savognino was the sleeping-place of Segantini, and hardly more. His days were spent among the mountains and in mountain air; his work was vibrant with light. Terrible, he has named the mountains, terrible, although for him they were pregnant with beauty and religion. The religion of such a man, and he alone with the Alps, had perforce its awful moments. But of its gay ones he has also written. He who had bowed down 'to this earth blest by beauty, kissing the blades of grass and flowers,' died, 'clinging the necks of the unheeding hills.'



Some City Buildings: Old and New

SOME CITY BUILDINGS: OLD AND NEW

At the London Institution, on 3rd February, Mr. C. H. Reilly, M.A., read an interesting paper upon the above subject, illustrating it by many charming lantern slides of architectural monuments of repute, and others which were shown as the 'awful example.' In his opening remarks, deprecating his attempts to treat in one hour a subject which might be extended so greatly, the lecturer claimed that 'nothing so vitally, though, perhaps, so unconsciously, affects the lives and minds of men as the grandeur or squalor, the beauty or hideousness, of the buildings with which they are surrounded . . . in which they live, and work, and die.'

'The high-pitched roofs, the narrow fronts, the pointed gables of the mediæval town; the simple grandeur and palatial dignity of the renaissance buildings; the multi-coloured, sprawling, noisy structures of the present time; will help the historian of the future to form a juster estimate of the people of each successive age than ever the painting, the sculpture, or even the literature of the period, can.'

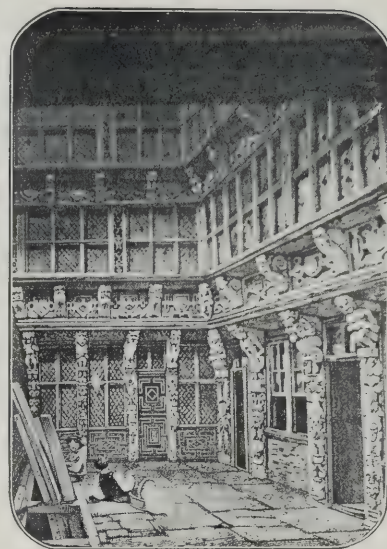
'And yet in England there is not at this present moment any single serious attempt at architectural criticism. A man is allowed to defile our noblest streets with some blatant exposure of his own vulgarity, or that of his architect, without a word of protest being raised. He may cause thousands daily, against their will, to view this monstrous thing he has made, imperceptibly thereby vulgarizing them by familiarity with it, and yet be considered an honourable citizen.'

The few old houses left to us were nearly all built artistically, and 'free from vulgarity, insincerity, and the thousand and one vices of most modern work.' Yet, as a rule, the materials were of the simplest, and lavish outlay in building was not dreamed of.

Of Roman London, said the lecturer, practically nothing architectural was left, and we could only form our idea of its temples and basilica, at the junction of the Wall Brook and the river, from such remains in other countries. But he was sure no local architecture, if such existed, was embodied; that the style was as near as might be that of the Panthéon, than which nothing could be a truer embodiment of man's grandest aims and achievement. So difficult, also, was it to shake off, that even in the dark ages, when Gothic architecture was made 'to express all the mysteries of religion, its classical origin is there, for all who can see it, in a hundred shapes and forms.'



HOUSES ON SOUTH SIDE OF LONDON WALL
(PULLED DOWN 1808)



OLD MANSION
IN
HART STREET

The lecturer showed on the screen a number of reproductions of very early prints of views of London, including 'the earliest known view'—a representation from a Flemish manuscript of the Duke of Orleans as a prisoner in the Tower. Some of the former views we are privileged to reproduce. He remarked on the number of colleges, monasteries, and other religious buildings of various kinds in London in the thirteenth century; not to speak of the 120 parish churches, 'each with its priests, its chantries, its fraternities, and its churchyard.' A quarter of the city, at least, seemed to belong to the Church.

Some idea of the relative importance of the Church he attempted to set out by a description of the remains of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, said to have been founded by a King's jester as an expression of thanks for recovery from an illness during a pilgrimage.

'Not the least debt we owe to the Church in London to-day is that from the beginning it has inspired our noblest buildings; and not the least complaint we have against it is the complaisant way in which it has ever since aided in their destruction.' As instance of this the lecturer gave the foundation of St. Katherine's by the Tower, now swept away to make way for the docks of the same name, and represented at the present time by 'a wretched nineteenth century Gothic building in Regent's Park.'

The domestic and commercial buildings of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries were practically of these types. 'The residences of the nobles and merchant adventurers; the shops, with dwelling houses over, of the smaller merchants; and the hovels of the craftsman.' Many of the leading merchants were sons of the lesser nobility, all were armigerous, and their city dwellings 'compared in magnificence with those of the nobles. An old oak house, built round a courtyard in Hart Street, which was pulled down at the beginning of the last century, will furnish an example. Crosby Hall and Gerard Hall are others. . . . The present Inns of Court give us some idea of the houses of the nobles.' Also they followed 'a type that is well seen . . . particularly in Queen's College, Cambridge. The courtyards still account for many of the small squares (such as Crosby Square and Wardrobe Square), and occasionally the banqueting hall exists to-day as the livery hall of a city company. . . . We get some notion of what the winding lanes with overhanging bays looked like till yesterday in Holywell Street and to-day in Fetter Lane.'

In the little shops under the dwelling houses, merchants like Gresham and Whittington no more thought it beneath their dignity to work than did the great artists of the Renaissance—Michael Angelo, or Raphael—in their *botteghe*. There was 'no vast sheet of shining plate-glass, only little squares, sometimes curved into pleasant rounded bays. . . . To carry the whole front on sheets of glass sometimes extending over

The Artist

two stories . . . seems to be the ambition of the city shopkeeper of to-day.' Here the lecturer asked his audience to 'compare the shop of the man who calls himself Alexander the Great in Cheapside,' with the pictures he had been showing of 13th and 14th century buildings, and to 'consider whether we shall go down to posterity as a people of gentle manners and simple tastes. Look at the corner where all the strength should be, with its dome to emphasise it, and then let your eye travel down to what it stands on. Where,' asked the lecturer, 'can the dignity of a building be which hasn't even legs?'

The candour of the methods of construction of the old buildings left little room for indiscriminate ornamentation. The simple yet interesting silhouette of the old houses in Holborn was compared, 'if your imagination can stand the strain,' with 'any terrace of shops in a suburban High Street of to-day.'

The lecturer drew an inspiring word-picture of London before the fire—'a city full of picturesque corners crowned with a hundred towers . . . the spire of old St. Paul's, 100 feet higher than the new dome, rising above it all'—as a prelude to a eulogy of Wren's great but unused scheme for its reconstruction. France had built the Louvre and Inigo Jones had designed Whitehall. 'So that what I may call the palatial idea in design had come into existence. The old cathedrals, to use an exaggeration, had been built much as a coral insect builds. Now the artist laid down beforehand his long lines and sweeping curves, and realized before a stone was laid the splendour of his work.' Wren grasped to the full the architectural possibilities of the new ideas and the opportunity that was his. 'It is difficult to imagine how splendid a place the city would have been had this been carried out. Think of all the latter-day improvements it would have put in the shade or forestalled.'



COCKERILL'S PLATE OF WREN'S WORK

Yet Wren did much. And the lecturer showed on the screen Cockerill's celebrated drawing of his various works, grouped round St. Paul's, and drew attention to some of the many points compelling admiration, with the caustic comment, 'we who pull down, place a railway station under, or decorate a church of his on the average once a year, might well start a school to study' his works: his 'extraordinary ingenuity' in utilising irregular sites, and that in a style supposed to be the least adaptable, the most artificial; his spires—their variety, their strong, simple bases, with all the interest concentrated towards the top, as though he had foreseen the way they would be built in.

Here the lecturer gave a lucid and highly interesting account of St. Paul's (which we regret we have not the space to give in full), dwelling on the novel construction, the engineering difficulties in connection with the dome, and on obstacles raised by questions social, religious, and political—burning questions of the day—and pointing out the happy effects resulting from Wren's large way of looking at the building he was designing at the moment in relation with



SPIRE OF S. MAGNUS, LONDON BRIDGE

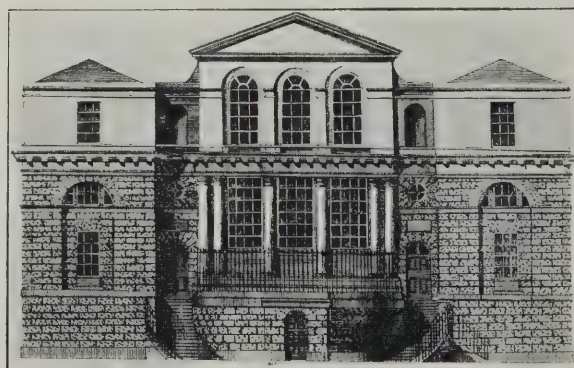
others about it, and in his other schemes. The balustrade, added by Milne, after Wren's time, to the dome, was a blot upon it. A balustrade nine feet high offends the sense of proportion, and dwarfs the rest of the building.

The interior was 'simple, grand, austere, with just that beautiful colouring time and London atmosphere (cleansed from its smoke) gives Portland stone.'

On Sir William Richmond's 'decorations' the lecturer expressed himself in no half-hearted or undecided manner. There was 'every colour of the rainbow . . . of the theatre, too . . . in vitreous mosaic that will . . . glare and glitter as much in a thousand years as it does to-day. And how has it been done? By cutting away Wren's stone. . . . It belongs to a different school, which has none of the grand, simple dignity of the Renaissance in it. It is totally out of sympathy with it.' And the lecturer drew a picture we fear totally imaginary, of 'the dean and decorator in some obscure corner of the vast cathedral quoting the ever-ready Omar:—

'Could you and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits,
And then remould it to our hearts' desire?'

and suggested that the Dean and Chapter might better have spent their money in casting in bronze the equestrian figure, now lying in the crypt, for Alfred Stevens' Wellington Memorial.



THE SESSIONS HOUSE, OLD BAILEY

Some City Buildings: Old and New

He spoke of the work by Tijou and Cibber, 'the thousand minor beauties of the building,' which, he said, was built, as Inigo Jones said all true architecture should be—'solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine and unaffected.'

The next most imposing building in the city, Mr. Reilly considers, is Newgate Prison. 'The problem the architect had here to solve was very nearly the same as Sir John Soane had in the Bank, that is, to give architectural expression to a blank wall.' But while Dance, by a sheer intellectual effort, succeeded in making his plain wall majestic, dignified, even terrible, Soane fell back on 'orders, false doors and windows, and all the paraphernalia of the architect's stock-in-trade.'

An interesting digression was made as to the origin of a design (Newgate)—'so original in character that no precedent for it exists elsewhere in the world'—from the pencil of a young man of 27, whose earlier work was *nil*, and, later, merely



DRAWING FROM PIRANESI'S 'CARCERI'

'such tame work as Finsbury Square, Alfred Crescent, . . . St. Luke's Hospital.' Mr. Reilly, quoting from Mr. Reginald Bloomfield, attributes it to the study, during Dance's residence in Italy, of those awful nightmares of Piranesi, the *Carceri* designs, 'dreams of vast prisons.'

'Of the Bank 'the best bit—and it is all bits—is . . . the corner at the junction of Lothbury and Princes Street. Here the circular group of columns, which are an exact copy of those of the temple of Vesta at Tivoli, cloak very successfully the awkward angle formed by the two streets.' Inside, entering from Lothbury Yard 'the fine flight of steps leading up to the open colonnade have a particularly dignified effect. The segmental arch and recess behind the columns seems to enhance their value, so that the pity is they end with rather poor and tame elongated vases. . . . The triumphal



THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE
MR. MOUNTFORD, ARCHITECT



S. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT

arch in the same court, reminding one of Palladio's arch at Vicenza, is equally non-utilitarian, and one is tempted to add, consequently charming. Not that mere display of carved ornament has anything to do with it. One has only to think of Barnato's Bank in Austin Friar's Square to realize how vulgar a building may be made by the mere expenditure of money on its so-called ornamentation.' Mr. Reilly traces the chief charm of the Bank to the fact that the dignity of the building has been the first consideration, economy of floor space coming after; in contradistinction to the course too often followed in most city buildings, where a vain attempt is made to atone for niggardliness in planning by lavish expenditure in useless ornamentation. He mentions the Consols Room and the Bank Parlour as instances of the former wiser course, being 'chaste and elegant, and the antithesis of most modern work.'

In turning to that portion of his subject which dealt more particularly with buildings of to-day, the lecturer referred to the disadvantages attending the various ownership of sites, which, though sometimes making for picturesqueness, generally resulted in 'a maximum of irregularity and haphazard effect,' in his opinion, comparing but poorly with a 'typical Paris street with its straight cornices and balconies . . . a more dignified method;' or our own 'Regent Street, especially where the cornice emphasises the fine sweep of the street. That, of course, is a case of one owner, the Crown. Why the advisers of the Crown have ever allowed the lines to be broken up as they recently have I cannot conceive. In Paris the Municipality have control and would never give their consent, say, to a building in the Place Vendôme being pulled down, and one totally unlike the others being erected. . . . Think of the great blocks being put up in Finsbury Circus here. The two adjacent quadrants of a circle are in the hands of two separate firms of architects, and the buildings they are producing are totally different, yet the City is the ground landlord . . . and one dignified scheme for the whole might easily have been obtained.' As an example of how to treat huge



P. AND O. OFFICES
MR. COLCUTT, ARCHITECT



A TYPICAL PARIS STREET (RUE CONDORCET)

blocks successfully by emphasising certain parts and not being afraid to leave the rest plain. Mr. Reilly instanced the river front of Somerset House.

'Now compare this with the long front of the new Salisbury House to London Wall, which for flatness and monotony could hardly be excelled. You see the three-quarter columns. Now columns, if used at all, should be a dominating feature; here, though elevated on enormous pedestals, they are quite overpowered by the bay windows.' In the Treasury Building, on the contrary, we have an example of the correct use of columns.

Paris, in addition to the homogeneity of its architectural schemes, scores over us in its fine open spaces, where trees and sculpture are both good and abundant. And the lecturer here showed a slide of the old house with its embowering trees, which sixteen years ago stood in Draper's Gardens, not a stone's throw from the Stock Exchange.

The true reason why modern work failed in the city was that the Surveyor, a man intimately acquainted with ground rents and values, and not necessarily having any artistic knowledge, was entrusted with work which should have been given to the architect, who, 'if by nature he is not a creative artist, should,



THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
MR. BELCHER, A.R.A., ARCHITECT

at least, be a scholar; and if he cannot design new detail, should feel bound to follow the great masters of the past. But your Surveyor . . . is calculating rentals all day, and . . . what time or care has he for scholarship? . . . The building must be made to pay. . . . Let the Surveyor therefore advise . . . as to the initial cost of the land—the one thing he is qualified to do; but why should he therefore erect the building—the one thing he is probably not qualified to do? And if he does so, he is pretty certain, in the hope of putting up something fine, to erect a building like Basilidon House in Moorgate Street.'

Of this building the lecturer here gave an exhaustive and most interesting and instructive criticism; the columns on brackets which neither do nor could support the building, are single most expensive blocks of granite, 'like the big diamond studs . . . there simply to assert what a rich person the owner must be.' Heavy stone piers *above* the middle of wide window openings, and having no visible support; an artistic falsehood, and, from the artistic point of view, an expensive failure. 'This building by its prominence has, no doubt, already influenced the taste of hundreds of careless people, who, because it is so obviously expensive, think it a work of art.' It was unfortunate it should stand next to one



A TYPICAL LONDON STREET (CHEAPSIDE)



THE METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE
MOORGATE ST., MR. ASTON WEBB, A.R.A., ARCHITECT

The Times of Hans Holbein

the most refined buildings in the city—the Metropolitan Life Office, by Mr. Aston Webb.

As an example of the proper way to obtain large window-space (as opposed to the improper, too often seen in modern shop fronts), and as a fine piece of architecture generally, Mr. Reilly instanced Mr. Norman Shaw's 'one city building,' the New Zealand Chambers, Leadenhall Street; and as a 'picturesque whole,' though 'somewhat overloaded with detail,' Mr. Colcutt's City Bank, Ludgate Hill—just the sort of thing required 'to contrast with and set off the great scale and magnitude of St. Paul's at the top.' This latter building has a series of arches on the ground floor, giving an appearance of strength very different from the 'skinny little legs city structures generally have, like the shop next door.'

The last two buildings shown were the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and Electra House, in Moorgate Street, the work of Mr. John Belcher, the former being the piece 'on which his fame usually rests,' and they received unstinted praise from the lecturer. In his detailed appreciation of the former (for which we regret we have not space), Mr. Reilly said it was one of the few city buildings on which 'our leading sculptors have worked in collaboration with the architect. The fine corbel supporting the oriel is by Harry Bates, A.R.A., as are the delightfully fantastic figures that just break through the monotony of the plain band over the ground floor. Looking at the building as a whole, see how

strong a base the deeply-rusticated ground story makes, and how well the building seems to sit on the ground in consequence.' The upper stories were equally beautiful, and above was a gorgeousness compensating for the plainness of the lower part, the upper carved frieze being by Hamo Thornycroft. 'Although this building is not ten years old, it has had, perhaps, more influence on contemporary work than any other'; and as examples of this influence Mr. Reilly instanced the new Lloyd's Register, and a provincial Capital town hall competition in which the assessor 'stated that every design sent in seemed to be based on it.'

In summing up, the lecturer said: 'You will now agree with me that we still produce, as we always have produced in England, some beautiful buildings, only, unfortunately, they seem to be in the minority now where, before, they were in the majority'; and he alluded to the fact that there has been lately attached to the German Embassy an architect to study and report upon the work of our leading men. 'But it is the mass of the people who care so little for the art of architecture.' (Leisure and education may change all that.) 'In the eighteenth century it was considered an indispensable accomplishment of every gentleman to be versed in its rules.'

We are much indebted to Mr. Reilly for the loan of illustrations and his kind assistance, with which we have endeavoured to give a succinct account of his most instructive and interesting lecture.

J. S. R.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TIMES OF HANS HOLBEIN.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to absence from home, I have not seen, until to-day, the April number of *THE ARTIST*, containing Mr. Bensusan's interesting article on 'The Times of Hans Holbein.' His paper, however, contains one or two statements which are very misleading. None of the religious paintings, chiefly preserved in Augsburg, mentioned by him are the work of Hans Holbein the younger. Modern German and English criticism is practically unanimous in ascribing them to his father. They had always been regarded as the work of Hans Holbein the elder until the beginning of the present century, when Germany suddenly discovered that the second and greater Hans was not a Swiss painter after all, but a true Swabian. Interest in the details of his life and work at once became very strong, with the result that, aided by certain forged documents and false inscriptions, a number of interesting pictures, formerly rightly ascribed to the father, were taken from him and given to the son, and hailed as signs of precocious genius. Even the 'St. Sebastian' altar-piece at Munich, the father's masterpiece, did not escape the enthusiasm of the younger artist's biographers. Modern criticism, however, has restored to the elder Holbein a series of works which place him among the leading painters of Germany at the dawn of the new movement in Art. These pictures are not the youthful work of a rising genius, adapting itself to the new ideas of the Renaissance, but the matured accomplishment of a less brilliant, but still very able, painter who was trained in the 'Gothic' school of Roger van der Weyden and his followers, but who, towards the end of his career, began to throw off one by one his Rhenish traditions of mediævalism, and gradually adapted himself to the newer style of the Renaissance. It is very probable, however, that after the year 1510, he was assisted to some extent by his son in the production of these later commissions.

The sketch-book, too, the leaves of which are preserved at Berlin and Copenhagen, containing drawings from life of the heads of leading citizens of Augsburg and others, was not filled by the younger Hans, but by his father. This book proves, better than anything else can do, how the son's genius for portraiture was inherited. To his father Holbein was indebted for almost all the artistic training he received. His painting was not affected to any extent by other artists, except, indirectly, by the Italians of the North; but what was merely talent in the father became genius of the rarest quality in the son. The earliest known authentic work of the latter's is the small 'Virgin and Child,' now in the Basle Museum, dated 1514. This was found in a village near Constance, and was probably painted during his journey from Augsburg to Basle.

If Holbein ever visited Italy, it would be at the period Mr. Bensusan mentions; but at the best it could have been but a flying visit, at some date shortly after December 10th,

1517, when he left Lucerne for a short period owing to some trouble with the city magistrates. He was back again in Lucerne in 1518, busily engaged in painting the famous Hertenstein house, in the designs for which the influence of Mantegna can be traced. There is no real proof, however, that he ever went to Italy at all, even as far as Milan. One or two writers hold that he made some such journey, and point to several paintings in the Basle Museum as proof that he must have had personal acquaintance with certain achievements of Leonardo and his school, which he could only have seen in Italy; but the influence of Mantegna and Da Vinci, which, though plainly detected in his early work, is by no means a predominant one, may be easily accounted for through the numerous Italian engravings then circulating throughout Europe, without any actual visit to Lombardy on the part of Holbein.

With regard to the illustrations accompanying the article, the first small 'portrait of the artist' is most probably neither a portrait of Holbein nor from his brush. The second one, given as a special plate—the portrait now in the Uffizi—cannot, in its present condition, be regarded as a genuine picture. It is, no doubt, a portrait of the painter, and originally may have been a sketch by him, but it has been so painted over and knocked about, that it gives but a very feeble idea of Holbein's wonderful powers as a portrait-painter. The illustration opposite to it, called 'Portrait of the Artist's Wife,' is certainly not a likeness of Elsbeth Schmidt, whom Holbein married in 1520, as can be seen in a moment by comparing it with the authentic portrait of his wife with two children, in the Basle Museum; nor can it be regarded as a painting of Holbein, beautiful as it is. In earlier days, before it was given to Holbein, it was ascribed to Leonardo. Whoever painted it—and it is probably of Flemish origin—it is one of the gems of the Hague Museum.

With regard to the other Hague picture illustrated in the article—the splendid one of Robert Cheseman—your readers may be interested to know that he was not Henry VIII.'s Royal Falconer, as has always been stated, but a person of much more importance. Robert Cheseman, of Dormanswell, near Norwood, in Middlesex, and Northcote, in Essex, was a man of wealth, and one of the leading commoners of his county, son and heir of Edward Cheseman, Cofferer and Keeper of the Wardrobe to Henry VII. He was a justice of the peace for Middlesex, and one of the gentlemen chosen to welcome Anne of Cleves when she first landed in England. It should be stated, too, that the six 'heads' from the famous Windsor collection included among the illustrations are not actual photographic representations of the drawings themselves, and, in consequence, have much of the strength and beauty of the originals.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
ARTHUR B. CHAMBER CAIN,
Assistant Keeper,
Corporation of Birmingham Art Gallery.

ON INFLUENCES IN ART BY EDWARD HILL

By Art I must be understood to mean the British product of that name: what other people mean by influences, I myself do not quite understand. But I gather from the conversation of my fellows that they are of various sorts, and that you know them by the hanging of their fruits. Thus, a certain eccentricity in the painting of Joneson has been ascribed by his several friends, at one time or another, to defective vision, drink, the French Impressionists, the Academy Schools, South Kensington, and a natural want of humour. All these I take to be influences rather than causes; and only wonder greatly as to which of them is the more potent in the undoing of Joneson.

Several need not be considered seriously. Joneson's eyesight was all right—he is not even partially colour-blind. I have never known him paint under the influence of drink—or drink under the influence of paint—a not uncommon malady. He has not worked in Paris, and all he knows about French impressionism is what the newspaper men have said in their critiques of the New English Art Club. He has forgotten most of the bad habits that he taught himself at South Kensington, and those that were instilled into him by the voice of authority at Burlington House. He always treats it as an excellent joke when he sells a picture, so I have my doubts about his humorous deficiencies. In fact, there is no reason why he should not be an entirely original genius, except the fact that he isn't. Very much to his moral credit and to the detriment of his exchequer, he does not even pose. The most cruel taunt hurled against Joneson was that French impressionist suggestion. We do know that brand of the influenced, and Joneson is not of them. We know the broken tints of grey and heliotrope, wherein they delight, it being so easy to lay broken tints—and the blob of scarlet, apple-green, or black set two inches to the South-west of the centre as a sign of inwardness. And the worst that can be said of our poor friend is that he sometimes sees landscape rather largely, and, at the same time, with a curious instinct for line. Hence his quaint composition. And, it not

being possible to identify him absolutely with any influencer, his dearest friends throw obloquy at him, miscellaneously, and without judgment.

Now, I am deeply interested in the training of the young, and especially in what one must now learn to call their secondary (or is it technical?) training. This includes ART. Hitherto the said art has been taught pretty much in the same way as geography, or dancing, or embryology. You learned lessons of an appallingly definite nature: that such was good and so-and-so bad; while this must be done by this rule, and that by yonder rote: also, moreover and furthermore, to beware (as did the Irish merchant advertise) of all other imitations. I am going to capture a new County Council Education authority—if I can only be beforehand with the other cranks—and get its art schools to experiment with. Then I shall set to work on the young idea. I shall subject him to influences. He will get, say, a year of undiluted Velasquez, followed by six months of Charles Keene, three of Steinlen, three of Wilkie, and then, to finish, another year of Velasquez. I should expect him to become an amateur photographer. Or, I would select—for the colour of her red hair primarily—a young lady art student: insist on her wearing a green pinafore. Give her a prescription, in about the above proportions, of Rossetti, Reynolds, Greek Sculpture, and Celtic Manuscripts, and then look forward with certainty to her appalling success as a designer of wall-papers. I am confident that the future of British Art rests on the proper appreciation and use of influences. Look what Goya's horrors have done already for some of us who follow the cult of the beautiful!

I do not claim the entire credit of this trend of thought. The Directors of the New Gallery have decided that the artists they patronize want a little waking up. Something Japanese might—say they—be a healthy tonic. And they have administered the remedy with a magnificence of thoroughness that compels our abject admiration. It was so subtle, too, to leave out pictures and stick to lacquer and metal-work. That is the true art of the influencer. I could not have done the thing better myself.

The Richmond School of Art



CLAY MODEL OF A HEAD FROM LIFE
BY MISS DOROTHY POWELL
(RICHMOND SCHOOL OF ART)

THE RICHMOND SCHOOL OF ART

THIS institution was established in 1873, in connection with the Science and Art Department, but it does not, as so many similar institutions do, receive any grant from the London County Council, a fact which speaks volumes for its healthy and flourishing condition. Indeed, it is the largest, and has been longer established than any other school in the Richmond district. It is under the presidency of Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart., J.P., and its reputableness has gathered a distinguished list of patrons; the actual working being superintended by a committee of ladies and gentlemen of the locality.

The course of study includes drawing and painting in all branches, design for decorative art, modelling, etc., etc., with the usual science subjects; and, with the view of accommodating the various requirements of students, is made as elastic as possible. In addition to the usual day and evening elementary classes, the studios, which are very roomy, are open daily (excepting Thursday) for the more advanced students, special classes being held at fixed times in modelling, botany, design, the figure, etc., etc. There are the usual departmental inducements, and a list of local prizes and scholarships.

The success of the school, it is incumbent on us to

say, is very greatly due to the able direction and personality of the genial principal and founder, Mr. D. Marwood, who is a firm believer in the *dictum* that genius is 'a capacity for taking infinite pains,' a fact which he takes care to impress upon his pupils. He is ably seconded by the painting-master, Mr. Charles Pittard, who believes in getting the students on to 'the life' as quickly as possible—the richest mine for the prospective painter—and a number of assistants qualified in the other branches. The students fresh to the school try all branches, and a new feature, of considerable interest, and likely to be of great service, is the competitions which are held frequently in the school among all, even the youngest, students.

The twenty-ninth annual Spring exhibition of students' works was held on 20th to 22nd March last, the judge being Mr. A. W. Cooper. We illustrate two of the works from the exhibition—heads from life—painted and modelled respectively by Miss Peake and Miss Powell. These display considerable executive ability, and reflect credit on the institution. Other exhibits we noticed give us the impression that the ladies are very much to the fore at Richmond: Miss Dorothy Smyrke's 'Victory adjusting Sandal'; Miss Dorothy Powell's group—'Wrestlers'; Miss Beatrice Large's very apt design for cretonne; Miss Leda Reynolds's for serviette (damask); Miss Hallet's careful bit of painting from still-life;—indeed, if the truth must be told, to the shame of our sex, we find nothing on our notes relating to the work of the male students. It almost impels us to hope our judgement is at fault in this instance.

The School is situated on the rise of the hill, behind the old Parish Church; the buildings have been recently enlarged, and, with the rapid growth of the neighbourhood and some anticipated street alterations, the Management are contemplating still further extensions.



COSTUME STUDY IN OILS BY MISS KATHLEEN PEAKE
(RICHMOND SCHOOL OF ART)

ADJUTANTS
BY MISS GERTRUDE BRODIE
(WESTMINSTER SKETCHING CLUB)



THE WESTMINSTER SKETCHING CLUB

THIS is an institution modelled on a similar basis to the better known 'South Kensington Sketch Club.' It is confined to students, past and present, of the Westminster School of Art, which has its home with the Royal Architectural Museum, in Tufton Street, and is designed to afford incentive and outlet to the students' work and ambitions outside the ordinary curriculum of the school. Subjects are set monthly throughout the year — except during the vacation, July, August, September, when the subjects are 'optional'—a choice of four being allowed; and the resulting works are to be delivered at the end of the month, under certain rules and conditions, and are thereupon criticised before the members of the Club. Marks are then accorded, and prizes are given at the end of the year.

The president is Mr. Monat London, the principal of the school; secretaries and treasurers, Miss Parkes and Mr. Peart; and there is a committee of twelve, nine lady students and three men.

The Club made its bow to the public with a 'First Annual

Exhibition,' held in the classrooms on April 18th and 19th last. All the work then shown had been done entirely apart from school hours and tuition, the hands of the present students being considerably strengthened by a large contribution from past students, some already well known in the walks of Art. The show was undoubtedly most interesting and most varied in character, and some good work was there.

Perhaps the most ambitious canvas was Frederick Peart's 'Lingering Leaves,' which was well supported by a number of other landscapes by the same artist, all noticeable for tender atmospheric effects and subtle if somewhat sombre colour. Mr. Peart has early formed his *metier*, in striking contradistinction to other of the students, notably Mr. S. B. De la Bere, who contributes something in the style of nearly every well-known poster artist of the day. Much of this latter student's work is fantastic and much weird; but there is promise, and we like him none the less for early admiration of many masters. This pursuit for the *bizarre*, however, is unpleasant, and we venture to suggest to one or two other of

The Westminster Sketching Club

the exhibitors that loathsomeness is not one of the most worthy aims even of illustrative art, and that in its study there is the danger of forgetting the existence of loveliness. Also we are reminded that Aubrey Beardsley has yet to 'dree his weird.'

If it were not for the fact that we were informed that H. Everett was something more than an amateur sailor, we should dare to criticise the perspective of the tophamper of his 'Sydney Bound,' a spirited and pleasing picture of that most beautiful of man's creation—a ship under full sail, going 'large' with all her canvas, drawing in a way that, no doubt, did the artist's heart good. Mr. Everett has other pieces, all smacking of the sea and coasts, and full of pleasant light. Gertrude Brodie's birds are excellent; she has launched herself on a study that is illimitable and means unceasing application; a clear if somewhat exaggerated study is 'Startled'—a cat and stag-beetle.

There are some coloured wood-cuts, in a somewhat extreme style; a spirited if rather scratchy drawing—'Carabinieri'—by D. McPherson, of the *Daily Graphic*; a 'Lady in Red,' of excellent pose but wanting in life and tone, by Miss U. W. A. Parkes; a joke, 'An Idyll of Spring,' by E. M. Jackson, which speaks of colour sense; a very useful bit of painting, 'The Cloister,' by M. Hoble; and some charming pencil sketches of figures (mostly girls) with pleasant quality of line, by Mr. H. Hope Read.

There is good work by M. Bradford, N. C. Gould, Eleanor Fell, the Countess Gleichen, and H. Richardson, though we cannot admire the latter's method in 'The Old Farmhouse.'

Altogether we may say we shall look forward with interest to future exhibitions by this club.

J.S.R.



A RAINY DAY
BY MRS. E. MITCHELL
(WESTMINSTER SKETCHING CLUB)



THE CARMAGNOLE
BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE
(WESTMINSTER SKETCHING CLUB)

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

THERE are two features which stand out from the life of ANDREA DEL SARTO and which distinguish him from his fellows. First, there is his faultless accuracy in drawing, which earned for him the title in Florence of *Il pittore senza errori*, and, secondly, his blind and infatuated devotion to his lovely wife, who did not prove in any way worthy of the ardent affection with which he regarded her, and who led him, unfortunately, into very much error.

Andrea was one of those artists who proved their capacity in very early years. He began drawing as a lad; he gave up all his time to it; he could have been nothing but an artist, and was an artist to his finger tips, with all the failings and shortcomings of an artist, and all the frailties which too often belong to that career.

His greatest work was the decoration, in conjunction with his youthful friend, Franciabigio, of the Cloister of Dello Scalzo; and although many of the frescoes are now in a ruined condition owing to neglect and bad treatment, yet enough remains to show us what a great artist their creator was, and how skilfully he was able to manipulate his brush.

He was one of the few Florentine artists who was tempted away from Italy by golden bribes, and worked for the King of France, painting for him, amongst other works, his well-known canvas of 'Charity'—a notable picture of great excellence and value.

He was recalled from France by his wife, and what France lost Italy gained; for it was after his return to Florence that he painted the 'St. John the Baptist' and 'The Holy Family'—great treasures of the Pitti Palaces and two of the most noted paintings in Europe.

Finer, perhaps, in many ways, although not so popular in their attraction, were the frescoes in the cloister of SS. Annunziata,

chief of which is the *Madonna del Saco*; and then came that grandest of all his colour achievements, 'The Last Supper,' in the refectory of the *Salvi Convent*.

It is a noble piece of drawing, and it glows and burns with jewel-like quality of colour—rich and gorgeous, while refined and pure.

'The Assumption,' in the Pitti, 'The Four Saints,' in the Academy at Florence, and the lovely, graceful 'Child Angels,' in the same gallery, belong to his later time.

He died during the siege of Florence, ill of the pestilence which had broken out amongst the soldiery, deserted by his careles and thoughtless wife, unfriended and alone; and he was hurriedly buried opposite his own house, close to the cloisters of the *SS. Annunziata* which he had by his art rendered so beautiful, on the day after his death, in January, 1530. He had been rich, but he died in absolute poverty. His tomb was erected by his friends; his drawings were stolen from his family, who possessed them after his death; but his works are so great, that their fame will ever keep his name in grateful memory, and the ideal beauty of his conceptions will give to his work a very high position in the aristocracy of fine arts.

He was a master of colour, of composition, and of drawing. His best works are homogeneous and subtle, but there is a timidity in his work which characterised all his paintings, and a want of force, strength, and power which just prevents his grandest creations attaining to the very summit of perfection. As a colourist he was supreme, and there is an exquisite quality about his brushwork which can hardly be excelled.

Above all, there is a devotion to Nature, a truth, and a fine sense of beauty about the pictures of *Andrea del Sarto* which gives to them their special importance.

His life was a troubled one. It was spoiled by his wife, for whom he did not scruple to sacrifice honour and fame. He was devoted to her as long as ever he lived, and even in his last hours did not complain of her desertion of him, but explained it away and excused her with all the ability of which he was capable.

His greatest works remain in Italy, and to understand him fully, the Cloisters, which he decorated in his early days, must be seen; but there are many fine examples of his work in England—in the National Gallery, Wallace Gallery, and at Windsor Castle, Panshanger, Richmond, and Stafford House.

LORD LEIGHTON, whose portrait we give as the representative of the modern school this month, was another of those youthful geniuses whom Nature marked out from the first as an artist. He owed much to his early life in Italy, where, with his parents, he wandered far and near in that wonderful country, and acquired his passionate love for its people and its art.

His first notable work related to Italy and her art, and represented the famous procession of *Cimabue's Madonna* through the streets of Florence. The painting created a sensation. It was the work of an unknown man. It was bought by Queen Victoria; it was criticised by Ruskin; and the acclamations which greeted it would have turned the head of a man of less power and ability than our artist.

Leighton was really more a sculptor than a painter, although it is by his paintings that posterity will know him.

His delight was in figures in the round. Plastic form and perfection of grace attracted him far more than accuracy of treatment or symbolism of allegory.

He was the most painstaking painter that was ever known with respect to his figure pieces, as the figures under the draperies were invariably drawn in full and with absolute accuracy before the draperies were placed upon them, and then these latter were drawn from actual drapery, placed with the utmost skill and care, and copied with the most loving perfection of detail.

It was at one time said that only Leighton and Albert Moore in the Academy knew how to draw drapery.

He was a highly educated man, well versed in classic story, and delighting in the romances of Greek and Roman history. From them he obtained most of the subjects for his pictures, and never was there a single appeal to an unwholesome appetite, never anything that was sensual or ignoble, and, stranger still for a modern artist, never anything foolish, trivial or sensational in his pictures throughout the whole of his career.

As a colourist he had great successes—'Flaming June' and 'Clytie' amongst the most notable—but, on the whole, it was purity of form, grace movement, or statuesque serenity, for which he aimed and which he most readily obtained. He was an eminent portrait painter, more successful with those of men than with those of women. He was a great favourite in society, an almost ideal President for the Royal Academy, fluent and easy of speech, ready with compliment of repartee, mellifluous in phrasing, and graceful in utterance.

At a public dinner he was the best of chairmen, and amongst his fellow-artists was admired and greatly loved.

He was a tender-hearted man, generous even far beyond his means, but he enjoyed comfort and even luxury, and in his marvellous bachelor home lived the life of a Sybarite, surrounded on all hands by things of beauty and value.

Seldom, however, was he appealed to in vain by others for assistance, and to those of his own craft who had fallen upon evil days he was the kindest of benefactors.

In many ways his greatest works were his pencil studies and sketches, because there was a tendency to over-elaboration in his finished paintings, and especially in the faces of his figures, a certain waxy beauty combined with faultless perfection of curve and complexion, which were unnatural.

As a draughtsman he was a supreme genius, and by his drawings his fame has become an immortal one.

G. C. W.

QUERIES AND REPLIES

REPLY TO G.W.R.—'The Art of Repoussé,' by Gawthorp, 16 Long Acre, London, is the book you want. You can get a set of tools from him direct. The book is published at 1s., by B. T. Batsford, 94 High Holborn, London.

REPLY TO A.D.M.—Tempera would be suitable if you are ready to renew your decoration at frequent intervals; otherwise, it will be better to use oil, which will also need re-doing, but at longer intervals. We think the moisture of the air in a situation such as you describe would interfere actively with the surface of tempera painting.

REPLY TO J.S.—Try J. C. Edwards, Trefynant Terra-cotta Works, Ruabon.

REPLY TO A.T.—Practical lessons in tapestry painting are demonstrated in 'Painted Tapestry and its application to Interior Decoration,' by Julien Godon; published by Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Glasshouse Street, London, W.

REPLY TO J.H. DE M.—Fleetwood is the correct name. As far as we can learn, he lived during the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, and was a man of fair repute in his line.

REPLY TO N.P.—You should offer a prize, or prizes, for competition. We think it would induce a keen contest, as there appear to be some possibilities of new treatment in making something suitable for a 'single-handed bazaar.'

REPLY TO H.M.C.—The best way to fix it is by carefully laying upon wall a thin coat of white lead, over which you place the linen or canvas, and press it firmly to the surface.

REPLY TO F.A. DE B.F.—There are two good fixatifs for pastels—'Rouget's Fixatif for Pastels' and 'Lacaze's Fixatif.' They can be obtained through most Art colourmen, but we believe the English agents are Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Glasshouse Street, London, W.

QUERY No. 333.—Can you advise me how to obtain an introduction to some work in designing for interior decoration—not the ordinary trade kind of work? I have tried several firms that do trade decoration, but they say my work won't suit them: they employ people who have been brought up in Art schools—who draw draperies, figures, and fanciful scrolly-kinds of ornamental leaves, and so forth. My forte is doing natural flowers and leaves.—B.N.

QUERY No. 334.—What is the value of an engraving of Mrs. Siddons as the 'Tragic Muse,' after Reynolds; engraved by Jos. Webb?—W.B.

QUERY No. 335.—Would you tell me where I can receive teaching in jewellery-craft work of a practical kind?—A.C.C.

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

ANDREA DEL SARTO

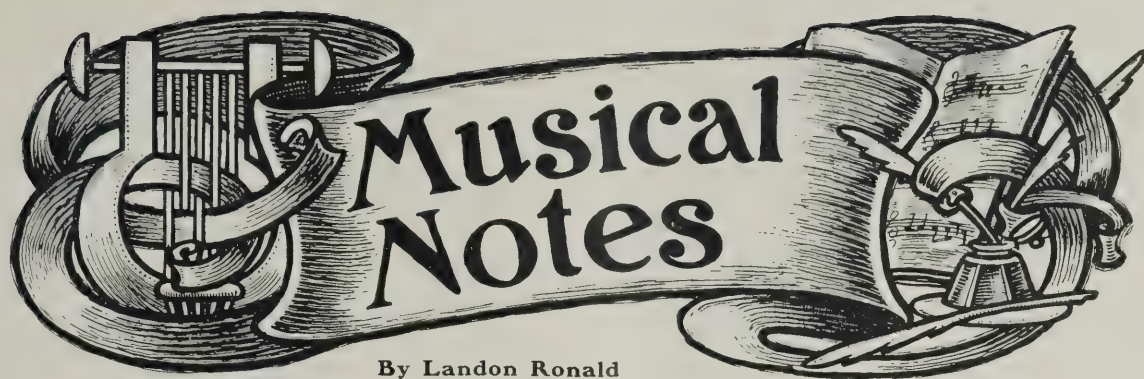
From the Portrait by the Artist
at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

(Photo Alinari)

The Artist







By Landon Ronald

THE £100 Prize which was offered by the proprietors of this magazine for the best Coronation March or Song, has been awarded to Mr. J. D. Davis of 33 Beaufort Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. One hundred and sixty-four Marches and seventy-two Coronation Songs were sent in from all parts of the British Isles, but the March by Mr. Davis was found to be in every respect superior to all the other compositions, the orchestral score proving exceptionally interesting. Until the envelope, bearing the motto, 'Finis Coronat Opus,' was opened, I quite thought the work was by some well-known English composer such as Elgar or Coleridge-Taylor. It appears, however, that Mr. Davis is very well known in Birmingham, where he was born in 1867, and though his reputation in London is as yet very limited, this march should do much to enhance it. It will be found to be original, and is, in every respect, good music, worthy of performance at high-class concerts. Probably those who expected something of the Sousa type of march to gain the prize will be disappointed and dissatisfied, but I would remind them that this magazine endeavours to support the best in Art, and has no intention of encouraging mediocrity or clap-trap.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. J. D. Davis is the nephew of Madame Messager, who was so famous under the pseudonym of 'Hope Temple,' while his sister, Miss Ada Davis, is a very excellent soprano. He was destined by his parents for a commercial career, and with this idea was sent to Frankfort and Brussels to learn the German and French languages. At the former place he entered the Raff Conservatorium as an

amateur, but left there after a year, going to the Brussels Conservatoire, eventually obtaining the consent of his parents to adopt music as his future profession. He studied the pianoforte under Professor Zarembeski and de Greef, but having little or no taste for the life of a public performer, he has devoted himself to composition and teaching at the Birmingham Institute. He has written several works, including an opera, a symphonic poem, pianoforte pieces, and an elegy for orchestra, all of which have been produced either in Birmingham or Antwerp.

That one or two of the daily papers should deem it worth their while to devote a considerable amount of space recently to the very important matter of 'Music Piracy' is a very admirable thing. It strikes me as being absolutely iniquitous that one man should be allowed to sell stolen property with impunity, whilst another man should receive a heavy sentence for committing the same crime! the only difference between the two cases being that the one miscreant happens to choose popular songs as his ware, and the other selects jewellery, clothing, or some other class of merchandise. If a street-hawker were found selling, let us say, silver cigarette cases for a shilling a-piece, a policeman would soon enquire from whence these articles came, and undoubtedly the hawker would be marched off to the nearest police station and charged with selling stolen property. Not so, however, when the vendor is merely offering 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee,' 'The Holy City,' or 'The Lost Chord,' at one-eighth the proper, legitimate price. This is allowed and encouraged.

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It is only natural that the public is indifferent about the matter, and will probably express regret should the hawker be prohibited from continuing his nefarious trade. If you can get a song for twopence in the street for which you would have to pay one shilling and fourpence in a shop, you naturally patronise the street-hawker, without worrying about, or troubling to, enquire where the song was printed or to whom it belongs. For this you cannot be blamed

—it is in the natural order of things; but what surpasses my comprehension is, that there should be a certain class of people who *sympathise* with the hawker because the music publishers are endeavouring to get a law passed which shall enable them to deal with him as they would with any other thief! If a man steals a loaf of bread because he is starving, probably the very magistrate who has to punish him wishes in his heart that he could let him off; but because a man deliberately sells music which he knows to have been stolen, and by so doing not only flagrantly sets at defiance the legitimate interests of the publishers, but robs the composer of his rights—is this man, I say, to be an object of pity and sympathy? If so, why not pity the burglar who breaks into your house of a night, or the pickpocket who will relieve you of your watch in a crowd? I frankly admit I am delighted that such an organization as the 'Musical Copyright Association' exists, and that it has the courage to pursue the policy of taking the law into its own hands, by

seizing all 'pirated' versions of copyright songs exposed for sale in the streets and destroying all the copies it can obtain by such means. At the same time, I think it a crying shame that a respectable society of this class should have to resort to breaking the law to obtain its legitimate rights.

Probably one of the most interesting points likely to be decided as the outcome of all this

'music piracy' scandal is, whether the public are not charged too much for a song, and whether the music publishers, by asking such high prices, are not only hurting their own business, but encouraging the very street-hawker of whom they are so bitterly complaining. That it costs a lot of money to publish, print, advertise, and 'push' a song—that the composer has to be paid, and the lyric writer as well—and that after all this expense not a hundred copies of the song may be sold, is the argument used by the music publisher in his defence. But, unfortunately, there is the undeniable fact that nearly all the leading music publishers of London are



MR. J. D. DAVIS
WINNER OF THE £100 PRIZE

rich men; that the profits of their business are sufficient to enable them to have most expensive premises in the West End; and that their private incomes are probably double or treble that of the most successful composers, by whose brains they benefit. It is true that songs such as 'The Lost Chord,' 'Some Day,' or 'The Holy City,' are rare birds, but would it not be very interesting to know exactly how many copies of a song

Musical Notes

must be sold before the original outlay can be realized? There are many ballads which are comparatively unknown to fame, and have yet sold about three thousand copies, the composer having probably received only a small cheque for the entire copyright, or a threepenny royalty. In the latter case, the composer has to give five hundred copies free and every seventh copy besides. As the five hundred free copies are used solely for distribution among professional singers and the press, perhaps it is right that the composer should not receive any payment for them; but why music publishers should consent to supply seven copies as six to the trade, as if songs were penny buns, is beyond my comprehension, and is to my mind unfair and unjust.

I have had several letters from different parts of the country full of the highest encomiums and praise for the remarkable 'Appreciation' which Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies wrote on Tschaiowsky's 'Symphonie Pathétique' for the April number of this magazine. Several correspondents point out to me that it is rare for such a well-known singer to possess such an exceptional talent for literature, and ask if I know anything of his career. Now, nothing is more certain than that environment forms and shapes a man's life, nor can it be denied with truth that the forces which have influenced the evolution and the education of a personality are to be traced in the life-work of that personality. David Ffrangcon-Davies, the baritone, is a case in point, and, as my correspondents have rightly conjectured, his career is most interesting and, in a sense, romantic.

Born in the heart of the rocky, thunderous mountains of North Wales, there is the direct and distinct influence of the romantic neighbourhood which gave him birth, plainly traceable in his public work. Anyone conversant with the history of the village of Bethesda (about six miles from Bangor) knows well that, for the nurture of poetic and musical gifts, this far-away hamlet has been unique. As a child, boy, and youth, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was in touch with sensitive, musical, and withal forcible characters, who made use of very small opportunities and achieved thereby great results. The people there in the mountains were

drawn towards musical expression by the native atmosphere. Everybody sang and everybody made music because they wanted to express themselves in that way. Poetry, music, and religion were in the air, and the young singer who is occupying our attention had the inestimable advantage of possessing a father who had lofty ideals and struggled hard to provide his boy with means of development. He, an amateur, taught him Beethoven's Sonatas and Handel's Oratorios, and the chapels and churches of the places supplied him with the means of exercising his gifts in public. Nor were his talents in other directions neglected; he spoke and preached to large audiences, and the village Civic taught him Latin and Greek. With this start, he was ready to hold his own when he went to the Friar's Grammar School, under Dr. Lloyd, the late Bishop of Bangor. From here he went to Oxford, being elected to a Classical Exhibition at Jesus College. He took his B.A. and M.A. degrees, stroked his college boat, and played football in his college team. For a while, the Church claimed his services as a priest, and it is wonderful to hear him relate some of his clerical experiences in the East End of London.

The strong dramatic bent of his character, coupled with the possession of a voice which Sims Reeves once described as 'a perfectly pure baritone,' finally caused him to throw in his lot with the musical profession. In the pursuit of his art, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies lays enormous stress on the lessons of his childhood. Independence, solidity, sensitiveness to outward and inward impressions, are the mainstay of his efforts. Truth to Nature and aloofness are articles of his creed—which he learnt in the lonely contemplation of the hill-side, while solemnity, awe, and grandeur, were learnt while sheltering in a rocky cave during many a rushing storm, while the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled in the everlasting hills. During his musical career of a little over ten years, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has resided chiefly in London and Berlin, whither he went some three years ago to pursue his art on the continent. He transferred his home bodily to Charlottenburg, and when his plans were ripe, transferred it back to London, where he now gives himself up to the loftiest

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ideals. He has sung all over the Continent, from Königsberg in the North to Geneva in the South, and has, in addition to this, had twelve seasons in America in five years. He is now to be heard at the best concerts at Queen's Hall, and before these lines are in print he will probably have appeared at Covent Garden Theatre as 'The Wanderer' in 'Siegfried.' It is just and right that the Covent Garden Syndicate should have engaged him; he is one of the truest artists of whom England can boast.

The Musical Festival at the Queen's Hall this year was highly interesting, and all credit is due to Mr. Newman for organising so brilliant a musical function. The audiences were excellent both as regards quantity and quality, nearly each one of the concerts being patronised by some members of the Royal Family. Nikisch may be said to have had the greatest success from an audience point of view. His conducting of the Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony was certainly very wonderful, and the ovation he received from orchestra and audience alike was fully justified. Weingartner also met with a remarkable reception after his conducting of the Brahms Symphony in D, though the critics were not nearly as enthusiastic as they ought to have been. I felt somehow that there was an amount of strength, of virility, of magnetic force in this man's conducting with which one rarely, if ever, meets. He towered above everyone and everybody, and one unconsciously murmured, 'This is a great leader of men.' Ysayë the conductor is certainly not as great as Ysayë the violinist. He knows his scores by heart and he knows what he wants, but he has a nervous, indistinct beat, which is irritating and hard to follow. The orchestra love him and do their level best for him at all times, and this fact makes it harder to understand why they should have given a performance of the 'Feuerzauber' from 'Die Walküre' that was little short of disgraceful. St.-Saëns conducted the last concert, assisted by Henry J. Wood, who was quite able to hold his own with all the others. It must be remembered, that it was due to the extraordinary fine band Mr. Wood had, by dint of hard work, brought to its present state of perfection, that enabled all these foreign conductors to achieve the results they did. The greatest

conductor ever born cannot make bad instrumentalists play well! I consider that more than half the success of this Festival was owing to the splendid way the orchestra played, which speaks volumes for the infinite pains bestowed on it by its admirable conductor.

MECHANISM AND THE FUTURE OF THE VIRTUOSO BY C. D. BAYNES

At first encounter with these latest net-products of applied science in the various realms of Mechanics and Music—now brought into cunning relationship, with results entirely remarkable!—the impression is borne in upon the artistic mind, sensitive, sceptical, and somewhat alarmed, that in the Pianola, the Æolian, the Angelus, the Cecilian, and the Orchestrelle, Science has produced something for the strangulation of Art and the artist; that Genius has invented a monster destined to do Individualism to death and to kill outright the personal equation in Music and all the human attributes that distinguish it. For these contrivances are wonderful substitutes for the human apparatus, look at first glance like eliminating the ecstatic executant, the poetic interpreter, and are not to be dismissed with a shrug of the artistic shoulders and a shake of the artistic head. They have found a permanent place in the category of things musical, are exerting, or are going to exert, an immense influence in the domestic and public departments of musical life, and fall to be taken seriously.

Naturally enough, in the beginning, the soul of the British artist had a tendency to rise in antagonism against these 'machines' that invaded his sacred sphere and menaced that delicate domain where man, mind, and his emotions, humanly expressed, had long held undisputed sway. How smile upon a combination of metals, woods, and driving gears that presumed to stand in the place of the virtuoso, to intelligently interpret the great musicians, even to place upon their works the impress of the living mind, to renew the masters' moods of inspiration, and to deliver anew the mystic messages of the Art divine? How continue complacent in face of the menace to reduce that art to mechanics, even to measurements, and to

Mechanism and the Future of the Virtuoso

chain Inspiration to the revolving wheels of the engineer?

Such was the Artistic attitude at the outset, and forthwith the back was turned mournfully, yea indignantly, upon the whole wretched business of music made in America, of Chopin 'Chicago-ed' by a remorseless turning of cranks! Since then, however, the saner point of view has intervened, and the sounder attitude has been assumed. We now find the virtuoso's signature to certificates concerning the merits and the mission of the pianola and the rest of the melodious family of musical contrivances, and bearing witness with equanimity (in various strange handwritings) to their excellence as technical exponents and educative forces. Are those certificates sincere, or does the virtuoso merely accept the mechanical fact because he cannot confound it, concealing his dismay and chagrin behind a well-turned period and friendly phrase? Does he delight in the march of musical events, or, all the time, does he see the writing on the wall, hear the death-knell of his dynasty, feel that *finis* is written to his monopoly of the souls and senses of men, and, with pen in hand, merely essay to seem cheerful? It is a nice point, almost a problem; and the fate and future of the virtuoso are undoubtedly involved in the answer to it.

The broad and obvious fact, meantime, is this: that music is marching, and that we have arrived at a new and vital stage in its history—a stage of experiment and evolution, leading to lands undreamed of, to results not yet figured out in the most imaginative brain. As in the locomotive world, all is change and disturbance: old ideas are being dethroned, new ideas set up, and the difficulty is in self-adjustment. As usual, Art is alarmed. And, in the present case, how natural! For Music has ever resented the mechanical, has ever been reluctant to bow down before it; and even now the sensitive and uninformed flesh can be found to creep—not without a residue of excuse—at thought of Chopin rendered otherwise than by the sensitive touch of a Pachmann. But it is no longer the old, unbending resentment, nor is the excuse for artistic shuddering so valid. The fact is, Science has crept up to Art, and the gap is no longer so great which separates the Pachman from the pianola. The princes of the pianoforte are

even found to admit it; now muster a smile as they hear themselves reproduced under the hand of a child, hear their technical triumphs repeated from revolving page and responsive key-board. In some sort, it is arrival at the apotheosis of our ancient friend from Italy who has made our dreary and depressing streets melodious—almost architectural—these many years.

And, withal, I think the virtuoso can afford to look sincerely pleasant, even to pat the patentee on the back. The small voice still tells him consolingly—for it is the virtuoso of the pianoforte that is chiefly threatened—that the one thing still lacking, must be lacking always, is the human equation; that 'feeling' which comes from the nervous interpreting-system of the great soloist, thrilled anew by the creative moods of the composers, themselves long since gone silent; that soulful 'something' which makes the very instrument instinct with human joy and human sorrow as it answers to the almost impalpable touch of the hand with brain and heart in it, and echoes a thousand human emotions and experiences, makes vocal the flowing tide of intelligent impulse and human passion. Yes; the days of the interpreter will still be long in the land, for even to American mechanism, and all mechanism, there are limitations.

But, apart from consideration of that saving 'something' 'which no mechanism can make good,' the right way of looking at the matter, at the new mechanical fact, makes at all points for his encouragement and cheerfulness. The grand result of this mechanical advent in the musical world is to me obvious: it is going to declare itself in a new wave of musical education, musical enthusiasm, and musical understanding throughout the length and breadth of the land. The impossible masterpieces, the compositions on the grand scale, the stately symphonies, the rich-hued rhapsodies, all the members of the intricate classical family, are going to be brought within the jurisdiction and the judgment, and the powers and possibilities, of the parlour; and a world of art and of achievement, which has long lain outside the pen and the capacity of the wayfaring man, is going to be thrown open to him—that world which all these years has been impossible to him in his domestic sphere, because of painful digital

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incapacity and lack of the interpreting facility. The piano will give forth new sounds; the old round of melodies will be amplified by the masterful phrases that enrich the world and have been familiar and possible hitherto only to the elect, to the executants, and to the persistent concert-goer; the modern ear will be familiarised at the very fireside with the wonderful music of the great masters and the modern musicians, and, educated, enlightened, prepared, the music-lover will go forth to the concert room more than ever, yea, more enthusiastically than ever, with intelligence quickened, understanding increased, and the ability improved for catching the *leit motif* and appreciating all that is forward under the magic touch of the virtuoso's hand, as he charms the sounds from the quivering Bechstein, or under the *bâton* of the conductor, as he leads his company of musicians and makes the message of the masters plainer still to the multitude now ready to receive it. The days when symphonies and rhapsodies were sealed books to the masses, when the grand compositions were themes only for the executants and the elect and the most energetic and luxurious of concert-goers, are to be with us no more. Berlioz, Brahms, and Beethoven, Saint-Saens and Scharwenka, already make the suburban villa vocal (for the pianola and æolian are creeping in); the kingdom of the ear is being rapidly extended, and the empire of the virtuoso enlarged. New audiences for him are in the making—a new era of appreciation is fast overtaking him! These are the facts. No longer will he be a strange being apart, uttering mystic and unintelligible nothings immediately he enters the classical realms, gets away from the threadbare theme, treads the difficult paths of the gods. There, too, will the masses, being familiar, follow him. These, mechanism is going to emancipate and place on a new footing with the masters and the master-musicians. These, mechanism is going to reach and benefit, going down into places which not the virtuoso, in his rare and classic isolation, nor the music-teacher, in his more restricted *rôle*, could hope to inform, failed to inform, because they spoke in strange tongues or spoke not often enough, bringing back thence a world of converts to the classic—blessed, as it were, by a new baptism, and fit for the company of the concert-kings.

That, it is true, is to look ahead: for mechanical music—no longer a jarring ‘contradiction in terms,’ but a product entirely pleasant—is still in the luxurious stage. Pianolas, æolians, and the rest of them, are not yet ‘in every British home’; but they begin to get there, will instal themselves there just as the once-expensive piano did before them; and when they are installed in cottage and flat, mansion and villa, they will be a constant influence in favour of musical intelligence, and of the virtuoso, who (you are to bear in mind) has little to fear. Neighbourhoods, mayhappen, will, in those days, lose something of their melancholy repose, as also of their noisier, vulgar-melodic edge; new questions may even arise as to ‘close hours’ for the industrious student of the musical classics—for him Mechanism is going to stand in place of ‘coach’ and concert-room at many a puzzling stage, as he pores over the mighty scores; but the music we shall hear through wall and open window will be the music of efficiency, and the trying ordeals of the amateur at his exercises, or of the miss at the ‘Shower of Pearls’ and ‘Maiden’s Prayer’ will be diminished, the agony of them abated. Mechanical music may lack the human equation; but (saving thought!) it has not the inhuman inequation of the amateur!

That looks like saying, is even equivalent to saying, that the amateur-executants will diminish in number and persistence. I believe that is indeed involved in the development of ‘mechanical music.’ But, *is it to be regretted?* They achieved little, seldom went far along the exacting highways, and nine times out of ten failed to establish their own pleasure while arresting that of others, to whom they were often ‘the abomination of desolation.’ Yet the disappearance of the amateur pianist of the second and third order of merit, or no merit, does not argue any lessening of the feeling for music. That will be increased. The digital difficulty being banished, all facility of finger (so far as the keyboards are concerned) being dispensed with, and progress into the seventh heavens of harmony being unimpeded physically, the ear will be free to hear, the heart to understand, and forthwith Mechanism will place a multitude of the stubborn-fingered and all those that have ‘had no time,’ and little of the temper, for Czerny and Liebert and Stark, in intimate correspondence with that world

Mechanism and the Future of the Virtuoso

of melody, which, outside the concert-room, was for them mostly a silent world. Even Suburbia will dwell in the atmosphere of the symphony and concerto, and the virtuoso will be more than ever its king. They who affected to appreciate him will now understand him. The wheels that go round are about to educate the masses and to help Art and the artist.

True, the unhappy teacher of music may suffer in the days when the amateur, familiar with the wonderful possibilities and actual achievements of Pianola, Æolian, and Angelus, no longer essays the laborious *rôle* of executant, rightly appreciates his physical limitations before the mechanical contrivance, and spares his friends and foes; but the virtuoso will gain all along the line in a heightened musical intelligence. Mechanism is come, not to his undoing, but to his assistance; not to his annihilation, but to his enhancement in the eyes of an enlightened people.

We put the case more simply thus: The distance which separated the virtuoso from the fireside has been reduced; the slow and painful and fallible medium of digital dexterity necessary to any sort of familiarisation in the domestic circle with the divine Art in its diviner moments and moods has been relieved by Science (so sure in its application that Art suffers hardly at all); a new educative medium to musical knowledge, and to the purest domestic pleasure, of an infallible kind, has been installed; and henceforth the ear will be entertained, easily and effectively and unerringly, with the best the great composers have given us, and the national life will be made more melodious and permanently enriched.

Are we merely wise after the event when we say that the present perfection-stage was inevitable? Yet it was never a secret that Mechanism has been faithfully working towards existing results since the dim and doubting era of the musical-box; and in our own day and generation Science merely scores its success, even triumphs; that is all. Is Art taken by surprise? Yet on what grounds did the artist expect his Art to stand still? Music was bound to march, to make strides, like other things. And what has happened? The scientist, working in the mechanical region, has slowly but surely been inspanning the materials which lay ready to hand for doing for the musical art what in other scientific

and artistic directions they have done for life and living generally; and in the end—if it be the end—he has achieved, has arrived at a standard of result which even the artist may accept, while still retaining his self-respect and his art-ideals. In a word, the scientist has brought the music of the great masters to the very homes of the masses, has made them the familiars of our firesides, to be interpreted there and then even by the unlettered in lines and spaces and the uninitiated in scales. The classic composers at the command of the cottager and the clerk! No longer the peculiar possession of the favoured and affected few! Therein is the notable thing—a veritable triumph! The Virtuosi, the Pachmanns, the Paderewskis, all those that love the divine Art and believe in its healing properties, must surely rejoice and be glad. Something like a benefit to the nations is bestowed!

Indeed, it is no exaggeration of style or theme to say that a blessed thing has happened. Against the ignorance and incapacity of the multitude in matters musical, upon which not an army of teachers, confronted by those obstinate fistfuls of fingers, might wage effectual war!—against the physical embargo set by Nature upon musical enjoyment, against the spasmodic and arrested activities of the music-lover, arrested and interrupted and rendered nugatory by a thousand interruptions, lapses, and pre-occupations, the music-lovers with understanding but a heavy hand, a new influence has been introduced, a new means of enjoyment and self-education established; and when the costlier days are over (we shall yet have cheap Pianolas and Æolians, just as we have cheap pianos), the best music will no longer be to the millions a ‘sealed book,’ is even destined to find itself understood and prized in the humblest home, very much as the best literature is prized there now by reason of popularisation through editions easily commanded. It is to realise the virtuoso’s dream, not to sound his death-knell. Is the artist in Literature less in esteem because all men read?

Let the virtuoso consider this to his comforting: I like to know that, ere I set out to the concert-room to hear him, I can prepare the way of understanding by rehearsing his very programme in my modest London lodging, and, returned to its solitude, can recall the memories and reproduce the

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accents of the master's rendering, even repeat that rendering! Such things can Mechanism do!

How strange that it should accomplish these miracles with the Art that is the most impalpable of all, the most untameable, most unmechanical of all!

We are reproducing a portrait of Mons. P. Plançon, the accomplished operatic artist, about whom some biographical notes were published in the music section of last month's ARTIST.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NATIONAL OPERA SCHEME

DEAR SIR,—I beg to present you with a National Opera scheme. As I am unable to spare from my journalistic avocations sufficient time to read newspapers, I do not know if I am poaching on these suggestions of any other person. I trust not. My contribution to current national operatic literature is as follows:—

To build an opera house would be a waste of money, since theatres are to be hired. Moreover, it should be proved that we are an opera-going

nation before launching out into a building. It rests with Lipton, Cadbury, Maple, and other wealthy tradesmen to show whether, or not, Opera is feasible. The Government cannot reasonably be expected to grant a subsidy for the support of a National Opera concern until it has been proved that London—central London—will regularly patronize Opera in English. But the Government might raise the commercial magnates suggested to that social eminence enjoyed by Lord Roberts, on condition that they hand over a slice of their millions to the maintenance of a few years' experimental trial of a National Opera House; and instead of commencing by instituting a stock company, let the Carl Rosa, Moody Manners, and Imperial Opera Companies each give, say, a four months' season, ordinary theatre prices being charged. As things now are, except for a few weeks in the Summer, our nearest approach to opera is the horrible singing (?) connected with the 'Toreador,' 'Florodora,' and 'Kitty Grey' type of songs. And this is indeed lamentable.

GEORGE CECIL.

16 Panton Street, W.,

April 28th, 1902.



MONS. POL PLANÇON

The 'Faust' Revival

THE 'FAUST' REVIVAL AT THE
LYCEUM THEATRE BY
P. G. KONODY WITH SKETCHES
BY NICO JUNGSMANN



THERE are three distinct points of view from which the Lyceum production of Wills's play of 'Faust'—or rather his adaptation of Goethe's tragedy—has to be approached. As a dramatic work of art it is below contempt, and it is a comforting reflection that the reception of this revival by public and press has been far more reserved and critical than on former occasions. To state

the truth in plain words: the unsophisticated days of infantile pleasure in pantomimic melodrama are over, and the absurd antics of stage witches and other malign sprites, accompanied by deafening stage thunder and flames, are only apt to provoke a contemptuous smile and shrug. As a spectacular performance, as a diorama of beautifully conceived and artistically arranged scenes, the production at the Lyceum still holds its own, in spite of the sumptuous *mise-en-scène* of recent productions at Her Majesty's, Drury Lane, and other theatres. And as an opportunity for the display of Sir Henry Irving's finest qualities, his sardonic grimness, his dramatic power, and his thorough, consistent study of a part—however utterly misconceived the part may be—'Faust' has no rival in the list of English dramas.

Wills's 'Faust' is claimed to be an adaptation of Goethe's tragedy. Let it be clearly understood: it is *not* an independent play founded on the old German legend, or even on the German thinker's supreme masterpiece; it is frankly and avowedly an *adaptation*, and can, therefore, not escape the ordeal of comparison with the original play. Now Goethe's 'Faust' is to the German reader almost as sacred as the Bible is to the British. It is the finest embodiment of the Teutonic spirit, and can only be thoroughly appreciated and understood by the German. We cannot be expected to regard it in the same light, but a spark of that reverential

admiration will illumine the mind of every intellectual and cultured student of literature and of the drama, whatever his nationality may be. He will never forgive Mr. Wills for his sacrilegious treatment of the noble work. The English playwright has not only plucked the celestial bird of its gorgeous plumage, he has even mutilated the carcas, pulled out its wings and broken its legs. He has not only transformed lofty poetry into the ludicrous patter of pantomime verse, but has eliminated the philosophy, the metaphysical subtlety, the allegorical teaching of the original. By completely misunderstanding, and therefore misrepresenting, not only the purpose of the play, but the guiding motives of the principal character, he has robbed the drama of its logical connection, and has given us nothing but an impossible, absurd, melodramatic love-story in a setting obviously borrowed from our popular Christmas pantomimes. His Mephistopheles has more resemblance with the Devil of a Punch and Judy Show than with Goethe's cynical Spirit of Negation. His 'Faust' is not Goethe's philosopher and sage, who retains his lofty spirit in a rejuvenated body, but a foolish, impetuous youth, whom the draught from the witches' cup has disburdened of the weight of years, robbing him at the same time of his knowledge and intellect.

There is not a scene, not a line, in the German original, which is not fraught with deep meaning, and has not a direct bearing on the logical working out of the idea. Not so in our adaptation: scenes are omitted, added, mutilated beyond recognition 'to suit the requirements of the stage'—*i.e.*, to make pretty stage pictures, or to send a thrill through the audience. So far has Mr. Wills been led astray, that one feels inclined to doubt whether he had a sufficient knowledge of German to enable him to read the play without assistance. His flagrant sins against logic will best be illustrated by a few examples:

In Goethe's poem Faust hands Margaret a sleeping draught to remove the obstacle of her mother's watchfulness. Margaret's words in the last scene,

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'I have killed my mother,' which are a mere figure of speech to indicate that she has been killed by grief resulting from the events for which her great love is responsible, led Mr. Wills to take it for granted that the drops were a deadly poison! What then more natural, but the adding of a scene in which Mephisto presses the phial upon Faust,

ing, youth, who is constantly writhing under the grip of the Evil-one, against whom his soul revolts in utter helplessness, only to be subdued again by promises or threats. There is only one such outburst in the German original—when Faust first hears of Margaret's crime and imprisonment, and hastens to the rescue; but this scene—

like so many others of equal importance—has been eliminated by the ruthless hand of the adaptor, who has, on the other hand, added one—the very height of absurdity—in which Mephistopheles warns Margaret not to speak of religion to her lover, whereupon she recognises her adviser's identity, utters a thrilling shriek, and chases the tempter out of her sight.

Or, take the scene in the first act, where Mephistopheles entertains the students, and draws wine from the wooden table. In the original play it forms part of Mephisto's scheme to take Faust through the whirl of worldly pleasure:

'Ich muss dich nun vor allen
Dingen
In lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit du siehst, wie leicht sich's
leben lässt
Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag
ein Fest.'

['Before everything else I must now
take you into gay company, so that
you may see how easy it is to live.
Every day is a feast for these folk:']

To Wills the scene serves as nothing but comic relief. The students are idiotic, drunken yokels, and Faust—is absent from the stage, so that the in-



ACT II. SCENE VI.

and another in which Faust accuses himself of the foul deed! Yet, Margaret's love for Faust is not affected by this trifling incident!

Faust, who in Goethe's poem is almost the intellectual equal of Mephistopheles, upon whom he looks with the cool contempt of the master for the tool who administers to the craving of his spirit and body, is transformed by Mr. Wills into a well-intentioned, but supremely uninterest-

ing, youth, who is constantly writhing under the grip of the Evil-one, against whom his soul revolts in utter helplessness, only to be subdued again by promises or threats. But there are plenty of flames to make up for the lack of sense!

To speak of the emptiness and absurdity of the scene in the witches' kitchen and on the Brocken is superfluous, since even the indulgent Lyceum audience refuses to take it seriously, and receives it with derisive laughter. The place of the dialogue is taken by deafening thunder and wind, and

The 'Faust' Revival

by the inarticulate howling of the 'spirits.' The rest is made up by flames, lightning, and cunningly arranged limelight effects. All the paraphernalia of the Drury Lane pantomime are brought into play, and the antics of the monstrous apparitions on the stage, far from being gruesome, are irresistibly funny. That the orchestra plays a strong part throughout the performance, goes without saying. It whines during the love-scenes; its blood-curdling tremolo accompanies every utterance of the fiendish tempter; its martial strains announce the coming of Valentine and the soldiers; it howls and thunders in questionable harmony with the fury of the elements.

It is needless to enter any further into a discussion of the shortcomings of Mr. Wills's parody, but we must energetically protest against the serious imputation contained in the apologetic synopsis of the play, embodied with the programme. 'Most of all,' it reads, 'he (Mr. Wills) strove to tell the love-story in a manner that might appeal to an English-speaking audience.' This remark is nothing short of an insult to the intelligence of the Lyceum audience.

That a play of this description can still rouse the enthusiasm of the play-goers, does not justify the assumption that it actually *is* adapted to suit British taste, but is entirely due to the genius of Sir Henry Irving, whose amazing dramatic power can invest with interest the most inane and objectionable play ever produced on the boards of the Lyceum. The failings of this Mephistopheles are not of Irving's making, but the unavoidable result of Wills's conception. And where the logical construction of the play has suffered, Sir Henry has gained opportunities of showing the range of his power, which a better play would not have afforded him. Goethe's 'Spirit of Negation' is, so to say, the cynical, sardonic side of Faust's nature, and, as such, thoroughly consistent, always grimly sarcastic and calmly superior. This reading of the part would result in an artistic, but somewhat monotonous impersonation, whilst in Wills's Mephistopheles

this cynicism and negative philosophy are grafted on a mixture of conventional stage villain and powerful evil spirit, thus enlarging the scope of the actor's dramatic expression, which rises in certain scenes to really overwhelming grandeur.



ACT II. SCENE VI.

Mr. Stanford, on the other hand, as Faust, does not succeed in putting life into an impossible part, and presents a lamentable figure right through. The new Margaret, Miss Cecilia Loftus, proves equally unable to rise to tragic height, though she is full of girlish charm in some of the minor scenes; and Mr. Laurence Irving's 'Valentine' is dreadfully over-acted. His ravings carry no conviction, and are unnatural to a degree.



ACT III.

From the spectacular point of view, *Faust* is a production not easily to be forgotten. Scene after scene, as it is unrolled to the spectator's gaze, is a true masterpiece of stage decoration. The weirdness of the Brocken landscape is probably unrivalled in the history of the stage. Nor is the effect due to the elaboration of detail, but to the sense of desolation conveyed by the depth of space, its bareness and emptiness. The third scene—Nuremberg, St. Lorenz Platz—introduces a fine spectacular procession, representative of the different types and costumes of the old German town. Burgesses and

beggars, councillors and soldiers, ladies and pages, nuns, priests, and acolytes, pass across the scene in animated groups, arranged in very natural and faultlessly artistic fashion. The appearance in this scene of a beardless Faust must come as a shock to everybody acquainted with Goethe's poem. The image of this mythical personage has been so firmly established by convention, that a deviation from it would be no more startling than, say, a bearded Apollo.

Margaret's chamber, though somewhat bare and unadorned, is most characteristic for the period

QUEEN KATHARINE
LISTENING TO THE
SONG OF ONE OF HER
WOMEN

King Henry the Eighth
Act III., Scene I.

(From a Drawing made for
"The Artist" by F. Taylor.)



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS.

The Shakespeare Festival

and place. Here we have the bed built into a recess of the wall, as it can still be found in some parts of Holland; the carved chest, which takes the place of the wardrobe; the leaded window, through which the setting sun sheds its last rays. The flat canvas with a view of Nuremberg—its narrow streets and red roofs and spires, which forms the background to Faust and Mephistopheles's meeting in the next scene—is a true *chef d'œuvre* of the scene-painter's craft. A charming picture, with a predominance of brown tones, is formed by the group of Margaret and Martha in the old lady's house. All these scenes, as well as the next—Margaret's garden—have been designed by Mr. Hawes Craven, but, charming pictures though they be, they cannot compare in magnificence with the beautiful scene that follows: a street in Nuremberg by the church. Snow covers the ground, and is clumped in hard masses wherever the narrow interstices of the Gothic architecture, with its upward tendency, and numerous little spires and niches, have allowed it to settle. An old well and a stone carving of the Virgin occupy the centre of the stage, whilst on the left the eye of the spectator is taken into the remote recesses of one of those characteristic Nuremberg streets, with its wooden gables and overhanging houses, the roofs of which almost meet on the sky-line. Mr. W. Telbin is responsible for this exquisite scene. Unfortunately the fine effect is marred by a ludicrous incongruity: neither Margaret, nor Bessy, Ida, Alice, and Catherine, the Nuremberg maidens, adapt themselves or their attire to the wintry weather. They sit on the snow-covered stone wall of the well, they

bury their knees and arms in the chilly white, with utter disregard for their health or—an inconceivable trait for the thrifty German maiden—for their finery.

Another unnecessary, and unfortunately only too frequent, mistake is the sudden change of warm, broad daylight, into the darkness of night. Worst of all, however, is the sudden disappearance of the church wall, so that the interior is revealed behind the dark silhouette of the ironwork of the well. Too much praise, on the other hand, cannot be given to the spirit and vivacity with which the entrance of the soldiers has been 'stage managed.' A wave of excitement sweeps over the whole scene. It is not the conventional march of stage soldiers; they hurry across the front in irregular groups of two or three, as the case may be, enthusiastically welcomed by their women folk. The scene, which passes like lightning, is splendidly realistic, and is one of the most agreeable impressions left by the performance. Perhaps a realistic setting is not the ideal aim of the modern stage, but while we cling to the old tradition, we must turn to the Lyceum for its perfect realisation.

Sir Henry Irving's fine impersonation of his part, and the scenic artists' achievements, are the only thoroughly satisfactory features of the production. The play itself, and every word of the dialogue, are hopeless failures.

'Where is reason, where is sense
In this crazy jester's hideous grimace?'

exclaims Faust in the second scene. Where, indeed, is reason, where is sense to be found in a single utterance of Mr. Wills's travesty?

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY F. TAYLOR

THE anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, and of his death—the 23rd April—has been celebrated again this year with befitting solemnity at Stratford-on-Avon. The little town is yearly attracting an increasing number of devotees anxious to do honour at the shrine of the master-poet; and the 'Shakespeare Festivals' at the Memorial Theatre will soon vie in popularity and splendid enthusiasm with the biennial Wagner Festivals at

the little Bavarian town of Bayreuth. Even the United States send their contingent of visitors to the little town, just as if there were no Mrs. Gallup to explode the ridiculous, old-fashioned belief in the Elizabethan play-actor's genius!

In the thirty-three years of the Memorial Theatre's existence, no less than thirty-two of Shakespeare's plays have been enacted on its boards, the one chosen for the present occasion



CARDINAL WOLSEY
(MR. BENSON)
FROM A DRAWING
BY F. TAYLOR

The Shakespeare Festival



HEAD-DRESS OF ONE OF THE SIX
FIGURES OF THE APPARITION

being 'Henry VIII.' Comparatively few representations of this play have been given within late years, and the more notable productions were those of Sir Henry Irving, at the Lyceum, and of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, at Manchester. The participation of Miss Ellen Terry, who figured in the caste as Queen Katharine, gave a special lustre to the performance; and the welcome accorded her was the warmer, as this was her first appearance since her return from the United States. Her magnificent reading of the part which throughout gives full scope to her dramatic power—more especially in the trial scene—is still fresh in our memory from the time when it contributed towards one of the most remarkable successes at the Lyceum. Mr. Benson's acting of the part of 'Cardinal Wolsey' also deserves the fullest praise, although his power as a mimic does not come up to his enthusiasm for the works of the Bard of Avon and to his skill as a stage-manager. In the annals of the British drama he will figure less as a great actor, but as the only man who has endeavoured—and successfully endeavoured—to gather round him an efficient company for the lasting establishment of a Shakespeare

répertoire, the only actor-manager who has sacrificed pecuniary advantages for the sake of true Art, and who has refused to make concessions to the popular craving for melodramatic sensationalism. Only a few years ago, humiliating though it be to admit, Shakespeare was less known in England than, perhaps, in any other of the countries of Europe which claim a position in the world of Art and Literature. If things are changed now, and the greatest English poet receives more attention in his own country than the mere reverence for a great name, this is

BUCKINGHAM



FRED. TAYLOR:

MR. RODNEY AS BUCKINGHAM

The Artist

mainly due to the unceasing efforts in a noble cause of Mr. Benson.

The feature, however, of the Stratford production of 'King Henry the Eighth' was Mr. Rodney's impersonation of the Duke of Buckingham. The part, though small in volume, is full of splendid opportunities for an actor whose forte lies in fine elocution, and it is one in which Mr. Forbes Robertson scored one of his first successes. Mr. Rodney, who looked the character to perfection in a costume of purply-brown velvet and black, played the part with quiet reserve and impressiveness, and his pathetic speech before his execution, delivered with consummate taste and pathos, moved some of the audience to tears.

Mr. Brydone, as 'King Henry VIII.,' might have stepped out of one of Holbein's canvases and gave an adequate impersonation of the character. Mrs. Benson, as 'Anne Bullen,' was less happy in the choice of her costume and hair-dress, but made the best of a not very exacting part.

As played at Stratford-on-Avon, the drama is divided into four acts of eleven scenes, with a caste of thirty performers. The setting throughout was excellent, and no fault could be found with the scene-painter's share of the work, which was correct to the minutest archæological detail. Considerable care had also been bestowed upon the costumes and accessories, though these were not correct in some minor details. Thus, the shoes were far from correct, and belong to a much later

period. The canopy over the baby Queen Elizabeth constituted, perhaps, the most striking anachronism of the whole production. Instead of being kept in the severe lines of the period, the top part was adorned with festoons of a kind much in favour in early Victorian decoration. The costumes worn by the masquers were most delightful and well thought out, beautifully harmonious in colour and full of quaintness, with classical features (such as masks) introduced. The six characters who took part in the vision were dressed in simple, pale green, loose garments, and wore wreaths of brilliant green leaves round their heads. The effect of the vision in the gloom of the stage was most artistic. Perhaps the most characteristic costume of the Henry VIII. period was the one worn by Miss Craig as lady attendant to Queen Katharine.

An interesting feature of the performance was the employment of local men as supers. Their faces being much more 'modelled' than those of London supers, made the crowd more realistic and interesting. The charming incidental music used for the production was not the well-known work of Mr. German, but composed by Mr. George W. Collins, of the Guildhall School of Music.

The festival, which occupied the space of four days, included, besides three performances of 'King Henry the Eighth,' one production each of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'The Taming of the Shrew,' both of which plays had been performed at the Memorial Theatre on previous occasions.

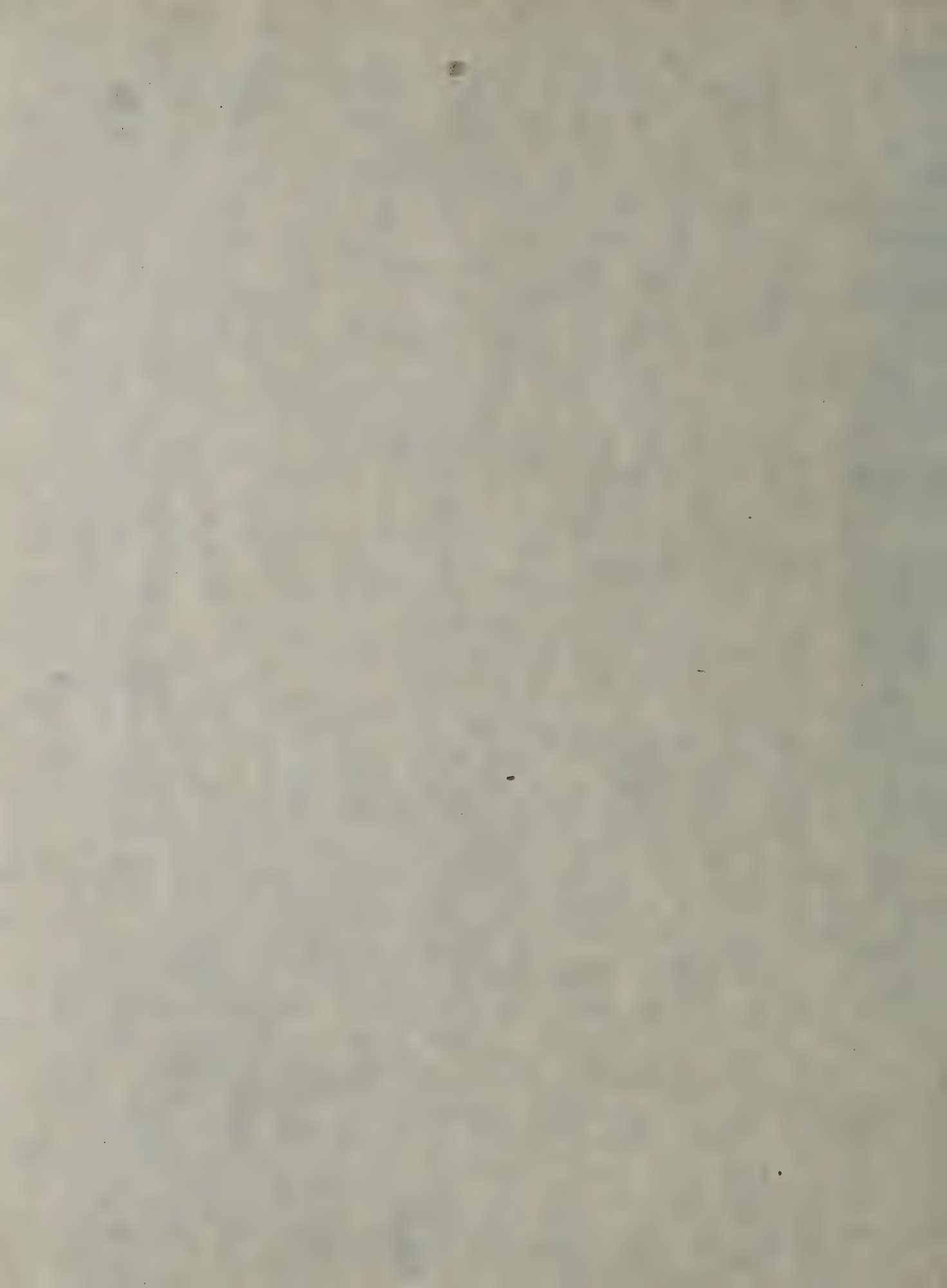


A LOCAL SUPER

JULY

Drawn for 'The Artist'

by J. Newton Shepard





'L'AMOUR PAISIBLE'
BY A. WATTEAU
(COLLECTION OF G. H. PECK, ESQ.)

BRITISH AND FRENCH PICTURES AT THE GUILDHALL EXHIBITION 1902, BY EDGCUMBE STALEY

THE Art Gallery of the Corporation of London this season, contains a fascinating 'Selection of Works by French and English Painters of the Eighteenth Century.' The exhibits number one hundred and fifty-one, which, with two or three exceptions, are displayed for the first time at the Guildhall.

The place of honour is worthily filled by a charming example of F. H. Drouais, lent by Lord Masham: 'A Family Group.' There are three figures in the composition, easily and gracefully disposed in a boudoir. The attention of the lady, whilst arranging flowers in the child's hair—who leans against her knee—is arrested by the entrance of a gentleman. The costumes, of the time of

Louis XVI., are rich, and their colours are beautifully blended. The 'carnations' are lively, the features pretty, and altogether the picture is a very pleasant one. Drouais was famous as a Court portrait painter; he excelled, moreover, with children, giving them a delightful *naïveté*.

'The sweetest portraitist' of his period—J. M. Nattier—is represented by five splendid examples. 'Madame Henriette de France,' daughter of Louis XIV., belonging to Mr. C. Wertheimer, is one of his most remarkable works. The superb robe of scarlet and gold brocade, *en crinoline*, heightens, by reflection, the flesh tints of the neck and face. The Princess holds a violoncello and a bow; her expression is very natural as she listens, with

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a corner of her mouth raised to assist her ear, to the note she is drawing forth. The head is well worked up with a bountiful brush. Doubtless good Courtier-like Nattier 'assisted Nature,' as our French neighbours say when talking about Art. The harmony and rhythm of the whole composition are delightful.

On either side of this picture are two lovely faces, 'Le Silence' and 'Le Point du Jour,' from the collection of Mr. Lionel Phillips. They are quite remarkable for their brilliancy and for the beauty of the hectic 'carnations.' If the cheeks of the fair ladies are somewhat highly coloured, such was the *mode* at the gay Court of France. The vigour and dignity are superb. The models were the Demoiselles de Nesle, famous beauties in Paris. These two pictures made the fame also of Nattier.

Facing these three lovely portraits is 'La Comtesse de Neubourg et sa Fille,' also by Nattier. This is a fascinating canvas indeed. The mother, seated at her dressing-table—quite the usual position for portraits of the period when artists had the *entrée de famille*—has a somewhat pre-occupied expression. This is in delightful contrast with the absolute trustfulness of the lovely child, who looks out with lustrous eyes upon the beholder. There

is a softness and a repose quite in keeping with the chief characteristics of the master—actuality of expression, animation of manner, gracefulness of pose, and exquisite colouring. This beautiful picture belongs to Mr. Reginald Vaile.

'L'Aimable Accord,' by J. F. de Troy, lent by M. Vilderstein, is a very animated composition. The pose and purpose are harmonious. The colours are well arranged; if the flesh tints are somewhat artificial, the effect is eminently satisfactory. The canvas reveals the assiduity of the master and the charm of his *galanterie*. De Troy may be regarded as the premier decorative painter of France. The juxtaposition of pictures by Largillière gives the lover of Art the rare opportunity of comparing the methods of the two schools—decorative painters and portraiturists. Largil-



MDLLE. GUIMARD
BY FRAGONARD
(COLLECTION OF G. H. PECK, ESQ.)

lière was the herald of the new century. His canvases are full of exuberance and glitter. His colours are brilliant and fresh. 'Monsieur de Noiremont,' 'Madame de Noiremont,' and 'Madame Lambert de Thorigny,' are in his best manner. The two former are remarkable for their finish and high tone of colour. The haughty bearing of Monsieur is matched by the distinction of Madame, with her beautiful grey hair raised over her brow. The



'LE SILENCE',
BY J. M. NATTIER
(COLLECTION OF L. PHILLIPS, ESQ.)



'A PASTORAL,' BY F. BOUCHER
(COLLECTION OF C. T. D. CREWS, ESQ.)

latter portrait is in gentler tone; it is noticeable as belonging to the silver-grey series of Largillière's portraits. Its value is that of a cameo in low relief.

From de Troy to Boucher is an easy step. 'The Prince of decorative painters' is represented by eleven examples. The four great panels belong to Madame Ridgway, and have been removed for the first time for exhibition. They are of unequal merit, but display the fertility, boldness and *abandon*

of the master. 'The Fortune-Teller' is the best.

The true connoisseur never dreams of finding fault with the 'Anacreon of Painters'; the prejudiced *may* turn away unconvinced!

'A Pastoral,' lent by Mr. C. T. D. Crews, is one of the master's softest and most refined smaller works. The brick-dust 'carnations' of the shepherd are quite remarkable, but then Boucher worked with something of a Michael Angelesque virility.



'THE DISCREET MESSENGER'
BY F. BOUCHER
(COLLECTION OF G. H. PECK, ESQ.)

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'The Discreet Messenger,' from Mr. G. H. Peck's collection, is a delicious symphony in softest cream and green. The flesh tints are heightened, and give animation to the figure of the girl.

Fragonard's name at once suggests itself in connection with decorative painting. The magnificent *suite* of panels—'The Romance of Love and Youth'—is not new to British Art-lovers. Here is to be relished the *bouquet* of the whole exhibition. Surely nothing more delightful can be found in the whole world of Art. The exquisite beauty of the pictures makes them a joy for ever. They belong to Mr. J. Pierpoint Morgan, who purchased them for a fabulous sum from their original habitation at Grasse.

'La Foire de St. Cloud,' belonging to Mons. L. Goldschmidt, is one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition. Such a delicious blending of the coolness of the forest glade with the gold-dust and glitter of a sun-lit landscape, is unique: the shimmering of the hot atmosphere, creamy-yellows, figures, trees and marble fountain. As we gaze into this brilliant canvas, we seem to inhale the fragrant breath of summer flowers. The dancing figure of 'Mdlle. Guimard,' which belongs to Mr. G. H. Peck, is a beautiful *morceau*, and links Fragonard to Lancret with his 'Camargo.'

Examples of the school of Watteau—painters of the 'Fêtes galantes'—are deliciously numerous. 'Camp Followers,' by the master-painter, lent by Mr. W. A. Coats, is as interesting as anything in the exhibition. It was a favourite subject (it should be entitled, 'Halte de Détachement'), and was probably painted at Valenciennes, under the

direction of the wounded grenadier, de la Roque, a fugitive from Malplaquet. The high finish and accuracy of detail, together with the sombreness of the colours, are all characteristic of youthful days of struggle. Watteau's special colour is seen in 'A Masquerade.' It represents the Italian comedians, so famous in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV., and so fascinating to the painter himself. The creamy opalescent white—quite flashing in brilliancy—of the dresses of Gilles and Columbine is unique. This little gem belongs to Sir Edgar



'LE LORGNEUR,' BY A. WATTEAU
(COLLECTION OF A. WERTHEIMER, ESQ.)

Vincent, M.P.

'Le Lorgneur,' lent by Mr. A. Wertheimer, gives us one of Watteau's favourite character figures—the guitarist. His dress—a slashed garment—is of that peculiar hue peculiar to Watteau, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, and seen most effectively in 'La Finette,' at the Louvre. The saffron gown of the lady is reminiscent of the Venetian masters. The strong light issuing from the figures, or, rather,



'UNE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE,' BY PATER
(COLLECTION OF C. T. D. CREWS, ESQ.)

thrown upon them as from the footlights of a theatre, is quite characteristic. 'L'Amour Paisible,' lent by Mr. G. H. Peck, is an exquisite little picture. Brilliancy of colour, lightning touch, and piquancy of pencilling are all here. This was one of Watteau's favourite subjects.

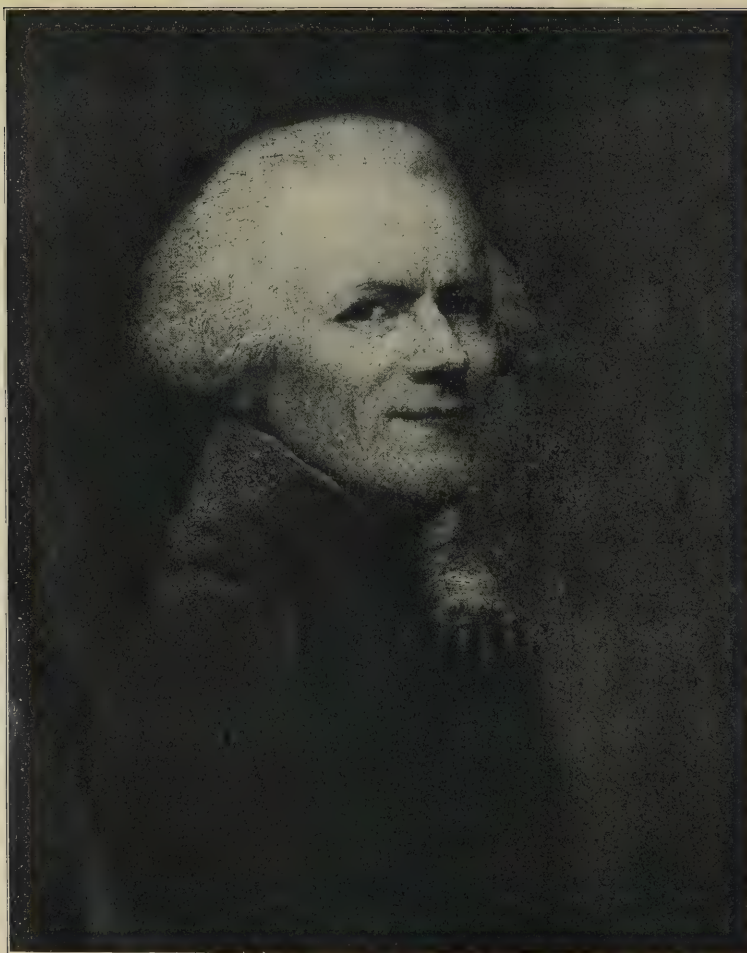
The juxtaposition of Pater's beautiful 'Plaisirs Champêtres,' from Mr. R. Vaile's collection, and 'Reunion dans un Parc,' lent by Mr. A. Wertheimer, offers a delightful study of the painter's manner. His best effects were manifestly obtained by rapid work. Opposite these canvases is 'La Toilette,' belonging to Mrs. S. Clarke—a charming genre subject, and one often treated by Pater. Possibly the best Lancret in the exhibition is 'Scene in a Garden,' lent by Mr. J. P. Heseltine. Here we see traces of *étouffe rayée*, so noticeable in the painter's costumes. This has all the skilful treatment of movement, and the high finish of Watteau's most attractive disciple. It is much to be regretted that Lancret is so inadequately represented. Chardin

has two attractive pictures. 'La Fontaine,' lent by Mr. G. H. Peck, is a highly characteristic work. 'Le Chateau de Cartes,' from Mr. R. Vaile's collection, is an admirable composition. Both these subjects the artist repeated several times. The treatment of the light and the accessories are all well done.

'L'Occupation de Ménage,' by E. Aubrey, belonging to Captain Warner, is a brilliant piece of brushwork; it is quite Chardinesque, although the face and dainty lace cap are after the manner of Aubrey's master, Greuze.

The most remarkable example of Greuze is 'Le Portrait de Robespierre,' lent by Lord Rosebery. Is the expression on the face a smile forced back, or a sneer projected, or merely a mark of pre-occupation? Who can say? The features of Robespierre and of Buonaparte were alike inscrutable. This is one of the master's greatest triumphs. He has given us something which fixes our eyes with magnet-power.

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'ROBESPIERRE'
BY GREUZE
FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE POSSESSION OF
LORD ROSEBERY

Chief among the British painters represented is Romney. His masterpiece, 'The Stafford Children,' from the Duke of Sutherland's collection, is a superb composition. If the outlines are somewhat hard, the pose of each figure and its individual value are excellent. The childish dancers are living realities—lightsome as the air they breathe. The two portraits of Lady Hamilton, hanging, as they do, nearly side by side, furnish a splendid opportunity for appreciation of the master's versatility, and his truthfulness, and his naturalness of manner. 'Bacchante,' lent by Mr. T. Chamberlayne, is perhaps the most beautiful portrait of the fair model. Her auburn hair, her healthy colour, her liquid eyes, are all there. Sir Audley Neeld's picture is a striking contrast—a youthful pensive manner, almost devotional. The colour scheme is subdued,

but its very reserve heightens one's interest and admiration.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented most characteristically by 'The Girl with a Goldfinch'—an example of his peculiar gift of *espièglerie*—belonging to Mr. T. Humphrey Ward. 'The Honourable Edward Bligh,' from Lord Darnley's collection, is a beautifully finished portrait, exhibiting a great master's excellence in worked-up brushwork. His ability to represent more than one set of emotions is admirably rendered. The nervous determination on the youthful face is counterbalanced by a sense of self-command.

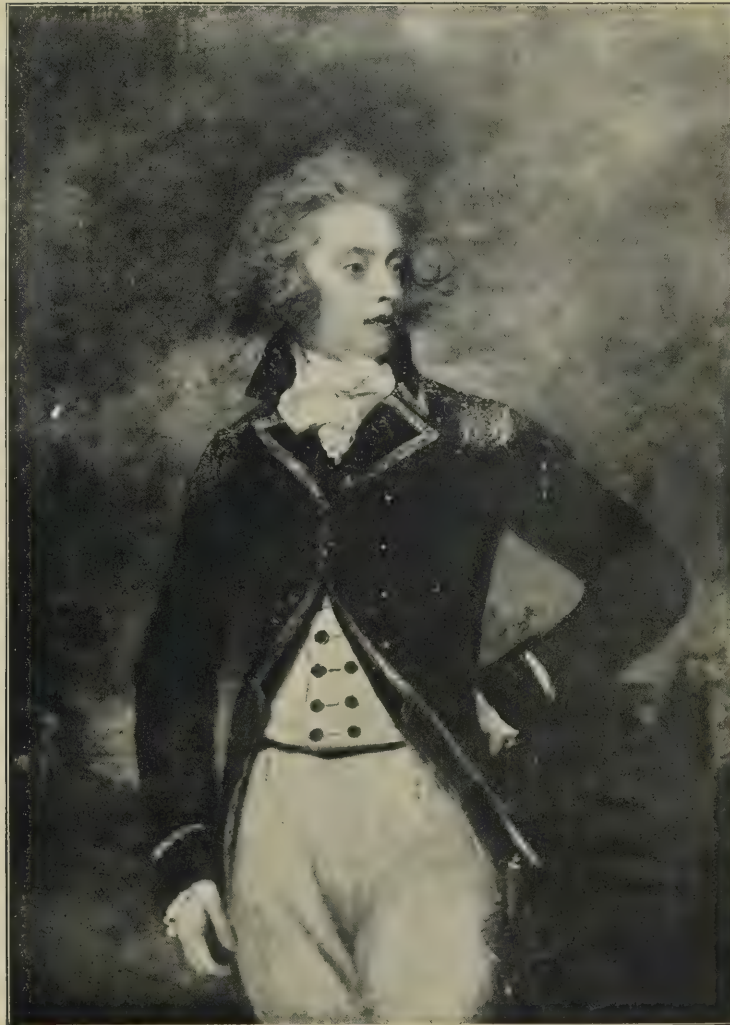
'Edward, fifth Lord Darnley,' by Hoppner, is a striking canvas. The actuality of the portrait is remarkable—similar features are still possessed by his descendants. This picture is also from Cobham.

British and French Pictures at the Guildhall

Undoubtedly the best Gainsborough is 'The Cottage Girl,' belonging to Mr. A. F. Basset. His style is very interesting, as showing the naturalness and national reserve of the English manner associated with the greater freedom and exuberance of the French masters.

The whole exhibition is a delightful 'school of contrast.' The witchery of the French artificialities enthralls every sense, and wraps us in a dream of love, beauty, and youth. An awakening is into the fresh air, and the wholesome environment of English truth and simplicity.

Every lover of Art must feel a heavy debt is due to the enlightened policy of the Corporation of the City of London, which now, for the eleventh year in succession, has provided us, with characteristic munificence, a Feast of delight. To Mr. A. G. Temple, the worthy Director, the thanks of all are tendered. He has, with rare diplomacy and taste, gathered and arranged brilliant examples of British and French painters. To owners who have so good-naturedly denuded their walls to afford pleasure to their less-fortunate brethren, the most sincere gratitude must be felt and expressed.



THE HON. EDWARD BLIGH
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
(LORD DARNLEY'S
COLLECTION)



THE BUST, A SKETCH FROM THE PAINTING
BY H. LE SIDANER

THE PARIS SALONS.
OIL PAINTINGS,
BY LAURENCE JERROLD

IT cannot be said that the most prominent painters of the Société Nationale have this year rested on their laurels; but they have striven to no very great result. Of some canvases signed by well known names—M. Rixen's 'Jubilée of Pasteur' and M. Dubufe's 'Apotheosis of Gounod,' for instance—the less said the better. Among the others, one stands alone—Mr. John Sargent's wonderful picture, 'The Daughters of A. Wertheimer, Esq.,' exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. The canvas 'kills' outright the chief new work in portrait painting of the year—that in which the President of the Society has depicted himself and all his family. Mr. Sargent also shows two comparatively unimportant small portraits—one of a composer, M. Léon Dalafosse; the other entitled 'A Study.' The former is a little dull in general colour, but the weak refinement of the face is wonderfully brought out, and

the 'transparency of the texture of the skin is beautifully rendered, while there is a poignant plaintiveness in the very pale blue eyes. 'The 'study' is that of a woman, in the poise of whose head and shoulders there is an almost masculine vigour, and it is painted with a corresponding boldness and brilliancy. She is singing, and throwing back her head to give a note its full power. The white, distended throat is, as may well be imagined, a most brilliant bit of painting.

M. Carolus Duran's large group of sixteen portraits is certainly one of his most conscientious efforts. He has taken great pains with the work, and in that regard it deserves our respect. The artist has painted himself standing palette in hand, half in shadow, to the right of the canvas, in profile, against a great brass shield, apparently placed for decorative purposes in the room, which is a richly furnished salon, on the walls of which



LOW MASS
IN BRITTANY
BY
CHARLES COTTET

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are hung dark pictures in heavy gold frames, only half seen, only the lower portions entering into the limits of the oblong canvas. M. Carolus Duran, by whose side stands in deeper shadow a young man, is looking at his wife in white, seated in a group of girls and boys. The centre of the picture is occupied by a child holding a greyhound and a young woman bearing aloft in her extended arms a

that his purpose was to present a picture of a distinguished artist's home-life which should at once touch and impress the public, that one has hardly the heart to smile at the elegant ease of the figures, the Sunday best frocks, the fine furniture, the lofty nobility mixed with patronising kindness, which the painter has put into his own attitude, or, in short, at the artlessness of the



ST. MALO BEACH
BY J. W. MORRICE

baby. To the right, in front of the painter, is a nurse seated with a golden-haired child in her arms. A ray of light striking the grey head of the artist passes on to the golden hair of the child on the nurse's lap. From this description, the intention and spirit of the work will have been guessed. I am not sure that there would be much fault to find with the intention if it had been quite adequately carried out. The striving after theatrical effect is almost naïve. The painter has so evidently shown

artist's endeavours to gratify us with a glimpse into aristocratic intimacy.

This is the psychology of the President's contribution. The technique is less diverting. I have already said that in this regard the work is conscientious enough in its way. The drawing and grouping of the figures are undoubtedly skilful, and the silks and satins are resplendent. But the scene gives a strange impression of motionlessness. The painter's wife has been turning round in that



'SŒURS QUÊTEUSES'
BY L. SIMON

arm-chair for months in the same attitude, and the painter himself has been transfixed palette in hand as he looked at his children and grandchildren. The scheme of colour is uncertain and without accent, and the fall of the light into the room is ill-defined. In short, when M. Carolus Duran painted the picture, he never saw it as one harmonious whole. By now he must have compared it with Mr. Sargent's great picture, which is all harmony. Perhaps, after all, M. Carolus Duran's mistake was in the way in which he looked at his subject, and the fault of the work does lie in its intention; and it may be that had he worked in a different spirit, the realisation would have been more successful. I may add that the respect which the work, such as it is, commands, because of the painstaking care which has evidently been bestowed upon it, need not necessarily be extended to the intention in which it was painted.

Other portrait painters at the Société Nationale are more disappointing than M. Carolus Duran, because more is expected of them than the painting of rich stuffs. M. Blanche has never been much of a character painter, but he used to be an exquisite painter of attitudes and a delightful colourist. He is neither, in his portraits of the writer Paul Adam and the artist Charles Cottet. I mean, of course, that he falls below his own high standard. Both portraits are strangely hard. Possibly the artist meant to put vigour into the faces, but he has chiefly given them brutality. There is the same fault in the colour and in the manner in which it is laid on. The tones are not luminous, and the touch is rough. Two small studies of women in sweeping, grey robes are, on the contrary, in M. Blanche's old fascinating manner. No exhibitor will give keener disappointment to those who have followed past Salons than M. de la Gandara; but I understand that the artist has been handicapped by ill-health, so refrain from criticism.

M. Dagnan Bouveret, on the other hand, comes up to his usual average. Two of his portraits—one of a young, the other of an elderly, woman—are as careful and as conscientious as the best of his works; but in both the artist shows his old peculiarity of a timid—one might say shrinking—touch. The likeness of the sculptor and painter Gerôme, on the other hand, is not so conscientious, while not more vigorous. The sitter is placed in an

extraordinary green light, and the striving after theatrical effect is evident. But no real effect of light has been attempted. It is not a green light that plays around the head; all there is is green paint, unpleasant in itself, laid on to make the profile stand out. M. Gervex's portrait of a lady, imitated from Gainsborough, and his full-length likeness of Prince Victor Napoleon, extremely hard and very dull, need only be mentioned, as I shall refer later on to the canvas, which is by far the artist's best exhibit.

M. Eugène Carrière shows six studies of a woman's head, which are equal to his best work. His exhibits last year rather wanted accent. But these six works are admirable studies of human feeling. If they are no more than that, they are, within their limitations, perfect. I mean that M. Carrière can hardly be said to paint external Nature; his flesh is, in the truest sense, but the clothing of the spirit. A great deal of hair-splitting and sophistry have been indulged in of late on the subject of M. Carrière's art, particularly in reference to a large volume just published, containing very fine reproductions of some of his best known pictures. We have been treated to a tremendous theory designed to demonstrate that M. Carrière really does paint light, colour, and the outward aspect of Nature. He is supposed to reduce atmosphere and light to their simple elements, and in particular is described as 'volatilising light,' whatever that may mean. The result of this mysterious process is that his painting has now become practically monotone. But we are assured gravely that he really does paint light and colour nevertheless, though we might not have thought it. To my sense, this subtilising about the work of a serious and earnest artist is most irritating to those who admire him most. The plain fact, as far as my intelligence can penetrate, seems to me to be that M. Carrière does not, strictly speaking, paint external Nature. Light, atmosphere, colour *per se* are to him nothing; they are but the clothing of the spirit, and it is the spirit that he expresses. Does his famous 'Motherhood' give any other impression but that of the mother's perfect love, her agony of tenderness, as she sweeps her children into her arms? That—and no sentiment of captivating lights and colours, of an amusing play of light here or a delicious bit of colour there—is the

The Paris Salons

only feeling in the picture, but it is expressed as deeply as any feeling ever was in Art. Of course, it would be absurd to say that M. Carrière lacks atmosphere; but his atmosphere precisely resides in the spiritual impression which his canvas conveys. So it is with the six studies exhibited this year. In each the woman's face is grey, all but lifeless; but the soul lives and shines through the flesh, from which all colour has gone. The same face is depicted in different phases of grief—from dull melancholy, which closes the eyes in a listless semi-somnolence, to numb despair that finds no more tears to shed.

Mr. Whistler shows an exquisite 'Portrait of Mme. V.: ivory and gold,' a lady in a great lace ruffle; 'The Boy Cardinal: garnet and gold,' in which the clear-skinned white face with the red lips is wonderful; and other small studies, the most important of which is 'Phryne,' a beautifully delicate nude figure. M. Kroyer has one of the best portraits in the exhibition, that of Björnstjorn-Björnsen standing, his ruddy, strong-featured face looking straight out, and his head, with the mass of white hair bared to the sun, in a sunlit landscape, the



A DREAM (DECORATIVE SKETCH)
BY M. ELIOT

only defect in the work being a slight falsity of relation in the tones of the sky and the green valley in the background. Mr. L. W. Hawkins has a portrait of a somewhat over-dressed lady standing with her back to the light in a brilliantly

sunny garden, the hard effect, both in the glittering leaves in the sun, and in the finery of the lady, which gives a dull and jarring note in relation to the air and sun of the surroundings, being presumably intentional. Mr. Lavery has two very graceful harmonies in greys, whites, and blacks—a child dressed for Confirmation, and a young woman with a look of passionate melancholy in her face.

By far the best interior in the exhibition is M. Simon's 'Quer-teuses.' Every touch in the picture is characteristic. The piano, the



A PROCESSION ENTERING NANTES CATHEDRAL
BY A. LEPÈRE



AUTUMN, BY RENÉ MÉNARD

bronze ornament on its plush pedestal, the photographs symmetrically arranged on each side, the hideous red chair, all are eloquent of snug respectability. The worthy lady of the parlour, in her crackly satin dress, is wondering how little she can decently give to the jolly middle-aged nun and the shy girl by her side. The only fault of observation in the picture is, to my mind, the attitude of the older Sister of Charity, who is, for no very apparent reason, looking out at the spectator. The general scheme of colour is extremely good, in dark, but rich and luminous tones. The technique of the faces is superbly strong and sure, and is really masterly. Mr. Walter Sickert has two interiors, and two views of San Marco at Venice, one (morning) in the shadow, the other (afternoon) in half sunlight. Both are very harmonious. But there is, I think, more strength in the two pictures of Bedford Music Hall, seen from the house and from the stage. Both are treated with fine breadth, in full, luminous tones. Mr. Walter Gay's interiors without figures

are delicate studies of the individual characters of dwelling places, giving, with greater subtlety perhaps than breadth, the 'atmosphere' of a room, the general impression which it conveys, and the elements of which are the prints on the walls, the furniture, the arrangement of familiar objects as they have been left by the occupants, the characteristic manner in which the light falls.

Among studies of light, M. Besnard's 'L'Ile Heureuse' is prominent, while distinctly decorative in style. The work belongs to the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It cannot be said to be one of the best the artist has produced. The effect of light is strangely unsatisfying, and the 'Happy Isle' is bathed in a curiously disquieting atmosphere. The island is in the foreground and in the shade. Still, dull green water separates it, to the left, from a range of mountains in the background, also in the shadow, while to the right a brilliant yellow and rosy light breaking through clouds, and illumining a cleft in the hills, glances over the surface of the

THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

INGRES

From the Portrait by the Artist
at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

Photo: Alinari

The Artist





The Paris Salons

lake in ripples of red and gold to the edge of the isle. Through the train of light, boats bearing figures—some nude, the flesh literally gilded by the strange illumination, others in brilliantly coloured garments—hie towards the happy isle on which nymphs disport themselves and fauns pipe. The interest of the picture lies evidently not in the rather confused foreground, but in the effect of light, which consists broadly in the contrast between the dull opaque greens of the isle and the foliage on the mountains, and the garish light coming down the cleft in the range and across the water. But the contrast is not quite convincing. Something appears to be wrong in the relation between the two scales of values. The cold shade, where no light seems ever to have reverberated and the mysterious radiance which appears to be not made of rays that are diffused in the air, but a stream from some outside world, jar one with the other. M. Besnard's 'Happy Isle' gives, not an impression of blissful repose, but an 'impression fausse.'

Is M. Cottet's manner altering for the better? Undoubtedly the harmony of impression of his 'Low mass in Winter in Brittany' is intensely satisfying. Not a touch is discordant. The picture is a poem of unutterable melancholy. In the grey-green sea, the grey walls and church, the leaden sky, and the procession of black bent figures slowly winding along the desolate road, there is the same poignant sadness deeply expressed. Certainly the artist has not produced a more carefully studied harmony or a more thoughtful and earnest work. All the same, one half regrets the bold masses of colour, the rough, brutal tones, by a curious property of their own at once hard and luminous, of M. Cottet's earlier works.

M. Gervex has made not only a courageous but a partly successful attempt to give interest to a huge

canvas representing the President of the Republic followed by the Cabinet Ministers entering the tent in the Tuileries Gardens, where all the Mayors of France were bidden to lunch together two years ago. The chief personages in the scene have been badly treated, as M. Loubet and the Ministers positively recede into the canvas, but the effect of the sun filtering through the white canvas roof and of the garish white light over the whole scene, is amusingly carried out. After an absence of some years, M. Roll has reappeared at the Société Nationale with a melodramatic 'Tragedy of the Soil,' a murdered peasant woman lying face downwards in a country lane, in the shadow of a wall, while beyond a remarkably lurid patch of sunlight gleams, which has evidently been painted there for purposes of dramatic effect.

Some of the best outdoor studies are contributed by M. Guirand de Scévola, Mr. Morrice, M. Claus, Mr. Alexander Harrison, M. Buysse, M. Piet, and, of course, M. Fritz Thaulow. The last named artist, however, shows perhaps less breadth of manner than usual in several of his exhibits, but there is in at least one of them the same deep luminousness as in his former works. M. Claus has an important study of sunlight speckling with dazzling

luminous spots an apple orchard, in which a boy and girl are gathering the fruit.

M. René Ménard's effects of glowing sunlight are as luminous as ever. It is true that his effects do not vary much, but in his own somewhat limited field he is an unequalled colourist. The best of his exhibits this year is, to my mind, the canvas representing a wooded slope in Autumn, with cattle in the foreground. The mellow tones of the foliage, and especially the splendid glow of yellow and red sunlight on the hills and in the delicate sky beyond, are beautiful, and the whole picture is full of shimmering air.



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF A CHILD BY F. GUIGUET

MISS MAUDE NATHAN'S BOOKBINDINGS

It is the care and pleasure of the owner of books to cherish and preserve them. Hence the craft of binding has always flourished. Yet, strange to say, it has varied but little in its technical mysteries. Since pasteboards, covered with leather and stamped in quaint devices, first took the place of stout wooden boards, often enriched with gold, ivory, and enamels, we have not vitally altered our methods, and the gold tooling of to-day is, in its essentials, almost identical with that introduced into Italy in the fifteenth century. Although we now bind books in a manner very similar to that of ancient days, the collector's peculiar joy in old bindings is not alone due to reverence and curiosity for things of a by-gone age, but also to the fact that there really is greater beauty and spontaneity in their design and conception. From the time of Roger Payn until within very recent years, the



BINDING OF DOMENICO SESTINI'S
'VIAGGIO DA COSTANTINOPOLI A BASSORA'
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

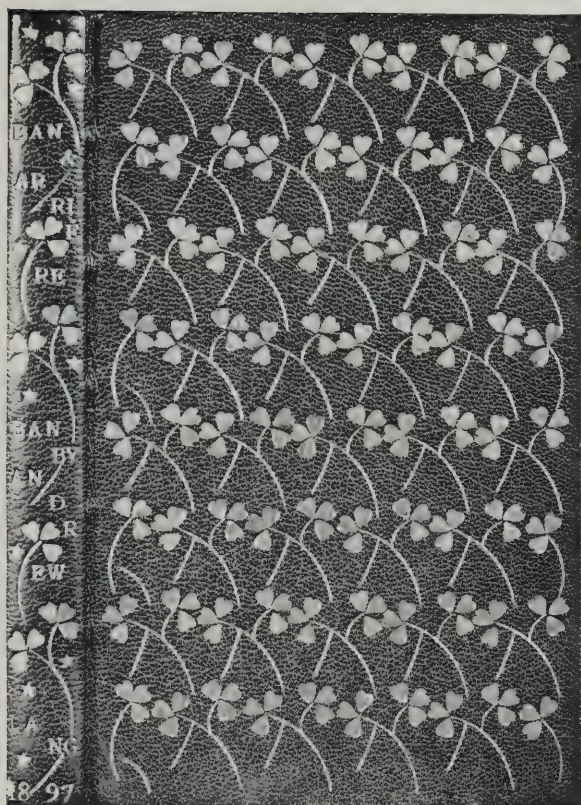


A BOOK COVER
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

artist's side of the craft had, in England, suffered neglect; and though, possibly, the technical perfection of the work had increased, the results were without individuality or feeling. Even that problematic technical perfection has been, in many cases, wasted. The deterioration of leather since 1860 has been so marked, that a Commission was recently appointed by the Society of Arts to enquire into the causes of this rapid decay and to suggest means for its prevention.

Let us hope that the efforts of this Commission of experts will meet with success, for now, at last, the decadence of the artistic side of bookbinding need no longer be deplored; and it would be a serious misfortune if work like that of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, Mr. Douglas Cockerell, and Miss S. T. Prideaux were to perish for lack of due care in the preparation of the materials in which it is carried out. With names such as these to boast of, and the knowledge that in their workshops a young generation is garnering wisdom and producing results worthy of their teachers, we can challenge even the great binders of France. Indeed, we can quote the words of one of their own writers, who,

Miss Maude Nathan's Bookbindings



BINDING FOR ANDREW LANG'S 'BAN ET ARRIÈRE BAN'
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

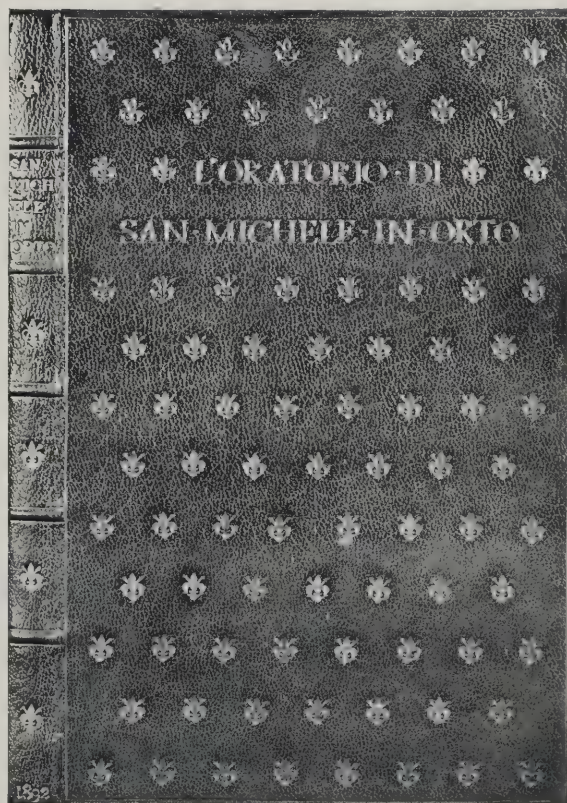
in mentioning the English exhibition of bindings at the Goupil Gallery, says :—

‘On pouvait saisir, en effet, parmi les reliures d’outre Manche, un séduisant alliage de sobriété et d’originalité, et l’on pouvait voir que le respect des saines traditions s’accommode fort bien d’une recherche nouvelle de décor.’—*Art et Décoration*, Août, 1899 ; p. 58.

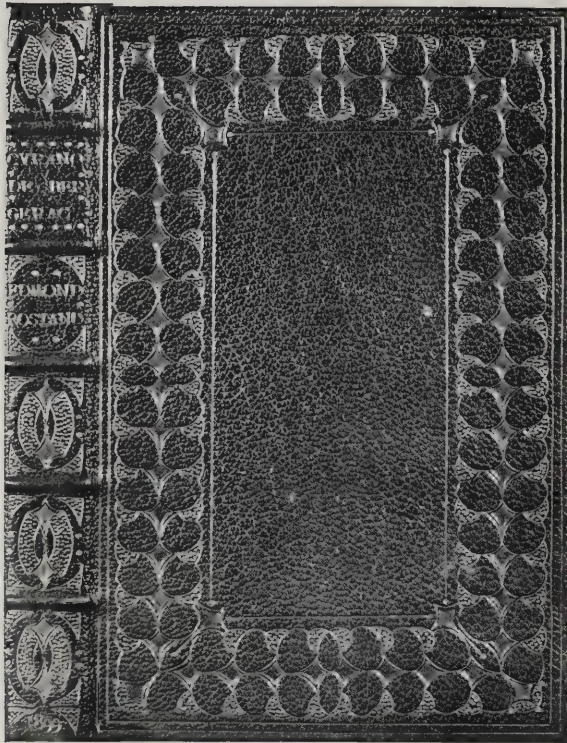
This gracious tribute to the restraint shown in English designs was, perhaps, prompted by the contrast it afforded to the fantasticalness displayed in some of the more recent foreign work. Yet there is much to be said for this breaking away from old conventions, as long as the legitimate limitations of the craft are still suffered to dictate the direction in which the new developments should trend. The work of our foremost binders bears witness that we, too, have been influenced by the spirit of the age, and by the ‘Art Nouveau’—that strange commingling of East and West ; yet we have held fast to architectonic qualities in design, feeling that to depart from them would tend to lessen that principle of a style agreeable to the dignity of letters, which is the ideal of a binder.

For, unpalatable as this truth may be to the binder, there is no doubt that bindings were made for books, not books for bindings. No book is worth binding that is not worth reading. Nor is a book worthy of a beautiful cover if its paper is not sound in quality and texture—if the type is not of good design nor so arranged that each page is a pleasure to the eye. When the author, paper-maker, and printer have each contributed their best, then the binder is justified in giving all his skill, forethought, and learning to beautify the cover.

To be well bound, a book must be well forwarded and well finished. The latter more attractive process is of secondary importance, for on the forwarding depends the strength and durability of the book, while the finishing is merely the decoration of its garment. In the binder’s shop the forwarding is done by two or more different persons, but division of labour does not here improve the result. Much of the charm and individuality of a book is lost when it has passed through many



BINDING FOR 'L'ORATORIO DI SAN MICHELE IN ORTO'
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN



BINDING FOR 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC'
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

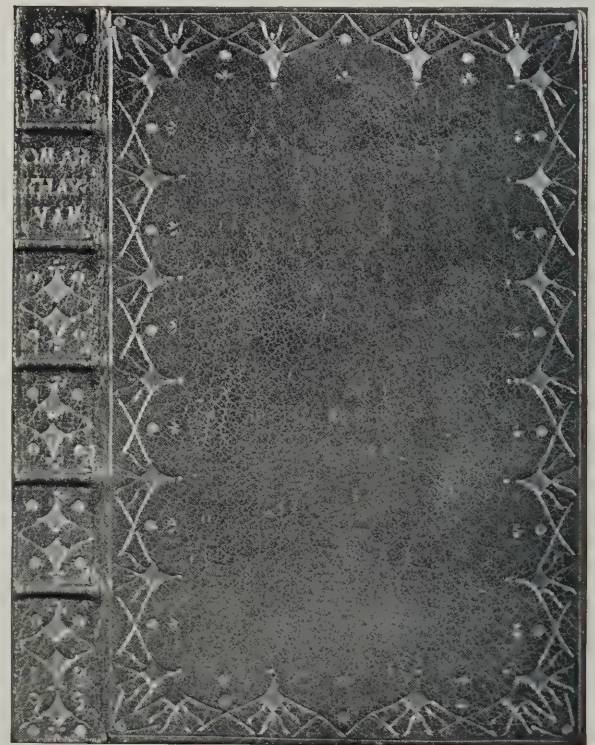
hands. Miss Prideaux, in her article on 'Roger Payn' (*Magazine of Art*, Sept., 1898), says:—

'But the fact remains, that a book carried out from beginning to end by a craftsman intelligently interested in his trade, wholly responsible for the success of his work, and with sufficient artistic feeling to make the commercial point of view a secondary one, will have a personal character about it that one which has passed through many hands will never acquire.'

The work of Miss Maude Nathan, illustrated in this article, is both forwarded and finished by herself. She is a pupil of Miss Prideaux, and, though she has received valuable help in other workshops, her chief inspiration is clearly derived from her first teacher. She takes pleasure in creating, chooses her books with discernment, and is an amateur in the real sense of the word. Her books are forwarded with care and judgment, and the skins—in all cases Levant morocco—are selected with discretion. But it is as a finisher that this binder claims our attention. The elements of her designs are markedly simple, and the tools she uses are small, allowing that freedom in combination, brilliance, and directness of impression which are not attainable by the use of large and complicated ones. It has been said that 'tools are style,' and

a student can without difficulty recognise the work of any known binder of ancient or modern date by the 'petit fers' used in its design.

In the 'Twelve Books of Marcus Aurelius,' Miss Nathan has used only a solid heart-shaped tool, in conjunction with gouges and dots, the effect of which is rich and brilliant; while the same tools on Andrew Lang's 'Ban and Arrière Ban' are skilfully composed as trefoils in an apparently simple diaper pattern. Another simple, yet appropriate and effective, binding, for 'L'Oratorio di San Michele in Orto,' is of blue leather, decorated with a semis of 'gigli'; and there is an MS. book with a richly-gilt border and centre panel, where initials and a quotation are introduced into the design with effect. The very original and graceful border on the 'Cyrano de Bergerac' is less obvious in construction, and has an attractive subtlety of arrangement. There is also something very pleasing about the delicate tooling on a small edition of 'Omar Khayyâm,' which seems to have been suggested by pollard willows and sunsets. A more important binding is that of Domenico Sestini's 'Viaggio da Costantinopoli a Bassora.' It is in green leather,

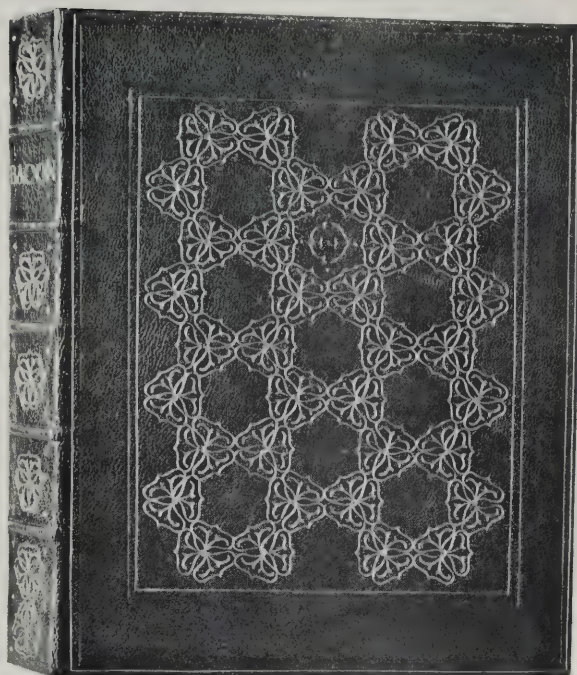


BINDING FOR OMAR KHAYYÂM'S 'RUBAIYAT'
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

Enamelling on a Large Scale

with a border of red inlay heavily tooled in gold. The 'Bacon,' a book of a pleasant square shape, printed in clear type on hand-made paper, is bound in dark green, with a decorated centre panel of Italian character. The principal tool employed is ingenious and refined, while the introduction of the blind lines within the gilt ones (the effect of which is imperfectly reproduced in our illustration) and the reversed cypher of E's combine to give interest to the decoration.

It would be well if our bookbinders would always bear in mind the that she bears this ideal in her mind.



BINDINGS FOR THE WORKS OF BACON
BY MISS MAUDE NATHAN

advantages of simplicity over fantastic elaboration. The use of inlay seems particularly dangerous, and the less experienced designer would be well advised to abstain from it altogether rather than let his imagination outweigh his discretion.

Taste and originality, allied to manual dexterity, and, above all, that patient attention to 'the prolonged series of minute particulars' which constitute the craft of bookbinding, are qualities which should be the ideal of every binder. Miss Nathan's work shows



'HOPE,' SMALL PANEL IN ENAMEL UPON METAL IN RELIEF
BY H. HOLIDAY

ENAMELLING ON A LARGE SCALE BY ERNEST RADFORD

ENAMELLING in relief is Mr. Holiday's speciality, and the illustrations we are permitted to publish ought to make its idiosyncrasies clear. The scale of some of Professor Herkomer's work has somewhat astonished the public, and in this respect it is unrivalled; but his surface is flat, and the consequence is that the work has not the sculptural quality which may fairly be claimed for Mr. Holiday's. The method he has introduced has enlarged the sculptor's domain, and, so long as the secrets are his, his position will be unassailable. To as much as these illustrations reveal the public is welcome, he says, and little more than just that has been



A PANEL, 'CARPENTER'S SHOP,' IN ENAMEL UPON METAL IN RELIEF
FOR CHAPEL OF AYSGARTH SCHOOL, YORKSHIRE, BY H. HOLIDAY

written as an accompaniment. The right place for this communication would be the forum of the Society of Arts—the right speaker, the artist himself; but things are not always as they should be, and the journal of that Society is not in everyone's hands.

To Mr. Holiday is due the elaboration and the introduction to England of a way of dealing with metal which is likely to become very popular. The position of the work, since it is unaffected by weather, may be either outside or inside the building, and the charms of colour are added. The size of the pieces composing the work is determined by that of the 'muffle,' or oven. There is no attempt to conceal the sections, which are almost as much in evidence as the leadings in windows, and con-

sequently have to be reckoned with. More telling than words could be are the four illustrations we publish of the 'Reredos in enamel upon metal in relief' of Holy Trinity Church, Edinburgh, a work which, given the subject, could hardly be surpassed by any artist we know of.

First, Mr. Holiday's 'sketch,' which has been photographed for reproduction from a water-colour drawing. Next, in point of order, the 'study in red chalk' of one of the figures on which the modeller works. Then the 'plaster relief' of the angel bearing the cross. The artist's most perfect knowledge of form, and his sense of the mystery of loveliness in the draped figure are shown to perfection in this, and in the companion to it. In the fourth, we see the central compartment



WATER-COLOUR SKETCH FOR REREDOS IN ENAMEL UPON METAL IN RELIEF
FOR HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, EDINBURGH, BY H. HOLIDAY (SEE PAGE 150)

completed. The photograph, lacking the colour, yet shows exceedingly well what can be achieved in this manner, and what is gained in effect by its association with sculpture. The others only tend to confirm our impression that the resources of Art have been considerably increased by Mr. Holiday's labours in this direction, and that enamelling put to such uses is at once nobly and justly employed. The lasting quality is what distinguishes the fine from the trivial arts, and we have in the fact a very good reason for hoping it will never be practised by anyone less than its master, or devoid of the sense of fitness which unites the arts to the crafts.

ART CENTRES LONDON

THE most striking feature of the Coronation Season is the predominance of French Art at the London exhibitions. Quite apart from

the numerous works of the Barbizon School, which are always the main feature of the West End dealers' galleries, and the Guildhall show, which forms the subject of a special article in this month's 'ARTIST,' we have the extremely interesting, though hardly representative, Fine Art Section of 'Paris in London' at Earl's Court, the collection of portraits by the late Benjamin Constant at the Grafton Gallery, the water-colour drawings of V. L. Guirand de Scévola at the Goupil Gallery, and—perhaps this should have been mentioned first in order of importance—the splendid 'Marphise' (Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, Canto XX.) by Eugène Delacroix, the father of the romantic school of painting. And, to crown all, Rodin has been to London, has been fêted by the *élite* of men of art and letters, and made the object of so enthusiastic a demonstration on the part of the Slade students and their friends, as has been the share of no artist in this country for generations past.



STUDY IN RED CHALK OF ANGEL'S DRAPERY IN LEFT-HAND PANEL OF REREDOS FOR CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY, BY H. HOLIDAY (SEE PAGE 150)

If we have called the Art Section at Earl's Court unrepresentative, this statement should be modified to a certain extent. It is true that very few, if any, of the leading modern painters—academic or otherwise—are represented, but it is perhaps for this very reason that the exhibition appears to us so very instructive and interesting. It shows the high artistic level reached by the comparatively unknown 'minor' painters, their technical accomplishment, their boundless ambition, their personal points of view. It shows, furthermore, how

beneficial is the effect of official encouragement on artistic enterprise; how art work is stimulated in a country, where every town has its municipal art gallery, whose directors are constantly on the look-out for meritorious work; where substantial rewards are held out as inducement to the striving artist. The French painter does not shrink from painting ambitious exhibition pictures, simply because he need not consider his time and labour wasted. In fact, he frequently goes to the other extreme and paints an utterly empty theme on a scale which only helps to accentuate its emptiness. But he rarely fails to invest it with the interest of a brilliant technique. A work of this kind is F. J. Quignon's 'Apple Tree Blossoms,' an enormous



RELIEF IN PLASTER OF ANGEL IN RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF REREDOS FOR CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY BY H. HOLIDAY (SEE PAGE 150)

canvas, representing a country lane leading across flat fields without a vestige of life.

Lack of interest cannot be found in Rochegrosse's gigantic 'Angoisse Humaine,' or, as it is here called, 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' a picture first shown at the Salon of 1896. A dense crowd of people of all classes of society, working men, beggars, bourgeois, courtisanes, men and women of the world, well-dressed people and others in rags, and all with a haggard look of anguish, rushing and pushing upwards to grasp at some ideal figure floating through the air. Of pictorial qualities this picture has but few, but the subject and the scale on which it is rendered make it the centre of attraction for the crowd.

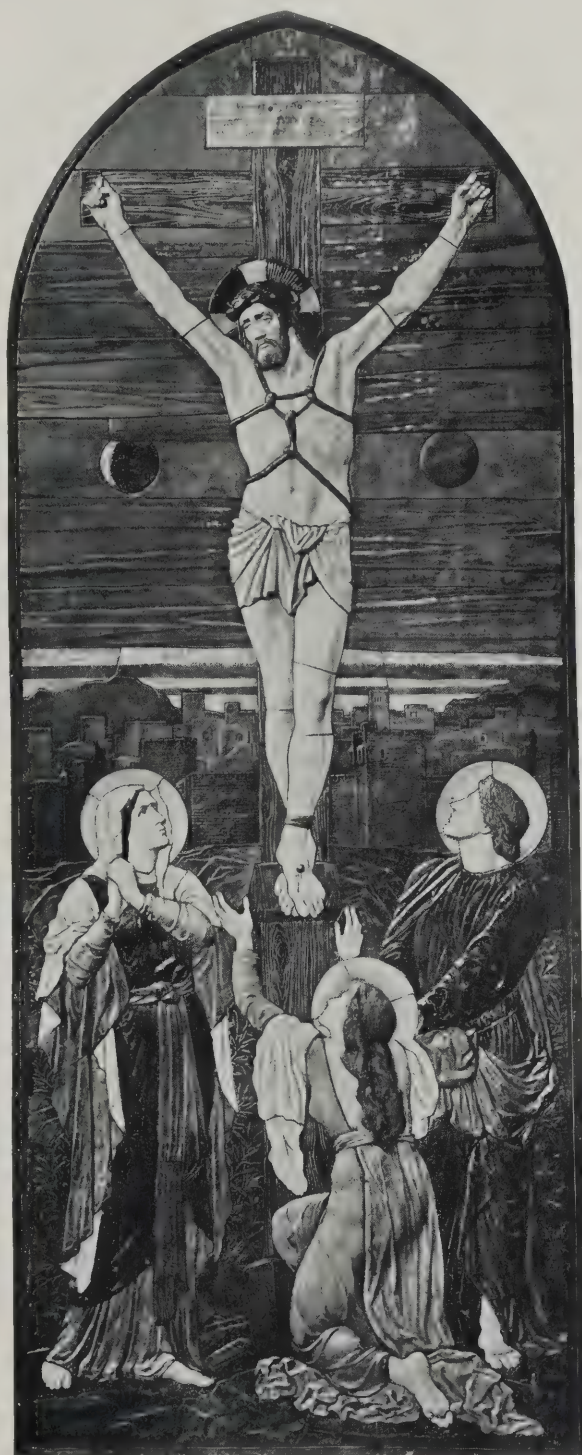
The impressionists and *vibristes* fare badly at Earl's Court. Raffaelli has a few pictures of little importance, and the Monet School has its sole exponent in Maurice Eliot, whose 'Life in the Fields' is painted according to the master's precept in alternating dabs of the three primary colours. The effect is amazingly brilliant. The ripe cornfields and the summer sky are so dazzling that one feels inclined to imitate the action of one of the figures in the picture and to screen the eyes with

one's hand against the flood of glaring sunlight. The most objectionable type of impressionism is represented by Maurice Denis's repulsively ugly

imitations of the late Toulouse de Lautrec who chose his models among the most revolting types of humanity.

The champion of the Academic School is Robert Fleury, whose most important contribution is his 'George Washington,' a historical picture of the type beloved by the Royal Academy, but quite uninspired and without painter-like qualities. Pleasing, as regards colour and composition, is G. Bergès's 'St. George Victorious,' representing the knight after the successful struggle with a somewhat grotesque dragon, giving his horse a drink out of a trough, whilst a group of women with pitchers are waiting in the background.

Roybet has rarely been seen at better advantage than in 'The Scholars.' He has for once abandoned the brilliant colour he so delights in, and kept his picture in sober, though rich, tones of brown, black and grey. Maxence's 'Calypso,' a curiously misnamed head of a Frenchwoman, has the exact and exquisite modelling of the Flemish primitives. The hands are painted with inimitable delicacy. 'A First Night at the Montmartre



CENTRE PANEL OF REREDOS IN ENAMEL UPON METAL IN RELIEF FOR CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY BY H. HOLIDAY (SEE PAGE 151)

Theatre,' by A. Devambez, is a vigorous version of Eugène Carrière's celebrated misty version of a similar theme. The attentive faces of the characteristic low Parisian audience reflect the story of crime of the melodrama enacted on the stage of this French Drury Lane.

Paul Chabas's 'The Torrent' is a fine open-air study of the nude. The rushing water of the torrent throws bright, light blue reflections on the flesh of the nymph, or bather, and one cannot but admire the boldness of the artist's touch. 'The Danaids,' by A. L. Demont, is an imaginative composition of great power, rather enhanced than otherwise by the strictly limited range of dull colour, which is relieved only by the red glare of fire on the horizon. To judge from this work, and from his equally successful landscapes at this exhibition, Mr. Demont appears to be an artist of uncommon versatility. Mme. Demont-Breton, known to the London public from an important work shown a year or two ago at the New Gallery, has a charming little picture of a bathing boy, delightful in its acute observation of child-like movement.

We have still to mention H. D. Etcheverry's study of Parisian high life, 'Une Elegante'; A. Maignan's allegorical, decorative paintings; E. Noiret's luminous 'St. Chamond, Loire'—a view of a smoky factory town, surrounded by hills; and



'APHRODITE,' RELIEF IN PLASTER: PREPARATION FOR ENAMEL ON METAL IN RELIEF, BY H. HOLIDAY

a superbly painted, but unreasonably large, canvas by L. Luigi, 'Le Chemin de Fer de Ceinture (Dawn).'

Among the water-colours, the most interesting drawings are those by Guirand de Scévola, who has, however, sent his best work to the Goupil Gallery, where he is holding a one-man show, which should certainly not be missed. Guirand de Scévola combines the mysticism of the Belgian Fernand Khnopff with the perhaps a little artificial, but brilliant and pleasing, colour of Gaston la Touche, but has retained sufficient originality to escape the reproach of plagiarism. There is a strength and virility in his work which is lacking in the Belgian artist's extremely delicate puzzles in paint; and, furthermore, his mysticism lies entirely in the expression of the faces, and not in weird or symbolical accessories. He also shows considerable strength as a water-colour portrait painter, and his portrait at the

Goupil Gallery of Mlle. L., dressed in sober black, with a low-toned evening landscape background, is a true masterpiece of portraiture.

The recent death of M. Benjamin-Constant renders the task of criticising his portraits at the Grafton Gallery somewhat difficult, as one feels naturally reluctant to say the harsh things which the sight of these works is apt to provoke. It is, on the other hand, equally difficult to discover a

Art Centres—London

single redeeming feature in his absolutely libellous portrait of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, which, quite apart from its complete failure as a likeness, is totally devoid of charm as regards colour or technique. It is, in fact, astonishing that the artist should have found on this side of the Channel so many sitters willing to submit to the brutality of his brush. We find among his sitters Lady Paston Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Debenham, Sir Charles and Lady Ingram, Lady Clementine Waring, the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of



MONS. GUIRAND DE SCÉVOLA

Portsmouth, Colonel Sir E. R. Bradford, Mrs. George Warre, and Colonel Anstruther Thomson.

The series of water-colour drawings, 'On and off the Coast,' by Dudley Hardy, at the Continental Gallery, shows a further marked step forward by an artist who never fails to be fascinating on the strength of his great versatility and freshness. He appears now to be attracted by the subjects in the rendering of which his father, the late T. B. Hardy, acquired so great a reputation; but the picturesque figures of



CONTEMPLATION
BY GUIRAND DE SCÉVOLA (GOUPIL GALLERY)



A FLORENTINE PRINCESS
BY GUIRAND DE SCÉVOLA (GOUPILO GALLERY)

the Normandy fishermen and market women serve him not merely as *staffage*, and are of considerable interest as character-studies. There is scarcely another painter who could turn to better account the watery freshness and beautiful colour of a pile of dead fish, such as can be seen on the beach when the fishermen return, or on the fish market.

VIENNA BY OTTO STOESSL

THE 'Secession' and the 'Hagenbund' have simultaneously given Vienna two important exhibitions during the Spring months—symbolical,

perhaps, for the beautiful harmony that should exist between the Spring of Art and that of Nature. At the 'Secession' was shown Max Klinger's great masterpiece, his 'Beethoven,' the result of fifteen years' labour. Around this work the Vienna artists have displayed their works in three rooms, arranged like the interior of a temple, with Klinger's monument as shrine. The decoration of these rooms has afforded them a rare opportunity for showing their skill in obtaining exceedingly fine and subtle effects with the cheapest materials, and also for those paradoxical artistic creations with which they love to excite, to bluff, and to mystify the Vienna public, but which cannot very well be æsthetically approved of.

Klinger's 'Beethoven' is represented nude—as a human Apollo enthroned on clouds, the eagle at his feet, ready to carry forth his message. The conception of the quiet, dignified, collected figure is as novel as it is bold. His legs are crossed, the knee supporting his fists which grasp, so to say, the creative idea by which the

whole figure is filled and kept in tension. The public, who probably expected a trivially realistic Beethoven in the costume of the period, find themselves as puzzled as the critics by whom they are 'led'. The wonderful harmony of the colours of the varied material (the throne of bronze, the figure of white marble, the cloth over the feet of onyx, the cupid's heads on the back of the chair of ivory on a ground of lapis lazuli and jewels), and the magnificent recreation of a type, are as characteristic for the art of to-day, as, say Verrocchio's 'Colleoni' for that of the renaissance, and will occupy a lasting position in the history of Art and in the memory of the civilized nations.

THE ARTIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

ALBRECHT
DÜRER

From the Portrait by the Artist
at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

1491 (reproduction)

The Artist





Art Centres—Glasgow

The Spring exhibition of the 'Hagenbund' was dedicated to the Spring of humanity—to childhood. Germany is gradually waking to the importance of the artistic education of the young, and, as regards wall decoration and picture books, as well as instruction in painting and drawing, commences to follow the roads which have led England to such beneficial and important results. The German 'Society for Book Industry,' in conjunction with some efficient teachers and writers, are taking a fairly com-

prehensive exhibition of 'Art in the life of the child' through the towns of Germany. Here, in Vienna, the 'Hagenbund' went hand in hand with them. The German artists who so often and so happily know how to retain the blissful *naïveté* of youthful views and sentiments, will perhaps follow this lead and conquer the realm of Spring for their individuality, by making their Art accessible to the Spring of life. Child and artist represent an unconscious, beautiful unity.

GLASGOW

THE birth of a new exhibiting society in Glasgow has only just availed to redeem the season, now practically over, from unrelieved dullness. Whether due to the surfeit of picture seeing which the public had during the International Exhibition of last year, or not, the fact remains that the various exhibitions, from the Institute downwards, failed to disturb the apathy of the community at large. One result of this is that the future of the Institute, now in its forty-third year of activity, is being generally discussed, and there are not wanting indications that municipalisation will be its fate. And no doubt many a worse destiny could overtake it, for Glasgow, with its highly-developed communal sense, is quite likely to take a vastly keener interest in the work of the Institute when under civic control than it evinced under the old *régime*.

The inadequate public support which this year's exhibition of the Institute received, was not traceable to any falling off in the

merit of the works shown. Indeed, it might have been supposed that the innovation of securing a

fair proportion of works seen at the Academy and elsewhere, and thus known, to some extent, by repute, would have made for greater popularity. Such works as Mr. Abbey's 'Crusaders,' M. Bouguereau's 'L'Assaut,' Mr. Sargent's 'Sir Ian Hamilton,' and Mr. Herkomer's 'General Booth'—to name but a few of the 'invited' works—might reasonably be expected to have a wide appeal, and that it proved to be otherwise but shows the difficulty of catering for the Glasgow public in matters artistic.

It seems now as if the Council of the Institute would have been better advised to reserve the Spring exhibition for local works, and to secure the outside pictures for a special show, say in the Autumn. Cosmopolitanism is very good in its way, but you cannot have it in a small exhibition without a sacrifice of some kind, and it is quite apparent that local artists grudge



PORTRAIT
BY MISS BESSIE MACNICOL

The Artist



THE TOILETTE
BY MISS BESSIE MACNICOL

the space demanded by the works of men who have very emphatically 'arrived.'

This feeling found vent in the formation of the Glasgow Society of Artists, having for its main object the provision of additional exhibiting facilities. By the constitution of the Society its membership is limited to thirty, but at the time of its first exhibition—rather a scratch affair—it consisted of some twenty ladies and gentlemen. At the exhibition, given in the R.S.W. rooms, it was seen that exhibiting facilities had been provided with a lavish hand, no fewer than seventeen works coming from one contributor. Its most notable features were the canvases of Miss Bessie MacNicol and Mr. Alexander Frew, and the black and white work of Misses King and French.

The 'one-man show' has been a good deal in evidence during the season. Mr. J. E. Christie has had on view a most varied collection—portraits, landscapes, subject pictures;—Mr. Stuart Park has submitted himself to the very trying ordeal of a collection composed entirely of flower studies, and emerged with complete success; the veteran Mr. Joseph Henderson has exhibited a number of accomplished seascapes; a selection of Mr. Hornel's decorative works has again been seen,

and canvases from the easel of his lamented Kirkcudbright colleague, the late Mr. Mouncey, have been displayed to the accentuation of the keen regret with which the news of his comparatively early death was received.

A specially interesting exhibition was that at the School of Art of work for the Turin Decorative Exhibition. The embroidery, jewellery, enamels, and sewed work contributed by Lady Carmichael, Mrs. Newbery, Mr. Watt and others left the impression that Scotland would not be a negligible quantity at Turin, and it is satisfactory to know that since the opening of the Exhibition very considerable interest has been manifested in the Scottish collection.

BIRMINGHAM

SPRING has brought the usual crop of exhibitions—good, bad, and indifferent. The Art Gallery showed some popular work by Aldin and Hassall. Messrs. Henry Graves were responsible for putting Muncàsky's 'Ecce Homo' on view, and, what was more to their credit, an admirable little collection of paintings by Miss Rosa Wallis. The Society of Artists gave us the usual excellent show of photographic works, to which succeeded the annual Spring exhibition now about to close.

It is with this and Miss Wallis that we are here concerned.

'In Gardens, Vineyards, and Villages' was the picturesque and suggestive title given by the artist to the forty-three works shown. In taking a general survey of these pictures, we were chiefly struck by the certainty of effect and lack of effort which characterise this lady's work. Whether Miss Wallis is dealing with noble architecture or simple raspberries, in every case, indeed, she is always artistic, individual, and assured.

A prefatory note to the catalogue tells us that the artist's aim has been to contrast the gorgeous

Art Centres—Birmingham

cultivated gardens of Italy with the peasant's more homely, but no less fascinating, vine-covered pergolas; and the same idea of contrast was evident in the few stately English gardens and cottage scenes. Como, Venice, Pavia, have for years been happy hunting grounds, and to escape the charge

almost Turner-esque in style, touched in with the dainty truthfulness that Ruskin loved. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Miss Wallis has inherited her style in great part from her father, whose work often aroused the great critic's enthusiasm.



THE BEDESMAN, BY W. WAINWRIGHT, A.R.W.S.
(BY KIND PERMISSION OF J. BAGNALL, ESQ.)

of being hackneyed is no small triumph, but Miss Wallis emerges unscathed. 'Spring-time, Bordighera,' was noticeable for a delightful pastel-like quality, curiously different from the crisp and vigorous painting of its neighbour, 'The Marketplace, Pavia.' Another Bordighera subject was

The paintings of the vine were particularly successful, the graceful purple clusters in some cases making a most effective foreground. A notable garden subject was shown in the 'Entrance to the Villa Cavagnari, Rapallo,' which displayed white and pink-tinted masses of feathery bloom against

The Artist

dark green cypresses, and, in the distance, hills of pearly grey and blue.

The English scenery is equally favourable to Miss Wallis's methods, and her treatment of even humbler things than scenery leaves nothing to be desired—*e.g.*, some raspberries lying on a cabbage leaf, which were so absolutely perfect in their handling as to be redeemed from the least touch of the commonplace.

The Society of Artists has made a popular move this year in showing representative collections of work by two prominent local artists. We anticipated this in the case of the late Colonel Burt, with whose work we dealt in a recent article, but we are pleased to find that it is not only posthumous appreciation; and Mr. Wainwright, A.R.W.S., who is still happily at work, has been honoured by equal recognition. And most deservedly so. Mr. Wainwright has hitherto been almost ostentatiously modest—if the contradiction may be permitted—in his retiring methods of working, and we are glad that his light has at last been so forcibly dragged forth. We hope shortly to deal with this artist's work at some length. In the meantime we reproduce one of his most dignified achievements—'The Bedesman,' which is remarkable for its breadth of treatment.

The School of Art group is not as much to the fore as usual. Messrs. Gaskin, Gere, Jelley, and Meteyard are all somewhat scantily represented. The latter, it is true, contributes a screen, which cannot easily be overlooked. We feel that we are paying Mr. Meteyard the compliment he has sought when we say that we mistook his work for that of Burne-Jones. Mr. Jelley has surpassed himself in an exquisite little painting called 'Black and Gold,' and his other works—'The Timber Ship,' 'Autumn Twilight,' and 'Grey of the Morning'—are all instinct with artistic feeling. Mr. Bernard Taylor sent only one picture—an unimportant landscape, made interesting by its forceful treatment.

Many other local men not of the school were well represented. Mr. Alfred Priest sent a vigorous half-length portrait of the Rev. Hunter Smith, M.A. Mr. Claude Pratt was successful in several characteristic genre pictures, and he also sent a miniature portrait of Mary Anderson. Messrs. S. H. and Oliver Baker were seen to advantage in charming landscapes and old houses; Mr. Harry Sands gave us a strong painting of horses at work; and Messrs. Gabriel Mitchell, Arthur Shorthouse, Walter Morgan, and many others sent pictures, which call for more detailed criticism than we have space to bestow.

THE WORK OF NORMAN AULT

FEW people will, we think, dispute the fact that many and mighty efforts have been made in the cause of Art during the past century. One of the most notable achievements in this country was the establishment of an organized system of art training under Government and Municipal control.

It must be left to posterity to discover what the ultimate result of this wholesale training of students will be, if it will work for evil or for good. We are letting loose a vast and well-armed force of decorators and craftsmen on the land, who may, while raising the general level of taste, swamp the individual artist altogether. There is a chance for all comers now; it is no longer a question of the survival of the fittest.

The people who hold Art most precious, to be treasured sacredly by the elect, naturally feel jealous

and alarmed at this democracy, but their pessimistic view is hardly justified as yet by the facts.

In this short article we propose to consider the true position of affairs, as exemplified by the work of a typically *trained* School of Art student. We emphasise the word *trained*, because as an individual Mr. Ault is by no means typical, but a discussion of his personality does not come within the scope of this note: it must be reserved for the banal interviewer of the future. This student stands now on the threshold of a career which we have every reason to hope will be a great one. Five years ago at the age of 15 Mr. Ault put himself in harness at the West Bromwich School of Art, under the guidance of Mr. Pearce; he has never studied elsewhere, so that he may fairly be accounted a true and very creditable product of the system.

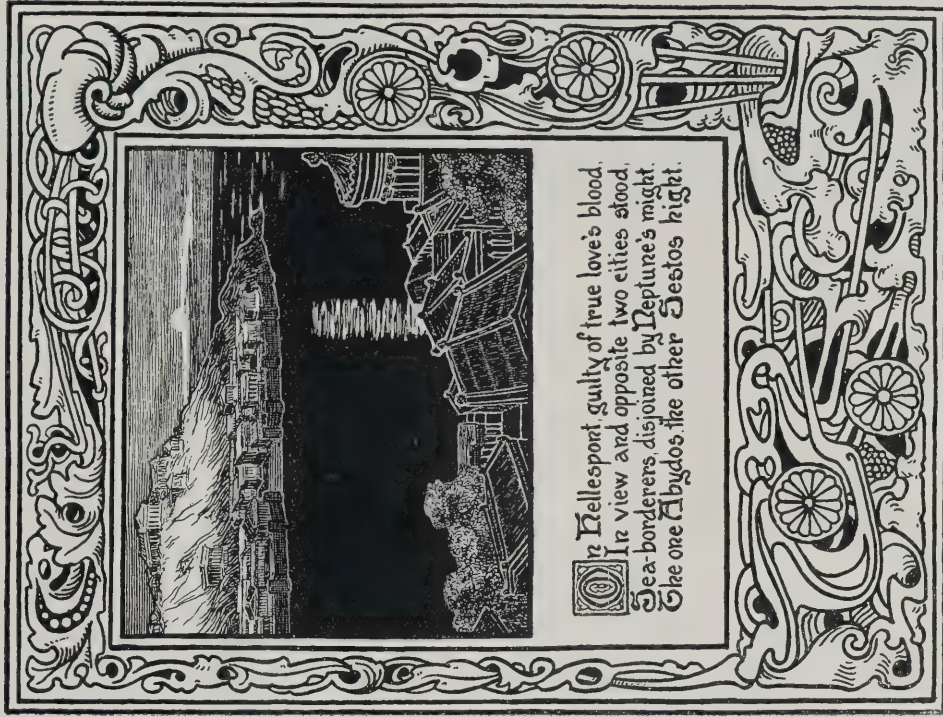
TWILIGHT
IN THE
VILLAGE

By
Norman Ault





DOUBLE PAGE DECORATION FOR 'HERO AND LEANDER'
BY NORMAN AULT



The Artist



TWO PEN AND INK DRAWINGS
BY NORMAN AULT

The Work of Norman Ault



A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY NORMAN AULT

So far, Mr. Ault has held himself absolutely as a student; he by no means feels that he has found himself, and has promised himself much rigorous study for some years to come. He has nevertheless run the gauntlet of London publishers successfully, and the drawings here reproduced, will show that he is well-equipped to do battle with 'black and white' artists already in the field.

It is in landscape work, perhaps, that Mr. Ault is technically at his best: there is no striving after eccentricity in these drawings, no new note is struck at the expense of truth,—and in these fantastic days that may be claimed as



'A CASTLE BY THE SEA,' FROM CHAUCER
BY NORMAN AULT

a merit,—they are simple and sincere transcripts from Nature, set down with much artistic feeling and judgment. It is the choice of subject, with due regard for its fitness for reproduction in the hard medium of ink, that stamps this as the work of an artist. An excellent selection is made in the drawing of 'The Avon near Bredon;' it is admirably spaced, and the details are given with precision, although not marred by the over-elaboration which so often renders this sort of work unpleasantly wooden and archaic. The hard outline round the trees is a convention that might perhaps be profitably dispensed with.



PAGE DECORATION FOR THE 'RUBAIYAT'
BY NORMAN AULT

Mr. Ault allows himself full play in his purely imaginative designs; we have a good example in the charming illustration to a verse of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyâm. The treatment of this scene is in one sense strictly conventional, while it retains the rare quality of mystery to a remarkable degree. The method employed in this decorative work is very sure and direct; the merest pencil scribble served as a basis for the rich border, which, of course, gains considerably by being drawn boldly straight in ink. The lettering in this design is hardly up to the requisite standard of simplicity;

it is too diversified to be convincing. It would be unfair to the artist to ignore this point, since the inferior lettering has a cheapening effect on a page that would otherwise be thoroughly complete.

Mr. Ault does not by any means confine himself to flat convention: romantic and poetic subjects appeal to him strongly, and he is capable of attacking them in spirited fashion. The charming colour-page called 'Twilight in the Village,' which we reproduce, also shows the diversity of his style; the delicate effects are obtained without too far overstepping the bounds prescribed by the authorities on designing for colour-printing. We have not space to criticise more of this work in detail, but will just add a brief word as to the conditions under which it was produced. Norman Ault owes nothing to environment: his *milieu*, indeed, is an unkind one. In point of fact, he has spent almost all his life in West Bromwich, a town which is too near to Birmingham to boast a picture gallery. With the exception of the Birmingham Art Gallery, the world of pictures is practically unknown to him; his horizon has been bounded by a limited number of books and an unlimited number of chimneys.

In a case like this there is everything to be hoped from the first explorations and discoveries; for some time the artist's career will probably consist of a series of artistic awakenings. Until he has been through this, and his present real promise is more nearly fulfilled, it will be impossible to pronounce any sort of final opinion.

This much is certain, the West Bromwich School of Art has played its part thoroughly and well; it has sent forth a student, untried it is true, but well-armed, and simply waiting to crown his art with the knowledge that can be gained by age and experience alone.

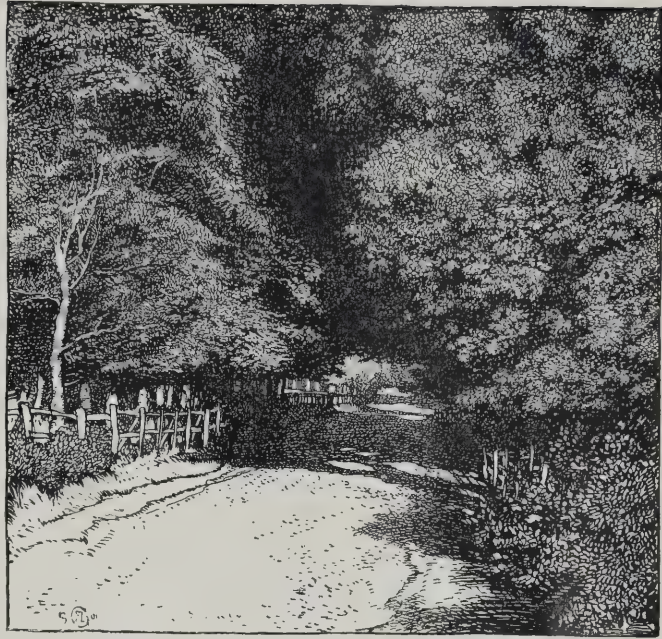


DESIGN FOR A TAIL-PIECE
BY NORMAN AULT

RECENT PUBLICATIONS HERTFORDSHIRE IN PEN AND PENCIL

THE latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's 'Highways and Byways' series deals with what the author rightly describes as 'Charles Lamb's county'—with Hertfordshire.* What the writer's aim has been will, perhaps, best be explained with his own words: 'If you care little for monkish records or literary associations, you will, perhaps, follow me with the keener relish into many a tiny hamlet, whose sons, though little known in the larger issues of life, are some of them men of sterling character. If, again, you are indifferent

* 'Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire,' by Herbert W. Tompkins, F.R.Hist.S., with illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1902).



NEAR BISHOP STORTFORD
BY F. L. GRIGGS (MACMILLAN)



HONEY LANE, HERTFORD, BY F. L. GRIGGS (MACMILLAN)

as to where the moor-hen has laid her young, and do not watch for the arrival of the swallow, or note the first call of the corncrake, you may be the readier to learn of the progress of business in the larger towns, and of the past and present welfare of their inhabitants.' So it has been the author's endeavour to cater for all tastes, and the thoroughness with which he has accomplished his task deserves the fullest praise. The scenery of Hertfordshire, with its quiet woodlands, winding lanes, stretches of lush meadows, and fresh, winding streamlets, may be taken as typical for the beautiful, gently undulating landscape of England, and Mr. Tompkins has treated of it in the spirit of a true poet, enamoured of his subject.

What the reader of *THE ARTIST* is, however, more immediately concerned with, are the truly magnificent drawings by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs, by which Mr. Tompkins's book is illustrated. We have had occasion to note that Mr. Pennell's drawings to preceding volumes of the series have latterly degenerated into mere topographical sketches. This is a fault which can certainly not be found with Mr. Griggs,



THE ICKNIELD WAY AT CADWELL
BY F. L. GRIGGS (MACMILLAN)

whose pen and ink drawings are eminently pictorial, though in many ways his technique reminds us of Mr. Pennell's, particularly in the treatment of the skies in parallel or radiating lines. His architecture is as faultless as his rendering of light and shade and texture, and moreover there is in his drawings a suggestion of colour but rarely found in modern pen-and-ink work.

FRENCH ART

THE acquisition for the Victoria and Albert Museum of a piece of sculpture by Rodin, and the magnificent reception and ovation given to the greatest of modern sculptors by his English admirers, render the appearance of W. C. Brownell's

volume on 'French Art,'* a whole section of which is devoted to an analysis of Rodin's style, particularly appropriate. It is hardly an exaggeration on the part of the author if he compares Rodin's present position towards the Institute or the academic school, and the revolution effected by him in modern sculpture, with the revolt in 1830 of Géricault and Delacroix against the cold classicism of David and Ingres. 'Never, perhaps, since the Renaissance has Nature asserted her supremacy over convention in such unmistakable, such insistent, and, one may say, I think, such intolerant fashion as she is doing at the present moment.' According to the hitherto accepted canons of plastic art, 'the physiognomy has usurped the place of the physique, the gesture of the form, the pose of the substance; and face, gesture, form are, when they are not brutally naturalistic, and so not art at all, but typical and classic.'

Rodin marks the return to Nature, and the deep study of Nature teaches him artistic restraint. The immense passion and expressiveness of his work are never exaggerated, never theatrical, never bordering on the grotesque, as the *baroque*.

Mr. Brownell finds that Rodin has more affinity with the Greeks than with Michelangelo, who 'may be charged with lending the majestic weight of his genius to perpetuate the conventional.' Rodin himself is quoted as saying of the master of the Renaissance that 'he repeats endlessly his one type—the youth of the Sistine ceiling. Any particular felicity of expression you are apt to find him borrowing from Donatello, such as, for instance, the movement of the arm of the David, which is borrowed from Donatello's St. John Baptist.' What Rodin has in common with the Greeks is that intense sympathy with Nature, which makes every fragment of his work complete in itself and helpful in a mental reconstruction of the whole.

It is curious that Mr. Brownell, in his highly intelligent and sound analysis of Rodin's work,

* 'French Art,' by W. C. Brownell. (London: A. Constable & Co., Ltd. 1902.)

AUGUSTE RODIN
FROM A
DRAWING BY
G. WELDON HAW-
KINS, PARIS



does not refer with a single word to one of the chief and most obvious characteristics of his style. Perhaps this omission is due to the author's almost exclusive interest in the synthesis of Rodin's work, which makes him subordinate questions appertaining to mere technique. We are referring to the introduction into sculpture of what one might almost call atmosphere. Rodin has done for marble what the *plein-air* painters have done for the painted

picture. His figures are suffused with vibrating air, which seems to be playing round them, softening the hard outlines, hiding the unnecessary detail in a transparent mist. In no work has this atmospheric effect been carried further than in his much-discussed Balzac; and his striving after this desired effect was one of the main causes of the bitter attacks made on the artist by the crowd of those who were merely startled and puzzled and could

The Artist

not reconcile their conventional ideas to the daring experiment.

The part of Mr. Brownell's book which deals with French painting is so fascinating, so full of novel ideas, and so big in its scope, so original in treatment, that it is impossible to do it justice in the limited space of a short review. The general view expressed in the first chapter, that French painting is altogether intellectual, and lacking completely in imagination, spirituality, and poetry, need not frighten away the reader conversant with the Art movement of France, since it is considerably modified in the subsequent chapters. Generalizations of this kind are always dangerous, particularly where the subject is such a vast and varied one, as in the present case. We should have liked to have seen the history of French Art treated in its connection with the political and social history of France—a connection which has barely been touched upon by the author, though with no other nation have historical events left a

deeper mark on the Art of each successive period than with the French. Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, David, Gros, Girodet, Géricault, Delacroix—do these names not evoke the successive pictures of political and social France as much as Louis XIV., Mme. Maintenon, Louis XV., Mme. Dubarry, Louis XVI., Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis XVIII.? And does not French Art of the present day correspond with the political chaos of modern France?

But this is merely a question of the point of view

taken by the author, who has a perfect right to treat his subject according to his own judgment and knowledge. It is, however, impossible to account for, and to pardon, the omission of so important a figure and influence in modern French Art as Eugène Carrière who, surely, is entitled to rank with the very greatest of his period. As regards the style of Mr. Brownell's book, it is a little heavy and involved, and full of Americanisms which cannot fail to jar upon the ear of the English reader.



M^{rs} SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS
FROM THE STIPPLE ENGRAVING
BY PELTRO W. TOMKINS AFTER J. DOWNMAN
(G. BELL AND SONS)



ANGELS' HEADS (MISS FRANCES GORDON)
FROM THE STIPPLE ENGRAVING BY PIERRE SIMON
AFTER SIR J. REYNOLDS, 1789 (G. BELL AND SONS)

THE MODERN PRINT COLLECTOR

Now that the general public have caught the enthusiasm for etchings and engravings, which, not so very long ago, was confined to experts or wealthy men of taste able to command the services of experts, it is well, indeed, that the amateur collector can secure the services of so able a guide as Mr. Walter Whitman. His 'Print-Collector's Handbook'* has already taken a unique position as an aid to the detection of deception of every

kind, and the revised edition just published not only brings the subject matter thoroughly up-to-date, but also contains a few acute forecasts of the tendencies of the future. These pregnant hints will be found of great use to those collectors who combine a touch of the commercial spirit with love of art for art's sake, but it must be added that the general aim of the advice given by Mr. Whitman is simply to enable the student to understand good work when it is brought under his notice. 'The

* George Bell and Sons, 15/- net, new and revised edition.

amateur,' he says, 'should collect to enjoy and not merely to possess, and although specialising is strongly to be recommended, he should not slavishly limit the field, but be always ready to accept a really good print that offers itself if it can be bought at a reasonable price.'

The reader who has thoroughly mastered the contents of this volume, may go forward on his delightful quest for treasure trove without fear of falling into any of the many pitfalls prepared for the unwary. With the aid of the admirable series of illustrations and the remarkably clear definitions of the processes employed, the merest tyro in technical knowledge will be able to distinguish between the different styles of etching and engraving, and he will not, in his future purchases, be likely to mistake a modern reprint for an original, fail to detect the skilful re-touching to which so many have fallen victims, or take an engraver's progress proof for a first or second 'state.' Mr. Whitman explains that in the mechanical process of reproduction by the half-tone method, the actual technique of the original engravings is necessarily more or less lost, and the

delicate copper-plate hand printing having to give place to the steam printing machine, severely handicaps the result, for which reason a number of the illustrations have been rendered in collotype, a style, as a careful examination will prove, in which the loss is to a great extent neutralized.

The masters selected as typical exponents of the arts of etching and engraving include men of every period from the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, so that an opportunity is afforded of studying side by side the work of geniuses so diverse as Durer, Rembrandt, Meryon, or Whistler. With rare generosity, moreover, Mr. Whitman does full justice to his fellow-workers in the field he has made so peculiarly his own, and not the least interesting chapter in his book is that on 'Colour Prints,' in which he dwells on what has been done by Mrs. Julia Frankan, who holds, 'that a really fine stipple print in colour by a good engraver after a well-known artist cannot be paid for too highly, an opinion not shared by her fellow-critic, who already prophesies the waning of the popular taste for a style of art lending itself with special readiness to imitation.

L'ART CYCLAMENIQUE TÉTARDIQUE ET AUTREMENT BY J. S. R.

If one could only find out the reasons for some of this modern art, one might perhaps feel one's self more in sympathy with it. I must confess often to a feeling for less art and more simplicity, not the blatant exaggerated simplicity of to-day that is so 'aggravating'—that is the word—but the real, old-fashioned, unnoticeable article. To go down the street, with every building on every hand bawling at one 'I'm the finest, come and look at me!' well, I must own to regretful thoughts, even of Gower Street—before the flats were started—or, at all events, of some of the quiet corners of dirty Soho.

It is the same in smaller things. Every pattern, every wallpaper must shout louder than the last; even if it be in the minor key it must achieve the impossible, its song 'must be 'new.' We design hat pegs and we must say 'the last word' in each; chairs, and they must be weird and quaint—and

harrowing; our 'electroliers' and brackets attract more attention than the lights they carry. To be new, that is the thing; our young men commence designing as soon as they get in the Art School; if they study their predecessors, it is to find out what dull old buffers they are, and to *avoid doing anything like them!* Elementary considerations of beauty are not for us; to argue that forms and lines that have survived the weeding-out of the ugliness of ages give safer practice ground for 'prentice hands is to stamp oneself as being hopelessly behind the times.

This is spleen, of course, a mere outcome of the feeling that at a time like this one ought to be pulling houses down to make room for coronation seats instead of reviewing 'objects of applied art.'

Where is the connection between the English 'new art' and 'L'Art Nouveau' of the Continent? I don't know, and I am not going to say.

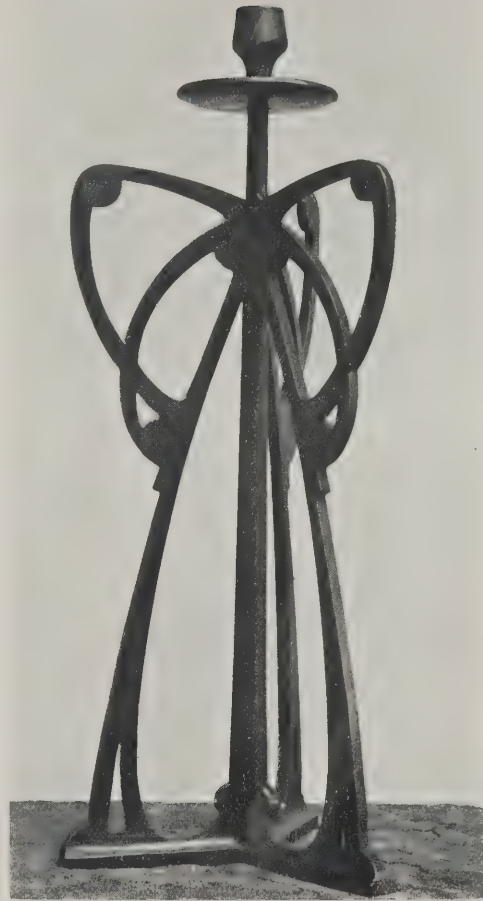
L'Art Cyclamenique, etc.

But years since Parisian designers found out that English buyers were spending a lot of money on conventional designs (in pattern), and one or two of the bolder spirits began to cater for or to speculate in such a market. Also Parisians who knew 'Morris work,' or had seen London houses so decorated, must have the same, and soon created a demand. The French 'English conventional' style is well known to most designers, and its examples, fearful and wonderful productions (though not a little bit like English designers' work), found a ready sale and a market of their own quite apart. 'L'Art Nouveau' was evolved, and in conjunction with the wild imaginings of Viennese and Czech have made the Continent a most surprising field for Art in this day.

That the Belgians are not behind the fair is proof here to show, and though four hundred years ago the Dutch gave their 'façades des maisons une



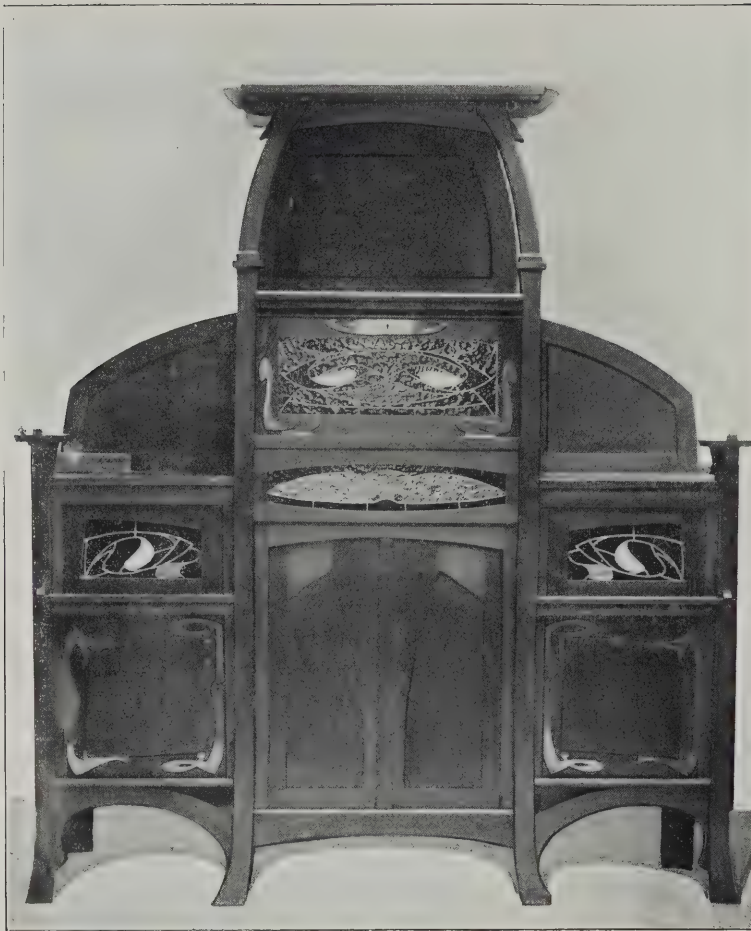
A BRUSSELS HOUSE DOOR
BY A. VAN WAESBERGHE



FORGED IRON CANDLESTICK
BY A. VAN WAESBERGHE, BRUSSELS

agréable harmonie de couleurs' by the use of red-brick bands and arches on the white brick—'la tonalité claire' is a tender euphemism for this latter—Armand van Waesberghe is able, with these simple counters and his deeply-cut Gothic-like jambs and doorways, to produce an effect that is very happy and peculiar to himself, differing totally from the compositions of the other new Belgian architects (*architectes novateurs belges*).

Mr. Waesberghe was born in 1879, in the province of Limbourg—which may be urged in mitigation of the matter of that infamous cheese—and designed and directed the construction of his first building in Brussels in 1897. Since then he has been prolific in architectural and other design—furniture and applied art. With a few circles, quite simple, he manages to describe forms of which the composition perplexes copyists. He lets us into the secret. It is the cyclamen which has given



A CABINET
BY LÉON BOCHOMS, BRUSSELS

him the first inspiration for these forms. To the simple beauty of this innocent woodland star should be traced his most original compositions—the door, the chair, the forged iron candlestick—which we illustrate.

M. Léon Bochoms is also of Belgium. He does not, so far as we know, disclaim the influence of Van de Velde; though, if one must be critical of his excellent work, one would first of all be inclined to doubt the value of the latter's well-known, and, shall we say, fully appreciated, tadpole *motif*. Perhaps after all there is something more wriggling, shall we say, and less poetical, about a tadpole than is apparent in the cyclamen.

Bochoms's furniture, of which we give some examples, is typically Belgian, and has many of the excellencies of that school most marked. So much is this so, that we scarcely know whether or not to regret his attachment to the casual square-topped

pillar—Norman Shaw's mortar board, the W. D. P. of our young friend (it may be long before that eminent architect has worked out his doom). Still, there is much that is admirable in this furniture, and in the large bookcase showing more of the Van de V. and less of the N. S. influence, is a distinctly novel suggestion in the curved top; and novel wood construction in the diminishing window bars and side additions.

With the hearthrug we are hardly so much in sympathy. One has almost, through years of tribulations, been forced to the conclusion that in decoration ornament should be founded on *something*. In one's own narrow circle one has so often seen the thing which is not distinctly like anything take on itself the promiscuous and

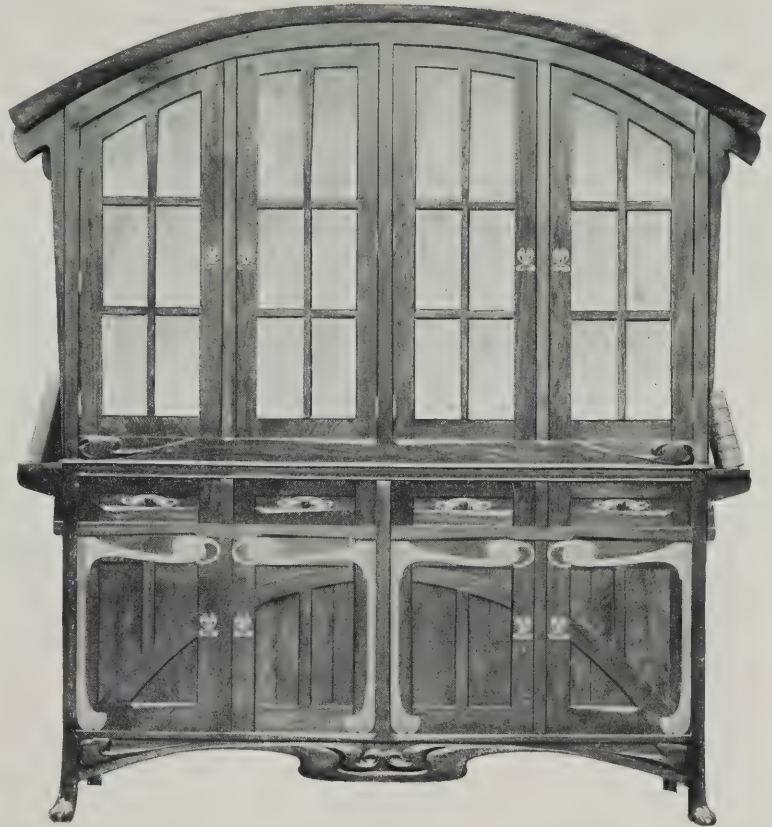


AN OAK CHAIR
BY A. VAN WAESBERGHE, BRUSSELS

L'Art Cyclamenique, etc.

uninvited likeness of something else; and there appears to be here, if we may say it, a not entirely pleasing uncertainty, not as to what the decoration appears to be, but as to what was intended.

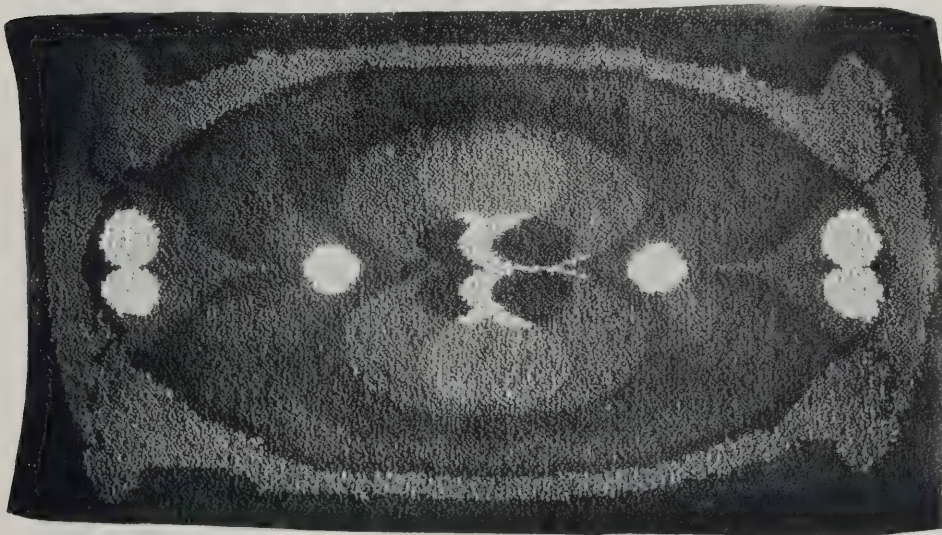
One is glad to be able to praise some Belgian work, for, without wishing to appear insular, there is much of it has come to our notice which we cannot honestly say appeals to us. We are all of us familiar with the Germano-Belgic interior, where the desire for differentness leads to a cold discomfort—not perhaps so wild and bizarre as the 'Witch of Prague'—but where the chairs and the bookcases are archaic, and the arched doorways and the lampstands cyclamenic, and the tables, of the barn, barney; though here and there, it must be admitted, one finds in these exceedingly advanced rooms a turned-leg table of surprising innocentness, trying to look as if it had not escaped from the pantry, or originated in the ready-made shop. (There is the virtue—though only negative, it must be insisted upon—that they escape the blight of the S. K. 'Pelvique.') The carpets and the wall-papers will be generally



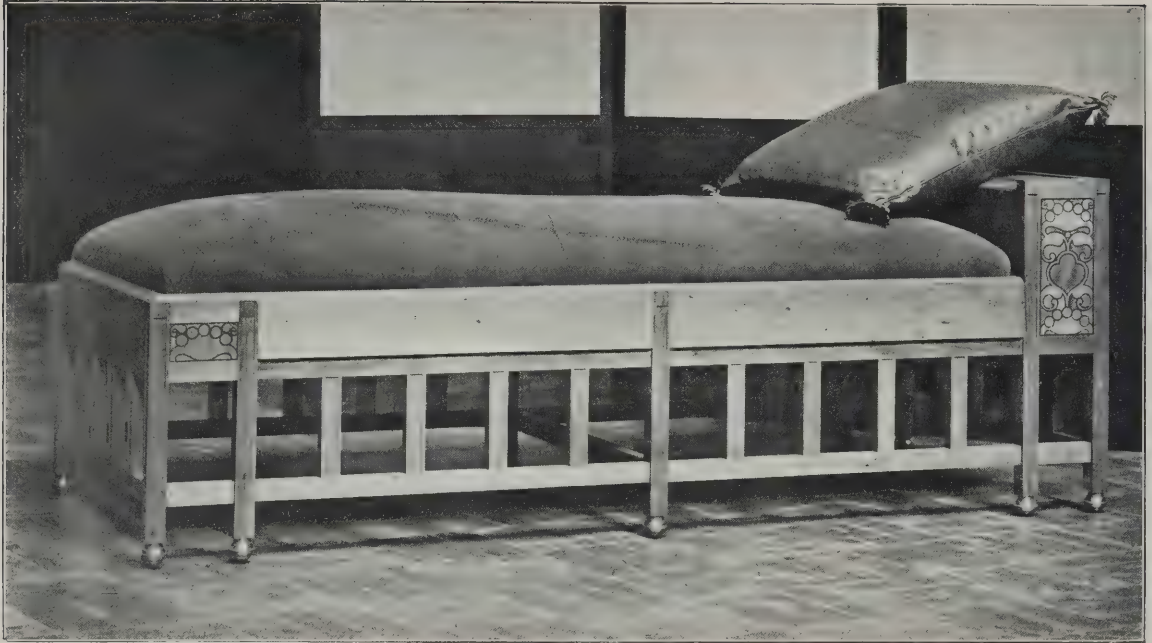
BOOK-CASE
BY LÉON BOCHOMS, BRUSSELS

found to be entered in 'Doomsday Book' to V—y's debit, though one cannot always be certain that that talented artist has always received the transient corresponding benefit of a

credit entry in his banking account. These are good, often, it must be allowed; at all events, when they are genuine; but we never rose to the level of appreciation of the Continental attempts at these 'styles.' They are too obviously afflicted with the ban of the imitator; the points of unctuous affectation and



A CARPET BY LÉON BOCHOMS, BRUSSELS



A SETTEE
BY F. BRANGWYN

undoubted self-appreciation which *we* take as the well-deserved powder in our jam, are too often seized upon as the hall-mark of ultimate truth. And the error carries the poor deluded foreigner into lands more foreign than our wildest romancers have conceived in their midnight agonies.

Mr. Brangwyn's settee—or should I call it a 'day bed'?—covered in antelope skin, is a different development of the germ sown by Madox Brown in his Morris furniture years ago (*vide* early Arts and Crafts Exhibitions), cousin-german, perhaps, to some of the Continental work. A



ELECTRIC LAMP FITTINGS
BY F. BRANGWYN

different goal has been reached by a very different line of progression. One may feebly protest that in work of this class sometimes the rudest simplicity in construction is insisted on to the rigid exclusion of any shape or character which may be innocently beautiful, if it is not 'strong' or 'original.'

In the electric light standard, if one fails in discovering to the full the innate loveliness or suitability of the cover, one may at least praise the curved iron-work, where the curves are more restrained and reasonable than in some other work that has passed under our

Hints to Amateur Photographers

review, and the sections well thought out and the modelling finely and strongly done.

There is too much excitement for the plain man in much of this new art. We must have a new 'school.' There are many, but we *must*—it is essential—have another. I think it should be a guild—that is the word—a Guild of Young Brothers. They shall make up their minds, or perish in the attempt, to *do something like other people have done*; to avoid, like the Black Death, this blighting desire not to do so. They shall be prepared to sacrifice themselves in the endeavour not to see

new form in trying to find beauty in the shapes and ideas that, because of their natural beauty and fitness, have survived to our day; and they shall have no ambition beyond applying these Nature-selected elements to the passing needs of the hour.

I am the Baptist, crying a superabundance of St. Johns, with precious little chance of being heard in the clamour. For to-day we have all a mission, and all are sure nothing else has a tithe of the importance of the working out of our artistic destiny—of course in the way we ourselves, as super-intelligent, twentieth-century Fates, would have it.

HINTS TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS BY JOHN LE COUTEUR

MOST of our friends have found the Spring a sad disappointment in more ways than one, but especially in Photography; for in April, May and June, we have the best Actinic light as a rule. This year clouded skies have prevailed, and many cameras have remained unopened. It is weather like we have lately experienced that enables those who know, how to appreciate lenses, like those made by Goerz and Zeiss, which will secure a good picture even under adverse circumstances of dull weather. In the Anschütz camera the lens now fitted works at 4.5, and I mention this because I clearly see many workers will forget the rapidity and constantly over-expose. Of course, this is better than under-exposure; hence, I wish to ask those who develop their own negatives to bear in mind that it is always wise to presume a negative is over-exposed, and to begin by using one-third of the soda and two-thirds of the pyro. In under-exposed plates this order should be reversed, but those who have had practice can easily adjust the developer to the proportions needed in each case. I believe I have mentioned before that it is best to have a few practical lessons in developing, which will not only assist in the Chemistry of Photography, but also be a great aid in exposures. Another point has been brought very forcibly before me, and it is this: those who attempt much do nothing well, and I have not yet met one who could make a first-class negative, and also be a good printer. My advice is always: be either one or the other. Give all your care to making a good negative, which

is of the first importance; and those who make a special study of printing can give you a good print. A great many failures can be put down to the stupid competitions, which say: 'All must be your own work.'

To prove that I believe in what I say, I will give a prize, value £2 2s., to the best negative sent in before the end of September, and a similar prize to the sender of the best print, but they must be by different competitors.

Beyond printing the results in this paper, no other use will be made of the negative or print, which will remain the property of the senders, and any rejected negatives or prints will be returned on payment of postage. This will show competitors that I do not want 'cheap copy or illustrations,' but to encourage amateurs to make a success in one branch of this fascinating study. Any plate-paper or formula may be used, and any subject which may appeal to our friends.

Messrs. Watkins have issued a very charming handbook on Photography, and I wish it every success. A plain and straightforward book has been wanted, although I do not wish to forget my old friends the 'Ilford,' and one or two others. For the advanced student, the 'Photographic Reference Book' is the best.

A great many friends have written me about printing papers, and I must repeat that so much depends on the negative, that it is impossible to say anything without seeing what is the quality of negative, and the paper that would suit it. For



TREE STUDY
PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. MARTIN PIRIE

indifferent negatives, P.O.P. is the best; for bright, sharp, clean negatives, Bromide (Rotograph, or other first-class paper), Platinotype or Carbon; the last named, best of all processes, will give pleasing results.

Bromide work is not so disappointing as it was, and I venture to steal a page from the 'Bromide Monthly,' published by the Rotary Company, which gives excellent advice. The formulæ given will prove very interesting to those who do not like 'shiny' prints, and are for Rotograph Bromide papers.

Mr. Wm. Goodwin, of Glasgow, who is awarded first prize, uses the methods given below:—

Warm Brown.—Bleach the print in—Solution A.: Potass. bichromate, 10 grs.; hydrochloric acid, 10 minims; water, 1 oz. Wash in saturated solution of potash alum to remove stain of bichromate, and rinse in water. Apply Solution B.: Ammonium sulphide, 10 per cent. solution, till the print is dark enough. Wash ten minutes in running water. By this process the toned print is slightly reduced in contrast but not in detail,

therefore a fully-developed print with clean lights is required. If the original print has been developed with ferrous oxalate the lights will probably look dirty after toning, or may even be dark-green, but very dilute sulphuric acid will clear them.

Dark Brown.—Bleach the print in saturated solution of mercuric chloride, rinse in strong solution of common salt, wash in running water ten minutes. Apply hyposulphite of soda, 1 part in 1,000 parts of water (*i.e.*, 10 grs. in 20 ozs.), till dark enough. Wash ten minutes in running water. This *slightly* intensifies the original print.

Warm Black.—Apply Lumière's intensifier—Mercuric iodide, 45 grs.; sodium sulphite (crystals), 2 ozs.; water 10 ozs., till the print becomes orange brown. Wash in running water twenty minutes. Apply ammonium sulphide, 10 per cent. solution. Wash ten minutes in running water. By this process the original print is considerably intensified.

The following three processes must be carried out by artificial light, as daylight causes the lights to stain. The prints must be thoroughly free from hypo:—

Hints to Amateur Photographers

Red.—Immerse the print in Fergusson's formula Copper sulphate (10 per cent. solution), 70 minims; potass. ferricyanide (10 per cent. solution), 60 minims; potass. citrate (10 per cent. solution), 1 oz. (fl.). It will pass through shades of brown to red. When the desired tone is reached, wash twenty minutes in running water. The original density is not much changed.

Blue.—Immerse the print in ferric ammonium citrate (10 per cent. solution), $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (fl.); potass. ferricyanide (10 per cent. solution), $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (fl.); acetic acid (10 per cent. solution), 5 ozs. till it becomes dark greenish-blue. Wash till the lights are clear of yellow stain. Weak hydrochloric acid will brighten the blue, and a weak solution of hypo. will further brighten it. The density of the original print is about doubled.

Green.—Tone blue as above. Rinse and transfer to solution of chromic acid in water (45 grs. in 10 ozs.) till it turns green. The yellow stain of the chromic acid must be washed out in a saturated solution of alum. For bright green the blue toning must be stopped at an early stage, the green becoming more blue in shade the longer the blue bath is used. Wash thoroughly after the alum. The density is rather less than the original.

The following working methods are those of Mr. Herbert Bairstow, Halifax:—

The following solutions are required:—

(1) Mercuric chloride, 100 grs.; hydrochloric acid, 3 or 4 drops; water, to 10 ozs. (Usual intensification bath.)

(2) Hypo., 1 oz.; water to 8 ozs.; gold chloride, 1 gr. (Combined toning and fixing bath.)

(3) Hypo., 5 ozs.; water, 10 ozs. (Hypo. stock solution.)

(4) Uranium nitrate, 20 grs.; acetic acid, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; water to 10 ozs. (Uranium toning solution.)

(5) Potassium ferricyanide, 20 grs.; acetic acid, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; water to 10 ozs. (Solution for uranium toning.)

(6) Ferric chloride, 60 grs.; water to 10 ozs.

Warm Black.—Bleach in (1); redevelop in (2).

Pure Black.—More intense than the original. Bleach in (1); redevelop in sol. 3, 1 dr.; water to 3 ozs.



BENT BOUGHS, NEW FOREST
BY MRS. MARTIN PIRIE

Warm Brown.—Sols. 4 and 5 mixed in equal quantities.

Greenish Brown.—Sols. 4 and 5, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each; sol. 6, 2 drops.

Blue.—Sols. 4 and 5, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each; sol. 6, 8 drops.

Brown.—Bleach in (1); redevelop in sol. 3, 1 dr.; water to 12 ozs.

Another method, which is worth mention, is that used by Mr. Alfred Hopkins, Bath; it gives an agreeable warm brown:—

Thoroughly soak in plain water first. Then immerse in a solution of water, 10 ozs.; iodine 22 grs.; potassium iodide, 44 grs.

The paper turned blue in colour, owing to formation of iodide of starch from the paper sizing. The image was converted into a yellowish colour.

Without washing, the prints were transferred to a bath of *dilute* sulphurous acid, in which the blue was removed from the paper. The image now

showed in light yellow *in relief*.

After washing, to remove the sulphurous acid, the prints were immersed in a weak solution of ammonium sulphide (coml.)—about 10 per cent. The toning commences at once, but there is little variety in depth of character.

Stains are often a source of annoyance, and according to Dr. Just, yellow stains due to prolonged development are best removed by Lainer's

acid fixing bath, the weak acidification obtained by these proportions avoiding turbidity :—

Tartaric acid solution (1 to 2) - 5½ drs.

Sodium sulphite solution (1 to 4) - 2 ozs.

Add these to about 1 quart of hypo. fixing solution.

Mrs. Martin Pirie has kindly allowed me to use two of her charming tree studies. This lady is a true worker, and her album of prints points to the fact that those who take pains achieve success.

FAN PAINTING

MR. JOHN BAILLIE, in partnership with Mr. Albert E. Bonner, has lately moved to more commodious premises, and has opportunities of disposing of newly-made examples of Art-craft which the maker himself has not as a rule. For this innocent 'puff' he should be as grateful to us as the writer himself for the manner of his entertainment on Saturday, May 24th, at 7 Prince's Terrace, Bayswater, W.

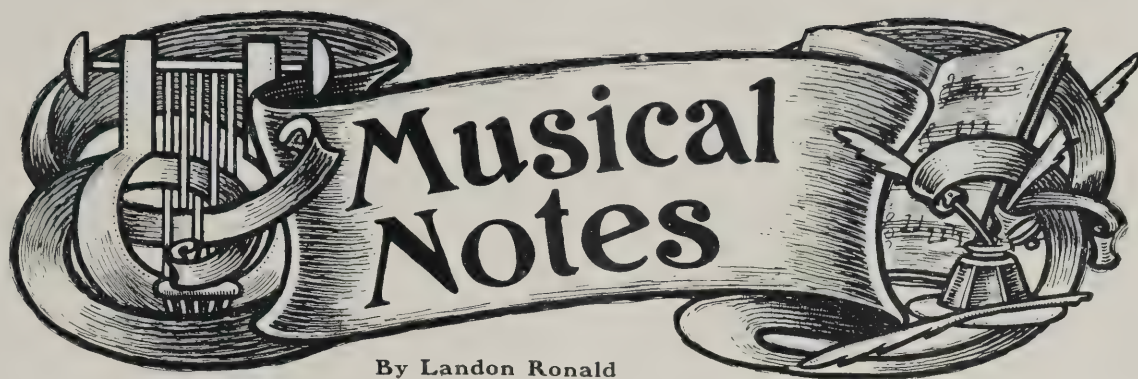
The idea of spending a deal of one's over-plus on things so little deserving as fans is one of the latest, though art from its earliest days has been unsparingly lavished upon them. The Chinese as a rule let the radial system of the fan determine the mode of its decoration; while the French of the eighteenth century more generally treated the available space pictorially, and as if there could be no more convenient shape for a canvas than that contained by the parallel curves of the fantail. Given the shape and the substance, they treated them both respectfully, and the best of their paintings are pretty. When masters of Art like Watteau and Fragonard set their hands to such work, it goes without saying that it presently becomes as valuable as any such thing can be; and the just reward of his labour is promised to Mr. Conder, who has had so much to do with the resuscitation of this innocent art in England.

Whether due to the tendency of paint to run upon silk, or to something lacking in his own drawing, his figures look unpleasantly 'floppy' sometimes, in those parts of the drawing especially, where precision of delineation is very particularly wanted. But to come to the point, and conclude. His pupil, Mrs. L. Murray Robertson, has a room full of fans in this house, and, with no more reserve than is suggested above, they can be sincerely praised, one beautiful little screen of this essentially

trivial order especially. Miss Pamela Colman Smith invites us to another room, and seems to imitate nearly everything, to the extinction of her own individuality. The Art and artists she favours would like to see it much better done than she appears to be able to. If the individuality of which we were told a good deal is in truth irrepressible, she had better not make another display of it till her power to produce is as clear as her inclination. So much has been said in pure kindness, because there are indications of exceptional talent in her best work, and of really good things, great or small, there never can be too many.—E.R.



'DEATH HIDETH, IT CANNOT DIVIDE'
A SCULPTURE BY PROF. CAV. SAUL, FLORENCE



By Landon Ronald

I DO not propose to criticise the opera performances at Covent Garden, because everyone who is interested will have followed the course of events in the daily papers. Then again, the season is not half finished, and any remarks I may have to make will be more appropriate next month. One performance, however, deserves special mention as being one of the most remarkable in every way that I have ever witnessed in London or anywhere else. I refer to the first performance of 'Rigoletto,' on which occasion Madame Melba made her *rentrée*, Signor Caruso his *début*, and Mons. Renaud impersonated the title rôle for the first time in London. I will lightly pass over the facts that the King and Queen were present, that the house was full to its holding capacity, and that the boxes and stalls were occupied by all the smartest people in London. These conditions would in no wise insure a great performance, though a good, sympathetic audience goes a long way in assisting and encouraging the artists. But it was the genius of the three performers who were enacting the leading rôles that made this a memorable representation. Melba's 'Gilda' is, of course, familiar to all opera-goers, and to say that she sang as wonderfully as ever and acted excellently, is to give at once the highest praise. Some there were who thought she was not quite up to her usual standard, but I quite disagree. In any case, Melba at her worst is a thousand times better than most of the other sopranos at their best.

Signor Caruso has a glorious organ, and though he by no means did himself justice at the commencement of the opera, by the time he came to the 'La donna e mobile' and the famous Quartet,

he had shaken off his nervousness and proved himself to be one of the finest tenors Italy has sent us for years. Perhaps his phrasing is not all that could be desired, but the quality of his voice is so beautiful and his intonation is so absolutely correct, that one welcomes him as 'a boon and a blessing' after the hard, guttural, *shouting* of the German tenor. And now we come to Renaud, the king of all the baritones; and yet, to my mind, he has never been properly appreciated by the English public. Here we have an artist gifted with a wondrous organ, who knows to the finest point how to use it, whose phrasing is beyond reproach, who is every bit as great an actor as he is a singer, and yet eight Englishmen out of twelve have never heard of him, and I suppose he would scarcely be considered a 'draw' at Covent Garden. It is true that very few baritones ever have been actual 'draws,' but Maurel was years ago, and Renaud is every bit as fine as Maurel ever was, and I very much doubt whether Maurel had such a beautiful, round, luscious voice as Renaud possesses. No English baritone, young or old, can have a finer lesson in the art of singing, than listening attentively to this great artist, and I counsel all those who have never heard him, to take the first opportunity of doing so. In very truth, one may become absolutely gushing, without exaggerating the prowess of this splendid artist. I have seen some of the greatest Rigolettos, but I am quite sure that Renaud's impersonation of the luckless jester will bear comparison with any of them, and gain thereby.

Mr. J. D. Davis, who won the £100 prize offered by the proprietors of this magazine for the best Coronation March, has written an Opera entitled

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'The Zaporogues,' which, anglicised, is 'The Cossacks.' The libretto is from a novel of Gogol, the Russian writer, and has been adapted by Mr. E. Lawrence Levy, of Birmingham. It has already been produced by the Birmingham Grand Opera Society at the Theatre Royal, and is down for performance at Antwerp in December next. It appears that this is not the only work from Mr. Davis's pen that has been performed at Antwerp, because at a concert given there by Mr. Granville Bantock, the programme of which was devoted to modern English music, I find an 'Elegy for Orchestra' by Mr. J. D. Davis amongst the items, and understand that it met with a very favourable reception.

Up to the time of writing, this has been a record season as regards the number of concerts given. The front page of the *Daily Telegraph* of a Saturday has been a sight that must have made the critic's flesh creep, because, however willing the spirit may be, it is no light matter to have to sit through some fifty odd concerts in one week! I believe almost every artist of eminence must have been in London during the last few weeks, and accordingly there have been some very remarkable private musical *soirées* given by some of the millionaires who think nothing of spending one or

two thousand pounds on such entertainments. I have been present at several of these concerts, which have begun at eleven o'clock at night and have lasted about an hour and a quarter. On one occasion the performers were Madame Melba, Paderewski, Kubelik, Caruso and Plançon—an almost unique combination of the greatest living artists. Again and again have I known Madame Melba, Kubelik, Renaud, Plançon, and Caruso to appear together at one concert, and what with the beautiful houses, the gorgeous gowns, and the galaxy of beauty to be seen on such occasions, one might well believe oneself in Elysium, were it not for the incessant chattering that takes place, even whilst *these* great artists are performing. It is really a shame that people accept invitations to *listen* to a wonderful concert, and show their appreciation by talking most of the time!

This month a delightful little pianoforte piece by Moszkowski appears. He wrote it especially for THE ARTIST, and it is in every way worthy of his name and fame. Any words of praise that I could write of Moszkowski would be superfluous. He and his works are too well known to all amateurs to require any eulogium from me. This little piece will tell more than I could.

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE ARTS A FRAGMENT BY B. KENDELL

IN the relative positions occupied by the arts of music, painting, and literature, it must be conceded that music holds the primary place. It is the source of all harmony which, diverted into different channels, diffuses its substance through form, and in colour. The supremacy of music finds its acknowledgment in such favourite expressions as 'motive'—the permeating thought, 'discord'—antagonism of the same, 'harmony,' in the treatment of a subject; 'nocturnes' in monochrome, 'symphonies' in colour, and so on.

Of the three arts, music, painting and literature, the strongest affinity lies between the first and the last-named, inasmuch as the governing rules in both are identical—rhythm, syntax, cadence, the rounding of the periods, the climax of sound, and

the *leitmotiv*—the thread which is woven into bold or delicate pattern.

If the literary aspirant possesses a musical ear, half the obstacles presented by his career are removed. The more he trains his faculties for catching the intricate beauties of sound, the smoother will the sentences flow from his pen. The magnificent individuality of the Master of Bayreuth affords an example of this close relationship between music and literature. In his operas these kindred forces march hand in hand to the climax of tempestuous beauty or the magnitude of repose. The words and the music form a harmonious synthesis of rare perfection.

On the other hand, from time immemorial the musician has invoked the inspiration of the poet,

The Relationship of the Arts

for the mind finds its first ready expression in words. The sense of beauty, the joy of life, and the pain of death wring the formulated thought from the brain to serve as a foundation-stone upon which wondrous edifices can be raised out of the precious material stored by the artist. Boito left off composing opera scores to write libretti for Verdi; Mendelssohn gave to the world the 'Songs without words.' In the famous 'duetto' the pleading, the ecstasy, and the pathos of passion soar to heaven, and fall to earth; the human voices remain distinct throughout, singing the hymn and the dirge of human love.

There are occasions when words fail in which to clothe naked sensations; then music steps forward and supplies the imperative craving for some outward expression. Again, music has the power of stirring human nature to its very depths, and of raising it to giddy heights; through the channel of the senses it reaches the heart. It has also the gift of the supernatural, for it awakens dreams that hold no earthly reflections, and causes a joy so immense that it requires all the space of heaven to contain it!

The Church of Rome has always manifested a wide perception of expedients, and to maintain her supremacy calls to aid every permissible device. There is a phase of music which is a religion, and there are instruments which are peculiarly adapted for its ritual. Nothing more beautiful has been imagined than the combination of stringed instruments, the organ, and the human voice. From out of the sea of harmony the voices rise pure and incisive, carrying with them in their winged flight the prayers of the congregation and, as it were, the prayers of the whole world.

Music kindles smouldering embers into flame, and, at her touch, out of the shadows forgotten things spring to life. Again we live through the hours we fancied belonged to a buried past; we experience long-lost sensations, and at one bound we cover the distance that separates now from then. The repetition of a melody heard, perhaps, years ago has sufficed to unlock the gates of memory and, in a rush, our past comes back to us. In a minor degree literature possesses this spell, and fragments read and impressed on our minds survive the lapse of time. Many of us cannot take up the poems of Sir Walter Scott

without feeling the fresh breath of childhood wafted across the space of years.

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own—my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
When home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.'

To some, these lines first formulated the feeling that vaguely stirred their hearts—love of country, love of home, golden links in the chain which binds them to earth.

Like all great earthly influences, that of music is not wholly for good. There is a kind which irritates and stimulates the baser growth of our nature. It leaves us with throbbing pulses, and an unsatisfied longing for violent sensations, or it steepes our senses in narcotic languor. In the baneful exercise of power, music and literature again clasp hands. Some of the most beautiful flowers of speech have hidden in their hearts subtle drops of poison. The beauty and the perfume dazzle and attract: it is a keen, artistic delight to endeavour to penetrate the workings of the master-mind that could create so much beauty. To the extent to which the state of our nature renders us liable, we inhale the poison offered us. An evil thought exquisitely expressed is often innocently welcomed by a pure mind—to a mind less pure its pernicious influence may be incalculable.

Music and literature may be, then, declared akin, in view of the similarity of the powers they exercise. Between them the third art inserts itself, receiving and exercising a converging influence.

Of the three arts, painting is the most material, because in no way can it detach itself from bodily form and substance. Its principle is the glorification of matter; it is the pæan offered by men at Nature's altar. Some years ago a fashion set in to abuse Nature as coarse and unseemly. Æstheticism professed to have discovered something better—an ultra-refinement of sensation which must be conveyed by alternated symbols. Light and colour were abhorred as things too crude for the æsthete's pale vision: the apotheosis of beauty must be abnormity. This strange disease ran its course after the fashion of contagious maladies, and convalescence brought a strong reaction in the public taste. Realism was set on the throne to sway the sceptre over painters and sculptors. Art must be applied impartially to the

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portrayal of the lowest conditions of life. To the English nature any loud manifestations remain distasteful—hence English art has throughout preserved a more or less colourless appearance when compared with the metamorphoses that have taken place during the last decade in some of the foreign schools. Originality at the outset always fails to receive the stamp of official approval. In the memory of the older generation the gallant struggle waged by the pre-Raphaelite brethren, with Millais at their head, is still rife. The forces these dauntless young men had to contend with were the rooted prejudice against natural expression, and the effiteness of a body of men who had taken on themselves to mislead the public taste by giving them an art so alloyed with affectation and triviality as to be hardly worthy of the name at all.

On the Continent this sudden and imperious demand for realistic presentment caused Béraud and Von Uhde to clothe the episodes of Christ's life on earth in modern garb. In so doing they only reverted to a practice which prevailed amongst the painters of the sixteenth century, but the effect they produced was vastly different. Measured by comparison, modern biblical art stands dwarfed, and the intensely practical spirit that marks the present age, has a narrow scope of view.

Verestschagin, fresh from the impressions of a journey through the Holy Land, depicted New Testament scenes with a deplorable lack of imagination. His pictures leave a sensation of ugliness and squalour, and he paints the Jewish types, familiar in the villages of Russian Poland, as though he were unable to shake off their obsession. The revival of realism in painting found its reflection in literature. Zola was pioneer of the movement, and it can only be a matter for regret that his passion for truth should at times clothe itself in a strange brutality of language. Here the writer borrows the employment of crude colour from the painter. There is no play of half lights or shadows: the picture is divided into nett halves with trenchant lines of demarcation. Ugliness of form is presented without any redeeming quality, and the artist revels in his power for facts. On the other hand, Zola's descriptions of the beauties of Nature once read are unforgettable: they are like precious gems flung in the mud of the highways. Here and there his pathetic touches of the instinct and

capacity of human nature for good would redeem his dogged persistence in the portrayal of evil. His argument is, that by the presentment of vice, virtue is fostered. He is the bold apostle of a daring doctrine by which he would revolutionize the world, and he nobly champions the cause of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed.

The name of Zola evokes the image of Tolstoi in the similarity and vastness of their aims, but the essence of Tolstoi's teaching is to be found in the lines on the title-page of 'Resurrection'—the gradual remoulding of man on divine lines; while Zola passionately denies divinity—man suffices unto himself!

Unlike the two arts which draw their nourishment from external influences, music feeds on itself. It is strange but true that the endeavours of the most modern of our composers to translate this modernity into sound, has, so far, resulted in a blatant confusion and weary mazes of orchestration, the threading of which irritates the nerves.

Wagner's music cannot, in any sense, be called modern. It is the voice of a remote past—a past so remote that it only half emerges from the obscurity which shrouds the beginnings of man, and then the gods still walked the earth. In its mightiness there rings the echo of the wild combat of super-human forces with the natural elements of evolution and decay.

The purely romantic school in painting and literature has to-day but few exponents. The state of high pressure in which the lives of men and women are passed allows of no time for lingering by the way, nor for quiet enjoyment of the placid beauties of art. Everything must be bold and striking, so as forcibly to arrest the attention and hold it captive. In the Anglo-Saxon interpretation of modern feeling John Sargent and Rudyard Kipling are past masters. With a sure hand and rapid strokes they paint their living portraits. The impressions they create are instantaneous and indelible: they grasp the roots of things, tear them up, and expose them to the light of day.

Past traditions have fallen like a discarded mantle too worn for use; the future lies hidden. That we have reached the limits of human capabilities in art no one will admit. Into sculpture, Rodin has infused a new life, and he, too, has gone back to the remote beginnings and

Vladimir de Pachmann

depicted the working of primitive forces. This instinctive harking back by men of genius to primary principles, their admiration for simple truths, their contempt for the veneer which Society so long imposed on natural expression, may these not be amongst the precursory signs of a universal revolution? Standing on the threshold of a new century we wonder what it may bring to the world. The toilers, the aspirants, the great minds who create and dominate do not lose heart. They are the finger-posts of time on which succeeding generations read the individual inscriptions. These all point in one direction—onward towards an unknown end—an unseen goal where, perchance, the efforts of men will be crowned with the laurels of the gods!

V VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN (A CAMEL) BY ISRAFEL

IN these days when every self-respecting pianist has beside him on the platform a fresh glossy extra piano in waiting—as a huntsman has his second horse—the gentle art of Vladimir de Pachmann comes like warmth in May, or roses in December. Under his gracious hand the fiery piano curvets and caracoles exquisitely as a circus steed, answering rather to some subtle sympathy than to mere technical skill. But when stiff five-barred octave passages have to be taken, the rattling of hoofs is not inaudible, and one sighs for the Vaquero-like notemanship of a Mark Hambourg, who, without the aid of the blurring pedal, sails right over the most incredible obstacles that the devilish ingenuity of a Liszt could devise.

However, Pachmann's rare art has no more to do with vulgar virtuosity than faint exquisite attar of roses has with the sweet red flower on the bush. Never was there an art more limited or more entrancing! It is earnest as child's play, prismatic and airy as a soap-bubble, poetic as the evening star. It lacks passion no more than lilies of the valley lack colour. It has scarcely a trace of artifice, merely a naïve perfection of coquetry as natural as the blush on a roseleaf. If Paderewski is the king, I would venture to call Pachmann the May Queen of pianists.

His spring magic is not of Europe at all; the

North has no part in him, nor the mystic East, nor the hurrying West: he is of the heady entrancing South. To me his music suggests all the frail starry flowers with symbolic names—tuberoses, oleanders, champak blossoms, and the warm, indolent night airs that are faint with heavy perfumes. At heart he is doubtless an Algerine.

His poetic temperament draws his fingers towards that fairy prince of composers—Chopin. Georges Sand herself was not more amorous of Frederic than is this musical magician. Yet he evokes the spirit of Chopin, rather than Chopin's self, sharpening delicately the finer features of that fine soul—reducing the whole man to a ray of moonlight, and a breath of honeyed orange blossom. Suggestion is his most potent spell: he is a master of dim suggestion of an intolerable richness! The buried gold burns through the covering earth; the veil hides Aphrodite. He hints the subtler half of what Wagner declares 'the April ecstasies of the 'Valkyrie,' and the wild hues of the Venusberg are held by him in most ethereal musical solution. They say, 'a nod is as good as a wink to a blind donkey,' and truly by ecstatic whispers, he sets the imagination rioting among unheard songs. This pianistic Keats finds in Chopin a Belle Dame Sans Merci, a ravishing tormentor, a perilous perfect medium for self-expression. But he plays well only what pleases his amorous taste; less significant or more vigorous passages are slighted and slurred over. Yet his natural style is graceful as a swallow, and debonair as a cock sparrow; moreover, his music radiates vivid, delicate colour, changeful and emotional as an opal. He pictures a dream within a dream; a Southern night, wild with the soft-sung ecstasies of bull-frogs, and the intoxicating odour of orange flowers; a pink sumptuous ice, such as Budapest alone can freeze; Benedictine sipped in secret; and Her, who

'Left his straight neck bent,
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.'

Pachmann, like Grieg, makes you think of your first love; never of your last. His audience is, therefore, composed almost exclusively of minor poets, since only a few of those rare souls ever attain to the inverted passion expressed in 'Lucky Jim.'

His is a fairy horse, shod, like Caligula's, with gold. We forgive the rattling hoofs.

AT THE OPERA BY GEORGE CECIL

THE most startling novelty at the Opera has, up till now, been the unwise engagement of a displeasing German tenor who sang 'Tannhauser;' whilst one of the most satisfactory impersonations has been the 'Isolde' of Nordica. The last named admirable artist is indeed welcome. It may be added that her conceptions of her various rôles are, if anything, an improvement upon her former work. She has lately been heard as 'Aida,' a part in which she has again shown herself to be almost more than satisfying. For, whether she is singing a dramatic passage or enchanting us with her beautiful *mezza-voce*, she is always convincing and ever pleasing. Caruso may also be added to the list of desirable singers appertaining to Covent Garden. Not only is his voice of excellent quality, but he uses it with skill. In short, he is probably one of the finest Italian tenors to be heard, and as such should please exceedingly ancient *habitués*, as also those who can appreciate all that is desirable in the art of singing. But he must pay attention to his lower register and to his make-up. When lately appearing in that fascinating and melodious Opera 'Lucia di Lammmoor,' his wig was absolutely absurd. Scotti, on the other hand, who sang the part of 'Enrico' beautifully (as is his wont), was a marked contrast to his tenor compatriot in the matter of costume. But Scotti is a singer of wide experience. He has sung with distinction at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and at Covent Garden for several seasons, and has thus profited by his opportunities. In connection with the mention of the baritone's name, it may be mentioned that he will not be heard as 'Scarpia' during the season—unless a 'Floria Tosca' can be found. And as the exceedingly gifted Ternina does not appear to be coming Covent Gardenwards, it is to be feared that Puccini's fine opera will not be given. Bréval has certainly studied the part in Italian; but she also is amongst those who are not engaged.

Why the Management has permitted Miss Garden, of the Opéra Comique, to make her appearance amongst those who will arrive later on, is quite incomprehensible to the ordinary opera-goer who has been permitted to listen to her 'Louise' and 'Manon.' Her singing has but

little to recommend it. And if it is essential that an English-speaking singer should be allowed to create the soprano part in the new opera, there surely must be other *prime donne* who are capable of undertaking it. Indeed, why the work in question should be given when the delightful 'Esmeralda' of Goring Thomas still awaits another hearing, is an operatic mystery. And whilst dealing with the shortcomings of that harassed body, the Syndicate, it might be suggested that if, like their brother and sister Britons, they are inclined to be patriotic in this absurd age of khaki-coloured songs and extravagant newspaper praise of heroes, they would do well to give a further chance to Stanford's 'Much ado about nothing.' Suzanne Adams sings 'Hero' very charmingly; the 'Benedict' of Bispham is as fine a piece of acting as one could see, his singing in the rôle being equally perfect; and the 'Claudio' of John Coates is also praiseworthy.

In the absence of Edouard de Reszké, Plançon is singing the part of 'Frère Laurent.' One can but say that he sings the music as exquisitely as he does that of 'Capulet.' In the beautiful scene in the fourth Act, 'Buvez donc ce breuvage,' he affords a valuable lesson to students. In fact he is, in many ways, the most satisfactory singer at the Opera. Perfect alike in production, diction, enunciation, and quality of voice, he is distinctly one of the leading artists of the age.

Audiences have also had the pleasure of welcoming Van Dyck. He has lately sung 'Tristan,' and on the whole, well. At the same time it must be remarked that the ease with which he sings out of tune is more than a little trying, both to his hearers and to those who are associated with him on the stage. This was particularly noticeable in the love duet, and Nordica is to be distinctly congratulated upon not being put out thereby. Mention may also be made of the last-named artist's singing of the 'Liebestod.' It is doubtful if it has ever been so finely sung as it was upon the occasion in question.

It may, in conclusion, be observed that though our great dailies—through the medium of amusing reporter ignoramuses—find faults, other than those alluded to above, with Covent Garden and all that appertains thereto, the fact remains that the performances give pleasure to those who love music.



DETHE AND EVERYMAN

EVERY-MAN A MORALITY PLAY

*Performed by the Elizabethan Stage Society, under
the direction of Mr. William Poel*

With illustrations by Dion Clayton Calthrop

THE Church is the originator of the modern drama; the boards at the fairs were used for the purpose of producing secular sermons; the truth dressed up to attract the people was here shown forth with the idea of leading the sinner to repentance. Simple, but lively, representation of heaven and hell, of God and the Devil, were given; the blessings of the good, and the awful downfall of the sinner, were depicted in the brightest colours; the language was of the simplest, and the stage appointments of the barest description. To us, nowadays, the reproduction of one of these morality plays is a matter of curious interest; we face an England of the past, monastic and simple. We are a little nervous about a representation of the Deity on the stage. We do not quite know how to take the prayers, the invocations, the strong meat of sin and death called simply by their names, and we are rather apt to fight shy of being corrected in our morals at a theatre, but we are deeply interested. 'Every-man,' this particular piece, is one of the least spoilt. It had never been a great popular play, such as was played at York, at Chester, or at Coventry; and it has remained for us, plain, Gothic, simple, and serious. Had it been one of the popular mediæval plays, it would have been greatly altered in character: the part of death would have been given to a comedian, the parts of Fellowship and Cosyn would have been rendered obscene and impossible, ribald jests and local allusions would have been scattered throughout the matter of the piece.

The matter for these plays was taken from Scripture histories, from legends of the saints; moral truths were dramatised, the powers of good and evil were personally presented. Some of the plays were performed in the grounds of monasteries; some, as those at Coventry, at the

fairs, much as Richardson's show, in rude booths placed at street corners. Thus did the monks, catching hold of the dramatic instinct of the people, endeavour to make them appreciate and realise the homely truths of morality, and instil into them some idea of the mysteries of religion.

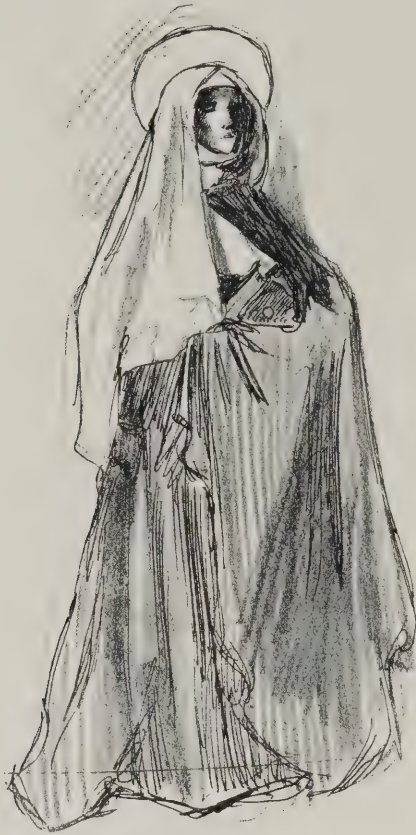
The Devil, a popular character, was pulled by the nose, was vomited from hell's mouth at a corner of the stage, and tempted some powerful saint, was beaten, and returned, cowed, to hell amid the applause of the people. Virtue was always triumphant, in fact, the Surrey-side melodrama is a kind of modern morality play; the villain—the Devil—up-to-date, conquered and overcome by the white-robed heroine—a representative portrait of innocence.

The solemn story of the Passion was played. St. Peter repented at the crowing of the cock, and Judas hanged himself in full view of the audience, and all this was done in a spirit of true reverence, rough as the means were with which to do it, bare as the stage often was. After some time the reverence began to vanish, the Devil grew comic, death carried a bladder on a stick, the management of the plays left the hands of the monks, and the laity secured a monetary advantage. They put out on the road the first 'fit-up' companies, and with the skill of old favourites filled with the political allusions and coarse jokes, they toured from town to town, much as the provincial companies do now.

Fortunately for us, this play of 'Every-man' remains in its original monkish simplicity. Death is an austere figure, solemn, earnest. The moral applies to all: it is impressive and plainly taught. The play is as modern as any problem play, and a good deal more necessary; it is not an after-dinner digestive—it has no dances or songs. I daresay that many of the audience object to being told that they must die, and that to be good was not merely a matter of respectability, and those people thought fit



The Artist



Good-dedes

to make it a matter of feeble jokes and giggles, doubtless because they were too thick-skinned to see that the moral of the play applied to them personally, or that they were nervous, in case anybody should think that they took life at all seriously. It is a play which must be taken seriously to be appreciated, for it was written seriously, and although its mediævalism may be strange, the pith is as true now as ever it was; it is, in fact, a dramatic sermon on 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee.'

Death, dressed like a Death of Holbein's in the 'Dance,' appears at the summons of Adonai. He glides in, trumpet in hand and drum on thigh, to receive the message. Every-man, the gay, the riotous-living, must prepare to die. The message is delivered to Every-man, and in terror he looks for someone to accompany him on the dreary road to the grave. Felaship, his boon companion, will have none of him; the Kymrede will not hear of it; his Goodes, the riches he has piled up so carefully, cannot help him. He can think of nothing, of no

one. Then the last of his friends occurs to him, his much-neglected 'Good-dedes,' but, alas, she is so weak that she cannot rise to go with him, for she is bound down by the weight of his sins, but she calls upon Knowledge to help him, who in turn advises him to confess and do penance. This advice he takes, and, as he scourges himself, Good-dedes is loosened from the load of sin, and comes in to his aid, remaining by him till he dies in his tomb, and Knowledge throws a flower into his grave. This is all very serious, and was seriously and excellently played. The lady taking the part of Every-man, a long, trying part, was very good indeed. She pronounced the long speeches with eloquence and feeling, and prayed on the stage remarkably well, better than I have ever before seen it done.

The stage is arranged after the Elizabethan manner, and the characters frequently enter from the level of the stalls and mount steps to the



'KNOLEGE'

Every-Man

platforms, of which there are three, the main action of the piece taking place on the centre one. A large tapestry curtain hides the third platform, and this is only disclosed at the beginning and end of the play—once when it reveals Adonai seated on a throne, supported by a monk and a nun, with an angel at his feet, and at the end, when Every-man goes to his tomb.

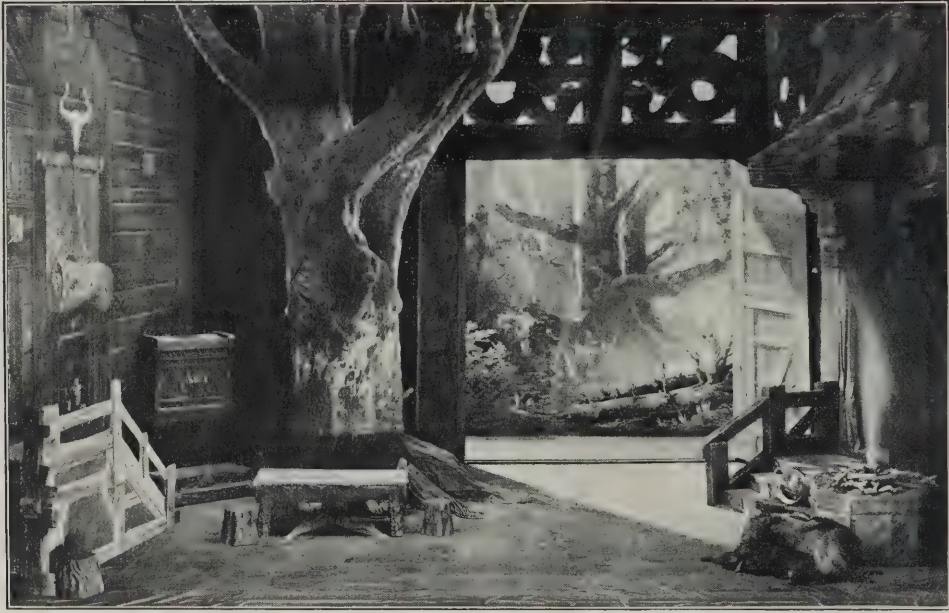
The costumes are very beautiful indeed—rich, romantic, grand colour, full of meaning. Most of them are Italian, of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and these, with the tapestry background, flanked by two stone tombs, form a number of fine pictures. One thing was to me very pleasant, although somewhat out of the picture: when Every-man calls upon his Goodes, he goes to one of these tomb-like places which are curtained off, and he pulls aside the curtain. Seated in the shadow of the niche is a curious person with long hair and beard and a cap of immense proportions covered with jewels. He writes unceasingly in a book, but is stopped by the appealing voice of Every-man. It was fine colour, it was quaint, this funny huddled figure, but not Gothic in feeling at all. It was Eastern, and delightful; it added to my joy in the 'Arabian Nights'; it was just the sort of little man one would find in a cupboard, seated cross-legged on a magic carpet. It gave me keen pleasure, but when I returned to earth, I saw that, with a nun in the opposite tomb and a monk soon to enter, it lacked the serene Gothic style.

Mr. Poel, to whom I owe all thanks for his kindness, showed me many of the costumes beforehand, showed the care with which the exact colours are procured, and told me of the aims of this admirable society. Long may it live and produce these beautiful things, and we hope that some more definite notice will be taken of its artistic aims by those who are wanting to produce artistic things in the West End, and who set about it clogged with old traditions and worn-out devices. They might study the low tones of such a production as *Every-man*, and see that a great deal of their lighting is superfluous and gaudy, that a play can be produced without a white dress being used for the principal lady, that make-believe scenery is quite delightful if the acting is only good enough, and that it is a joy to have the words properly pronounced and clearly spoken. I have no wish to be over-critical, but would anybody go and *hear* Mr. Tree play Shakespeare, instead of doing as they now do, going to *see* him and his surroundings, accompanied by Shakespeare's words?

The Society have not only produced classic English drama, such as Ben Johnson's 'Sad Shepherd' and Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Coxcomb,' but, also, they have played modern drama, as the 'Locrine,' by Mr. Swinbourne. They do not merely revive the past, but they experiment with the present, and the pains taken in the matter of costume, of elocution, and of all the arts of the stage, deserve more popular encouragement.

DION CLAYTON-CALTHROP.





'THE VALKYRIE,' ACT I.
AT BAYREUTH

THE SETTING OF THE VALKYRIE AT COVENT GARDEN BY N. PEACOCK

WAGNER, for ever dreaming of the union of the arts, succeeded in expressing himself so completely, that it may seem superfluous to draw attention to the importance of providing an adequate stage-setting to the German master's music-dramas. The natural harmony of his inspiration resulted in the remarkable unity of his music and of his dramatic aim. As the music steps in and supplements where mere words fail, so the scenery must unobtrusively repeat, and, if needs be, discreetly emphasise, what words and music are revealing to us. In spite of the rare precision with which Wagner balanced the constituent parts of his operas, in spite of the indications contained in his scores, nothing approaching a satisfactory attempt to carry out his stage directions seems to have been made until quite recently at Covent Garden. Probably the great technical difficulties to be surmounted, and the unwillingness of many 'artistes' to consider the general effect in preference to individual display, have been mainly responsible for this deficiency. At Covent Garden this season much new scenery has been forthcoming, and although that of the 'Valkyrie' and 'Siegfried' has not yet reached its final stage, still, a slight account of what is being attempted here, and what has been done at Bayreuth, will enable all whom it

may concern to decide which of the two houses can lay claim to the more artistically and truthfully conceived environment. In neither case is there any attempt to secure effects by what is usually termed *conventional* means. Plays which evade reality lend themselves to, and, indeed, demand, conventional staging; but Wagner's music-dramas, with their broad humanity, their Nature-bigness, their heart-throb and passion, insist upon a 'living' background. Only by an intense feeling for, and comprehension of, the 'real' shall we ever reach the 'ideal' Wagner. That the expression of the scenery must be adequate to the music, to the 'action,' is essential; but more is requisite, for the dramatic unity can never be attained until each individual artiste is content to occupy his, or her, right place in the *picture*. The meaning of line must be understood in connection with dress, pose, and gesture. Into the fabric of the complete production, the ideas and images which have controlled the shaping of a work of art must be woven in all their colour and emotional expressiveness.

In regard to the decorative aspect of this season's performances, we are singularly fortunate in having such artistes as Frau Lohse, the prettiest and most pathetic Sieglinde; Anton van Rooy, an incomparable Wotan; and Herr Pennarini, a picturesque

The Setting of the Valkyrie

'THE VALKYRIE'
ACT II.
AT COVENT GARDEN



Siegmond.

The Bayreuth scenery of the 'Valkyrie' dates from 1897, and it is interesting to record that the German papers severely criticised that of the second act as contrary to Wagner's directions. The first act (of which, in spite of the courtesy shown me at Covent Garden, I was unable to get a photograph) resembles that at Bayreuth in its main outlines, but the rude hut, constructed round the mighty ash, has no pierced carving over the door, allowing the light from outside to filter through. The stage is entirely in gloom save for the flickering firelight to the left, and the dim moonlight shining into the pantry placed in the corner to the right. The opening of the door of the inner chamber to the right, to admit Hunding and Sieglinde, gives a

momentary glimpse of warmth, and, for a few seconds, we have the conflict of cold moonlight and warm firelight — otherwise gloom, until the entrance of 'Spring.' The staging of this act conveys the impression of mystery—mystery, as Wagner understood it, a temporary 'not knowing' —not a vague, uncertain apprehension. Whether it will be possible to continue the darkened stage, appears problematical, as much has been written and said against it.

By comparing the two photographs of the second act, it will be realised what a great difference there is in the reading of Wagner's meaning here and at Bayreuth. The huge cleft in the rock of the Bayreuth scene lacks the poetry of the distant view



'THE VALKYRIE'
ACT II.
AT BAYREUTH

The Artist



'THE VALKYRIE'
ACT III.
AT COVENT GARDEN

of the valley as caught sight of under the natural bridge; the valley, too, relieves the forbidding aspect of the rocky mountainous pass, and suggests a rift in the veil, a glimpse beyond surrounding barriers.

In Act III. we have a rocky mountain bordered by a pine-wood with storm-driven clouds in the background. The vision of the Valkyries spiritedly riding up through the clouds, hailing each other, breaking out into the wild Valkyrie cry, is most convincing; and when the lighting is thoroughly under control, the flight of the Virgin Warriors will remain as a fine example of what can be done on the stage. But the great scenic impression of the whole opera is that conveyed by the moving clouds—symbol of the change that is taking place—as

they slowly, almost imperceptibly, drift by while Wotan, the sorrowing *Father*, bids farewell to his best-loved daughter, kissing her godhood from her.

We feel the unmistakable atmosphere of the music in the silent raising of the distant cloud-veil; when at last dawn, peaceful dawn, is discovered, the feeling of suspense inseparable from all mutation is allayed, the strained nerves relax and Wotan's fire-invocation brings relief in its decision. Much of the haunting beauty of this scene, as represented at Covent Garden, is due to the remarkable way in which Herr van Rooy interprets his *rôle*. He is in perfect harmony with his surroundings: he is so thoroughly a part of the 'whole' that there is nothing more left to desire.



'THE VALKYRIE'
ACT III.
AT BAYREUTH

In the Galleries

NOTES

MESSRS. PHILLIPS BROTHERS will, in a few weeks, open the Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square, with what promises to be one of the most interesting exhibitions of the present season. They have secured a collection of water-colour drawings of Italy, by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, the well-known author of 'Walks in Rome,' etc. This is the first exhibition of Mr. Hare's drawings in this country, and it will doubtless be eagerly looked forward to by the many admirers of his literary work.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING.—The Board of Education have decided, at the suggestion of the Council of the Society of Arts, to hold, during the early part of next year, an exhibition of engraving and etching in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. The exhibition will consist of examples of copper and steel engraving, including line mezzotint and stipple (plain and coloured), aquatint and etching. The Board are being assisted in the selection and arrangement by an influential Advisory Committee, which held its first meeting at South Kensington on the 4th inst. All communications respecting the exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, Exhibition of Engraving and Etching, Board of Education, South Kensington, S.W.

IN THE GALLERIES

MESSRS. LAWRIE AND CO.

PICTURES AND DRAWINGS BY J. M. W. TURNER.—Farnley Hall is near the Wharfe, Yorkshire, and Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, made 'Turner so happy there that the place was dearer than home to him,' *vide* Hamerton's 'Life of Turner,' p. 60.

The chronological method of studying any man's work is certainly the most profitable, and the dates of these Yorkshire drawings should be noted accordingly, the artist being twenty-five years old at that time. The present collection includes 'sketches,' not particularly interesting, of his friend's place, and such as could have made very easily by anyone feeling at home in that house. They have a biographical interest, however, making this Mr. Fawkes more than a name to the lover of Turner's works, and explaining the fact that there are drawings sufficiently numerous to be known as the 'Farnley Collection.' Of later date are the 'Rhine Series,' more distinctly Turneresque than those of which we have spoken, and the wonderful studies of birds, which we shall come to immediately. Surely nothing has ever been done surpassing these drawings, so minutely detailed, so intimately true to the life, and withal so gorgeously coloured. We have here in one room, the extremes of achievement represented by the pre-Raphaelites of the generation that followed, and the impressionists of these latter days, making one feel that the gospel according to Ruskin could have been illustrated, chapter by chapter, by Turner himself and no other. These paintings of birds, and the earlier landscapes wherein there are dabs of paint to each leaf, while the outlines are those of a drawing, are the things to be noted and studied.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY—MORTIMER MENPES

There is journey-work in the Art-world that ranks with the penman's toil. This accounts for the one-man show we are invited to see so often, and also in part for the indifference with which we look upon them as a rule. Last year, or the year before that, the attraction was Mrs. Brown Potter in all her dresses and guises, while now we have the World's Children—a series of drawings in water-colours for a book which is to appear very shortly. Mr. Menpes has English parents to please, and this may account perhaps for his seeming very much happier with the children (parents unknown) of dusky races than ours. In their faces, postures and dresses, there are opportunities for the expression of his delight in the richest and deepest colours, their variants, blends and contrasts. His best are either artistic or nothing, affording gratification of the highest possible kind to the senses that are excited when these strings are played upon.

THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS—
MR. FREEMAN'S GALLERY

The miniaturists are said to owe less to the photographer than they might be inclined to, but as nothing could be more

insipid than most of their little paintings, it doesn't matter to me a great deal. Those who can't draw a little bit, and can get a decent photo, should make the most of the opportunity. Those who *can* are not of the majority, and seem to be little inclined to contribute to this exhibition, for, excepting C. W. Quinell and Miss Ada M. Howell, there appears to be hardly anyone here whose paintings deserve attention. A longish list might be made of those that are tolerably good of their kind, but to do this would be damning with very faint praise, and I have no taste for the exercise.

Miss Howell's 'Puella' and 'Dorothea' are an artist's studies of child-life and character, altogether successful, and to be remembered for more than a little while.

GRAVES' GALLERIES—MISS MAUD COLERIDGE

Talking of miniatures, there is one, only one, in this gallery that would put all these in the shade, excepting those mentioned perhaps. It represents Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, giving more than a hint of the mental capacity one associates with the idea of his eminence, and is a very strong piece of work indeed. The attraction, however, is the exhibition of portraits in pastels of 'Society ladies and children.' High birth, sweet looks, and good breeding are a *sine qua non* with the artist, and we see these three graces reflected in not a few of her portraits here. There is evidence of haste in the work: of pastelling for effect, one might say, the eyebrows, as happens in nature sometimes, being rather telling than truthful, reminding one rather of Romney, and his way of treating this feature. They serve the purpose, however, of compelling attention to some very beautiful ladies, and this is truly artistic work. Taking much that is sweet for granted, there remains to be remembered a fascinating study of facial expression in one of the most wordly-wise of these society ladies, No. 10. Note also the 'Children of Selby Bigge, Esq.,' showing two girls back to back, very delightfully and naturally posed, and, lastly, the portrait of Miss Sarah Brooke, a brunette, in a filmy black muslin dress, disclosing more than it hides of the form. The artist's playground has been between the extremes, of white in the flesh, and black in the material, and the contrasts and tones are very successfully rendered.

THE HAMPSTEAD ART SOCIETY

Discounting the usual percentage of what is obviously youthful, there remains enough of good work to justify the repetition of the Exhibition. The honorary members, as might be expected, exhibit works of a higher class than those of the ordinary member, but it would be unfair to give precedence to them.

The finest landscapes undoubtedly are Edgar Barclay's and Savage Cooper's—the 'Valley of the Frome at Dawn,' and 'London from Parliament Hill.' 'A Sussex Mill,' by Melita Krohn, both in its composition and manner of painting, shows a good deal of the modern Dutch feeling for space and dramatic effect—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and obtained by the simple device of giving the austerity of isolation to the most conspicuous object. The 'Waller Oak,' by Mrs. Allingham, is a direct and convincing study of this venerable forest king. Claims he kinship with Waller, the poet? A 'Pool in the Forest,' by Miss Playne, is likely to be overlooked through being so badly hung, and has deserved a better fate. 'Meadows,' by Champion Jones, is the work of a very true painter, with eyes that seem never at fault. There are others of his as good, but 'first come, first served,' as we say.

No. 132, by J. A. J. Brindley, should be noticed with others of his. Also Maurice Randall's, No. 128, and for quite different reasons, since this is an architectural study; No. 132, by Miss C. L. Fripp. A covetable little painting, arousing all one's rebellious instincts, is 'The old right of way over Telegraph Hill,' by W. D. Scull.

COLNAGH'S

It is as well for the moderns and amateurs that the older painters come last on our list, for to spend only half an hour with such pictures as we have here unites one for other work, and it would be hard to retrace one's steps.

There are only fourteen paintings all told, and eight by Hoppner alone. The most remarkable, by reason of its apparent modernity, and the least like his others, is the whole length, in black, of 'Mrs. Whaley.' 'The two children of Lady Anne Cullen Smith' have the curious whimsy expression

The Artist

of 'Muscipula,' Reynolds's creation, and remind one of him altogether. It is hard to place Hoppner exactly, and the task must be left to others.

Most wonderfully preserved, and of infinitely greater value than if they were damaged at all, are the two magnificent landscapes by Richard Wilson, R.A., a painter ignored in his lifetime by those who should have known better. Let these be compared, considering their dates and their quality, with any similar work of that period, and their right to rank with the finest will be established at once. They have the serenity without the affectation of the typical classical landscape, and he spake very truly who said that his works have secured for their painter an imperishable name in the English School. There is evidence of Zoffani's popularity, in the extraordinary numbers of the engravings after his works, of his worth in the two paintings here.

'THE ARTIST' PORTRAIT GALLERY

INGRES has been somewhere rather cleverly called 'the high priest of form and outline.' He was a reformer, a purifier, devoted with whole-hearted energy to the study of fine line, exquisite form, classic severity and accurate purity of design. He was akin to Leighton, in England, although possessed of far more sensual quality and far richer ideas of colour than had that great master.

Like Leighton, he was more attracted to a figure in the round than to mere flat surface; his inspiration was from sculpture, and his inclinations were towards it, and the nearer he reached the plastic quality in his paintings, the finer and the greater they were.

Seldom has a man had so wide an influence, almost against the very spirit of the age and environment in which he lived, as has Ingres. His strenuous opposition to the merely sentimental, to the over-strained poetry, and to the over-wrought pathos of the Romantic School, was almost tragic, and produced in the end its great effect. Ingres was a profound student of the Italian artists, especially of the men of the fourteenth century. He had great difficulties in his life. It was a hard struggle with him for many years against poverty, disparagement, and neglect; but at length he won his way, and became the most popular teacher which Paris ever had, and his studios were full of pupils, and his easels heavy with commissions. His health was never good, and at one time, by reason of the death of his wife, to whom he was profoundly attached, seemed ready to break down entirely; but he lived on in feeble strength to the advanced age of eighty-seven, and worked to the last, never for a moment deviating from the path which he had accepted, and on which he moved all his life.

No work of his has had a greater reputation than the lovely figure called 'La Source,' but his historical decorations at Montauban, in the Louvre, at St. Petersburg, and other places, are as worthy of attention as are his single subjects.

German art is almost personified in ALBRECHT DÜRER. To those who can only admire Italian art, his work would not appeal; but to the man of wide sympathy, he stands out as one of the world's greatest men for richness of fancy, for power of thought, for energy, striving and creative ability, almost alone and supreme.

As Lübke remarked, his 'art was fettered within the narrow lines of his own nature, his environment, and the exigencies of his age,' but this is not all the truth, as Dürer was able to rise above his age, and to soar into heights of imagination, and to clothe his thoughts in exquisite raiment far exceeding his fellows, and to create a school and an influence which were world-wide in result.

Dürer was a very learned man, a deep student; he was a very reverent man, a man of intense religious emotion and quality; he was a man of much humour, of great love of Nature, of painstaking care, and so earnest and constant a worker as to scarcely leave himself time for the ordinary avocations of life.

Many of his pictures are magnificent in colour and glorious in their imagination and emotion. His drawings are marvels of dainty, delicate work, and his studies, of plants especially,

are of exquisite beauty. By his engravings, however, he has been chiefly known, and as a wood-engraver he is without equal, whilst his copper-plates exceeded them, if possible, in beauty, and are by far the finest which Germany has ever produced. Perhaps his greatest work, as regards size, were the immense 'Triumphant Arch' and 'Triumphal Car,' and his last painting was one of his finest, and represented the four Evangelists, which he presented to his native city of Nuremberg, and which now rests in the Munich gallery.

G.C.W.

QUERIES AND REPLIES

REPLY TO B.N.—If your work is good and you could get an introduction to the art director of Minton's or Doulton's, I should think you might succeed in your object. Flower designs on china are less conventional than in ordinary trade decoration.

REPLY TO W.B.—It is impossible to tell you the value of an engraving upon a mere description, but if you care to submit it to us, we will give you an opinion.

REPLY TO A.C.C.—Mr. Baillie, the art dealer of Notting Hill, has, we believe, organised a class for instruction in Jewelry Craft Work, and would, no doubt, furnish you with all particulars; Mr. A. G. Fournier, of 96 Victoria Road, Kilburn, might also give you the instruction required.

QUERY No. 336.—Can you kindly tell me where I can get instruction in painting on velvet and plush?—B.C.

REPLY.—Your best plan is to get a very useful book, published by Pearson's, 'The Home Arts' Self Teacher' (7/6); one of the sections treats fully on this subject.

QUERY No. 337.—Can you tell me the name of a good illustrated book on Adam's furniture?—S.T.

REPLY.—Mr. Thèzard, of 24 Gt. Titchfield Street, has recently republished a book on this subject. It is a subscription book, and the price, we think, is £3 3s.

QUERY No. 338.—Which is the best medium for painting on silk or satin?—R.D.

REPLY.—Perhaps painting transparently in water-colours is the most artistic method as applied to textile fabrics, except on white or very light silk or satin; however, the ordinary colours cannot be used without some admixture of Chinese white. In the case of red, black, or dark-coloured silk or satin, water-colours should not be used at all; the red of the material is sure to strike through, and the black will be more or less absorbed. For dark materials, oil colours will be found most satisfactory.

QUERY No. 339.—Can you recommend me any good work on design?

REPLY.—A cheap edition of Mr. Walter Crane's text books is published by Messrs. Bell.

QUERY No. 340.—Can you tell me why the term 'graingerising' has been applied to extra illustrating?

REPLY.—The Rev. James Grainger (1723-1776) was the author of a book treated in this way, entitled 'Biographical History of England, from Egbert the Great to the Revolution,' and from him this particular method of illustrating takes its name. Immediately on the publication of this book, the leaven began to work. Five shillings, says Fitzgerald, had been considered a good price for any English portrait, but at once books with portraits rose to five times their original value, and few could be found unmutated.

QUERY No. 341.—Can you tell me what kind of size to use for preparing wood for painting upon?—W.E.

REPLY.—The size for water-colour painting is gelatine or isinglass dissolved in a little warm water. For oil painting use ordinary glue size; dissolve it over the fire, strain it through muslin, and use while hot.

QUERY No. 342.—Can you tell me if Turner's 'Fighting Téméraire' was exhibited at the Academy, and if so, in what year?—S.K.

REPLY.—It was exhibited in 1839, but no price was put upon it. A would-be purchaser offered Turner three hundred guineas for it, which he would not accept. The 'Téméraire' was specially excepted from the pictures his executors were allowed to choose in turn. He subsequently bequeathed it to the nation.

IMPROVISATION.

MUSIC BY

M. MOSZKOWSKI.

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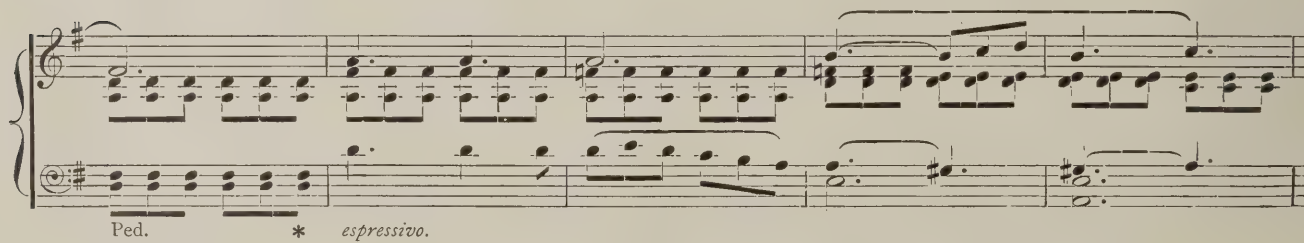
Andante con moto.

PIANO. *p*



sotto voce.

Ped. *

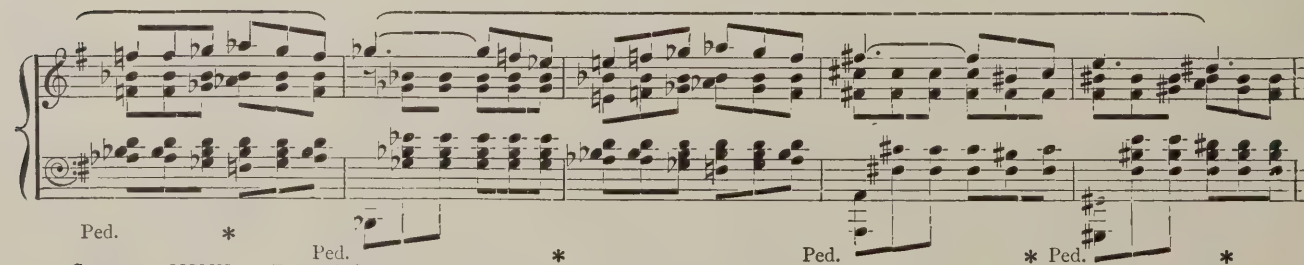


Ped. * *espressivo.*



con tristezza.

Ped. *



Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

This page of musical notation is for a piano piece, likely a concerto or a large-scale work, given the complexity and the variety of performance markings. The notation is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece is characterized by dense, often polyphonic textures, with many chords and rapid passages. Performance markings include *dolce.* (sweet), *marcato.* (marked), *cres.* (crescendo), *un poco rinf.* (a little less), *molto cres.* (much crescendo), *appassionato.* (passionately), *poco rit.* (a little ritardando), *fff* (fortississimo), and *un poco rubato.* (a little rubato). Pedal markings are frequent, often accompanied by an asterisk (*), indicating specific pedaling techniques or durations. The notation includes many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. The overall style is Romantic, with its emphasis on emotional expression and technical virtuosity.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. (*simile.*)

poco rit. *a tempo.* *dim.* *mp*

p *espressivo, senza Ped.*

cres. Ped. *

dim. *pp* *8va.* *loco.* Ped. * Ped. *

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